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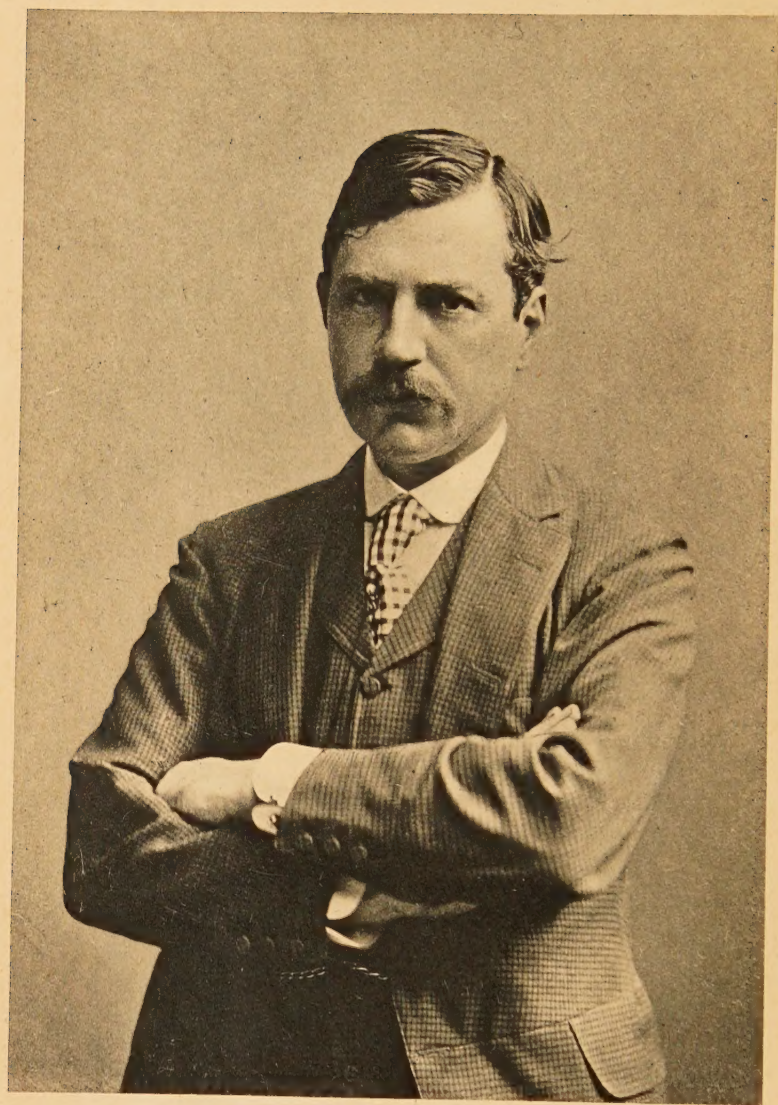
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THE BOOK OF LITERATURE

A Comprehensive Anthology

OF THE BEST LITERATURE ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT, B.A., F.R.S.

Former of Printed Books at the British Museum, London, 1871 to 1895

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Late Professor at the Collège de France, Paris

Paul Bourget

Professor of Literature in the University of Berlin

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

PHILANDER P. CLAXTON, LITT.D., LL.D.

United States Commissioner of Education, 1913-1921

Two Volumes in One
Volumes 15 and 16

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME XV.

	PAGE
THE CRITICAL ESSAY IN FRANCE. Introduction by Paul Bourget . . .	xiii
Funeral Oration on Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans	<i>Bossuet</i> 37
Love	<i>Sir Charles Sedley</i> 43
Song — Dorinda	<i>Earl of Dorset</i> 44
Zegri and Abencerrage	<i>Dryden</i> 45
The Rehearsal	<i>Duke of Buckingham et al.</i> 51
Letters	<i>Mme. de Sévigné</i> 64
The Drama of M. de Lauzun	64
The Fire at M. Guitaud's	69
Vatel's Suicide	71
The Art of Poetry	<i>Boileau</i> 74
The Country Wife	<i>Wycherley</i> 82
Penelope goes to Court	<i>Maud Wilder Goodwin</i> 91
Maxims	<i>Rochevoucauld</i> 100
The Pilgrim's Progress	<i>John Bunyan</i> 110
The Valley of the Shadow of Death	110
Vanity Fair	115
Giant Despair	122
The Delectable Mountains	129
The Mundane Egg	<i>Thomas Burnet</i> 130
The Clock Case	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 142
Shaftesbury and Halifax	<i>Lord Macaulay</i> 149
Politicians of the Popish-Plot Time	<i>Dryden</i> 156
Tate and Shadwell	<i>Dryden</i> 160
The Betrayal	<i>Thomas Otway</i> 162
Epitaph on Charles II.	<i>Lord Rochester</i> 171
Character of Charles II.	<i>Marquis of Halifax</i> 172
Providence and Human Fortunes	<i>Robert South</i> 191
Monmouth's Rebellion and the Bloody Assizes	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i> 200
Monmouth's Volunteers Fight with the Regulars	200
Chief Justice Jeffreys	212
Micah's Trial and Sentence	214
The Catholic Hind	<i>Dryden</i> 222

	PAGE
Letters	225
Sentiments	231
Athaliah	235
The Trial of Deliverance Wentworth	244
The Wise Woman	259
No Innate Practical Principles	263
Sir William Temple and the Phalaris	
Letters	271
Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning	278
Fables	285
The Wolf and the Dog	285
The Peacock complaining to Juno	287
The Lion going to War	288
The Stag seeing himself in the Water	288
The Dog that dropped the Substance for the Shadow	289
The Carter in the Mire	289
The Weasel, the Rabbit, and the Cat	290
Hervé Riel	292
Barclay of Ury	296
On George Fox	300
Memoirs	306
Lombard Street and the Bank of England	325
How Lombard Street came to Exist	325
Origin of the Bank of England	334
Meditation upon a Broomstick	337
The Two Brothers	339
On the Immorality and Profaneness of the	
English Stage	347
Alderman Smuggler Trapped	358
The Capture of Millamant	365
Liberty and Nature	375
The Decadence of Spain	382
Telemachus and Mentor	388
Ali-Bey the Persian	392
Lothario	396

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME 15.

PAUL BOURGET	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
JOHN BUNYAN	110
LOUIS XIV	306

L'ESSAI CRITIQUE EN FRANCE

PAR PAUL BOURGET

IL semble bien qu'il y ait, entre ces véritables espèces intellectuelles que l'instinct de la vieille rhétorique a fort heureusement appelées les Genres Littéraires, une lutte pour la vie, de tous points analogue à celle que soutiennent entre elles les espèces animales. Certains de ces genres, après avoir occupé tout le champ de la pensée contemporaine et manifesté leur énergie par la création d'œuvres très nombreuses, s'anémient, s'appauvrissent, végètent, meurent. C'a été l'histoire du Poème épique, c'est aujourd'hui l'histoire de la Tragédie en France, du Drame en Angleterre. Au dix-septième siècle, et dans la première moitié du dix-huitième, Rotrou, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire coup sur coup, et autour d'eux une légion d'imitateurs inférieurs, attestent la vitalité d'un genre qui peut bien, au dix-neuvième siècle, produire encore, à intervalles éloignés, un spécimen remarquable, mais c'est là une exception presque archaïque. Comparez de même la production dramatique actuelle d'Outre-Manche à celle de la période Eliabéthéenne. Inversement, d'autres genres dont la force créatrice paraissait grêle, atténuée et pauvre, durant les époques précédentes, se développent dans la nôtre avec une vigueur, une richesse, une amplitude inconnues. Ainsi la Poésie Lyrique durant la première moitié du siècle; ainsi de nos jours encore le Roman; et ce que j'appellerai, faute d'un terme plus exact, l'Essai critique. Cette ressemblance entre l'évolution des espèces littéraires et des espèces animales paraît démontrer que la nature emploie les mêmes procédés dans l'univers moral et dans l'univers physique. C'est entre

parenthèses, une preuve de plus à l'appui du grand principe de l'unité de composition si fortement défendu par Goethe, et où se résume toute la philosophie naturelle d'aujourd'hui.

Je voudrais prendre prétexte d'une des formes littéraires que je viens de mentionner, l'Essai critique, et de son histoire en France depuis ces cent ans, pour dégager quelques-uns des caractères dont s'accompagne une évolution de cet ordre. Peut-être ces caractères sont-ils d'autant plus visibles ici que cette évolution a été plus rapide. Certes, entre un beau roman du dix-huitième siècle, tel que *Gil-Blas* ou *Manon Lescaut*, et un beau roman de notre époque, tel que *Madame Bovary* ou *L'Assommoir*, la distance est énorme. Elle est moindre pourtant que d'une page de La Harpe ou de Geoffroy, même de Villemain, à une page de Taine ou de M. Jules Lemaitre. Dans le premier cas, vous constatez un simple développement. Dans le second, c'est le principe même du genre qui a changé. Pour les écrivains d'il y a cent ans, la critique consistait essentiellement, comme l'indique l'étymologie (*κρίνω*, je juge, je distingue) dans l'acte de *juger en discernant*. Ils admettaient qu'il existe un code absolu de l'œuvre littéraire, des règles strictes, un canon idéal. Critiquer, pour eux, c'était comparer cette œuvre littéraire à ce canon, marquer les points où elle s'était conformée à ces règles, ceux où elle les avait transgressées, et conclure, en vertu d'un code immuable, par un arrêt motivé. S'ils n'invoquaient plus, comme au moyen-âge, l'autorité sans appel d'Aristote, ils considéraient pourtant comme possible de formuler des lois fixes du Beau. Surtout, ils estimaient que les chefs-d'œuvre légués par les maîtres de l'antiquité et de l'âge classique représentaient des types achevés auxquels il convenait de rapporter toute création nouvelle pour en mesurer la valeur. Ils reconnaissaient,—et sur ce point leur observation était très exacte,—que l'habitude de tels rapprochements développe en nous un sens spécial, le *Goût*, et cette faculté de discerner le bon du mauvais était, à leurs yeux, le don critique par excellence. L'essai de l'Abbé Morellet sur l'*Atala* de Chateaubriand, qui se trouve reproduit d'habitude dans les éditions séparées de ce petit roman, peut être

regardé comme un exemplaire achevé de cette Critique qu'il ne faut pas mépriser. Elle était judicieuse, mesurée, souvent efficace. L'influence excellente de Boileau, un de ses représentants les plus convaincus, en est un témoignage.

La révolution de 1789 éclata, puis l'Empire. Les grandes guerres de ces vingt cinq années eurent cet effet inattendu de mêler singulièrement les nations les unes aux autres. Pour nous borner toujours à la France, ces bouleversements sociaux, en précipitant hors de leur pays un Chateaubriand, une Madame de Staël, un Paul-Louis-Courier, un Benjamin Constant, et combien d'autres, leur apprirent qu'il existait une Europe. Il ne se contentèrent pas de lire dans le texte Shakespeare, Dante et Goethe, comme aurait fait en 1780 un jeune Français curieux, qui aurait su les langues. Ils les lurent sur place, dans leurs pays d'origine, et ils sentirent l'intime lien qui rattachait ces chefs-d'œuvre de littérature aux mœurs, au ciel, à l'âme enfin de l'Angleterre, de l'Italie, de l'Allemagne. Ils démêlèrent, les uns confusément, les autres plus nettement, deux vérités que leurs prédécesseurs ne soupçonnaient pas : la première qu'il y a dans toute création d'art autre chose qu'un effort d'esthétique, qu'elle constitue une nécessaire et presque inconsciente manifestation de tous ces éléments dont est fait le génie national : qualités de la race, moment de l'histoire, influence du climat ;—la seconde qu'il existe beaucoup de types de beauté différents, sinon contradictoires, et que le goût n'a aucunement ce caractère fixe dont les Poétiques et les Rhétoriques de l'âge classique faisaient un dogme. De telles découvertes, ainsi résumées, paraissent très simples. Elles comportent un déplacement de point de vue qui, dans l'ordre intellectuel, équivaut à ce qu'est un changement total d'atmosphère dans l'ordre physique. Ce sont des modifications radicales de milieu auxquelles correspondent des modifications radicales pour les organismes placés dans ce milieu. On en saisit ici un exemple très net.

La conséquence immédiate de cet agrandissement de l'imagination française fut ce mouvement, confus jusqu'à l'incohérence, qui s'est appelé le Romantisme. Nous y reconnaissons aujourd'hui la mise en jeu de plusieurs forces très distinctes : par exemple, le sur-

saut d'éveil de la sensibilité plébéienne dans la démocratie commençante, la mélancolie passionnée et le désordre d'un âge de crise religieuse et politique, le déséquilibre produit par le prestige de la prodigieuse personnalité de Napoléon. Surtout,—et c'est assurément la plus inattendue des constatations, celle qui eût le plus étonné les Jeune-France en gilet rouge de la première d'*Hernani*,—nous y apercevons un premier effort de la Critique moderne pour se développer et pour grandir. Nous distinguons en effet parmi les hommes qui prirent part à ce mouvement révolutionnaire les deux écrivains qui représentent encore aujourd'hui l'esprit critique, tel que nous l'entendons d'une manière déjà presque complète: l'un est Stendhal, d'où est issu Taine; l'autre Sainte-Beuve, dont nous sommes tous plus ou moins sortis,—Sainte-Beuve, qui reste avec Balzac la plus puissante influence intellectuelle et la plus féconde du dix-neuvième siècle français.

Stendhal est célèbre aujourd'hui par ses romans. Mais il suffit de consulter la bibliographie de ses ouvrages pour constater que le genre romanesque ne fut chez lui que l'aboutissement suprême de sa pensée, une application particulière d'une méthode et d'un tour d'esprit qui avaient commencé par multiplier les tentatives d'un autre ordre. Soldat de Napoléon à dix-huit ans, puis commissaire des guerres et traversant l'Europe avec la Grande Armée, enfin, après la chute de l'Empire, voyageur cosmopolite et tour à tour installé en Italie, à Paris, en Angleterre, il n'avait pas cessé, durant toute sa jeunesse et sa maturité, de poursuivre l'étude qu'il déclarait lui-même avoir été le suprême intérêt de sa vie: "l'analyse des passions du cœur humain et l'expression de ces passions par les arts et la littérature."—Ce sont les propres termes dont il se sert. Ils enveloppent cette conception nouvelle de la critique qui, plus tard, précisée par Taine, en a fait une branche de la psychologie. Mesurons la portée de cette formule. Si la principale qualité de l'artiste littéraire: poète, romancier, dramaturge, est de copier la nature humaine dans sa vérité, et, comme disait Stendhal, de "faire ressemblant," son œuvre ne peut plus être jugée d'après ce type unique, et à la mesure de ce canon idéal que proclamait l'ancienne critique. Entre la littérature du Nord et celle du Midi, par

exemple, il doit se rencontrer des différences,—irréductibles puisqu'elles se proposent de reproduire deux sortes de natures humaines irréductibles l'une à l'autre,—et légitimes, puisque ces natures humaines sont également légitimes aussi. La poésie de Shakespeare ne peut pas, ne *doit* pas être pareille à celle de Dante, car celui-ci copie une sensibilité Italienne et celui-là une sensibilité Anglaise. L'un écrit pour des Latins qui vivent sous un climat de claire lumière, l'autre pour des Saxons et des Normands, prisonniers d'un ciel de brumes et d'une île où le printemps même a des frissons d'hiver. Ce sont là deux formes d'art, contradictoires mais nécessaires, et, s'il en est ainsi, le rôle du Critique ne consiste pas à condamner l'une au nom de l'autre, ou toutes les deux au nom d'une troisième. Il consiste à les comprendre et non plus à les juger.

C'est l'idée-maitresse qui circule, appliquée à la littérature, à la musique, à la peinture, d'un bout à l'autre des nombreux ouvrages où la vive intelligence de Stendhal s'est dépensée et qui s'appellent : *Racine et Shakespeare, Histoire de la peinture en Italie, Mémoires d'un Touriste, les Promenades dans Rome, Vie de Rossini*.—Je cite au hasard.—Il se dégage de ces livres, même aujourd'hui, un pouvoir d'excitation intellectuelle très remarquable. Il ont gardé ce qui fut la magie de la causerie de leur auteur, ce don d'ébranler, de suggestionner la pensée. Ces livres, pourtant, ne sont encore que des ébauches. L'esprit critique tel que nous le définissons aujourd'hui, les soutient, les anime, sans arriver à cette forme qu'il a trouvée pour la première fois dans les *Portraits*, le *Port-Royal* et les *Lundis* de Sainte-Beuve. Cette insuffisance de Stendhal ne tient pas seulement à ce qu'il était un précurseur, un inventeur, et, à ce titre, condamné au tâtonnement. Elle tient surtout à ce qu'il était, à un degré supérieur, un imaginaire et un passionné plus encore qu'un analyste. Cette complexité de sa nature devait l'amener à se formuler plus complètement dans des œuvres comme *Le Rouge et le Noir* et comme *La Chartreuse de Parme*, romans d'un ordre unique, combinaison singulière de son merveilleux esprit critique et de ses autres facultés. Il peut être considéré, à ce point de vue, comme ayant donné un modèle saisissant du renouvellement d'un genre par l'application à ce genre des méthodes d'un autre

genre. Mais dans le domaine qui nous intéresse, il n'a laissé que des ébauches.

Chez Sainte-Beuve, l'imaginatif et le passionné existaient certes, et très vivaces. *Joseph Delorme*, les *Consolations* et *Volupté* en témoignent éloquentement. Mais la curiosité analytique dominait tout. Il était souverainement intelligent, et son plus grand plaisir était de comprendre, au lieu que pour Stendhal, emporté par l'ardeur de la personnalité la plus indomptable, le plus grand plaisir était de sentir. En outre Sainte-Beuve avait, tout jeune, fait des études de médecine. Il avait été physiologiste avant d'être poète et romancier, et les trois avant d'aborder définitivement l'Essai Critique. Non seulement il reconnut, avec ses amis du romantisme ce que j'indiquais tout à l'heure, cette variabilité légitime du type de l'œuvre d'art, suivant le pays, le moment de l'histoire, la différence du climat et de la race, mais il aperçut, avec un coup d'œil où se retrouve le médecin, ce qu'il faut bien appeler les racines animales de cette œuvre d'art. Tandis que l'ancienne critique considérait un livre comme une chose faite, à examiner en soi et pour soi, Sainte-Beuve se dit que pour comprendre un livre, il fallait le considérer comme une chose en train de se faire et l'examiner dans ses conditions de naissance et d'accomplissement. Derrière la page écrite, il voulut voir la main qui l'avait écrite, le corps auquel tenait cette main, l'âge et les habitudes de ce corps, l'homme en un mot, l'individu qui respirait, qui se mouvait, qui vivait et dont ce poème, ce drame, ce roman, demeurent des gestes fixés. Pour pénétrer de la sorte un individu, il faut se le représenter par le dedans et par le dehors, c'est à dire, reconstituer d'une part sa psychologie et sa physiologie, d'autre part son milieu social : sa famille, sa classe, les idées de son époque,—et voilà l'Essai Critique devenu une peinture de mœurs, et la plus riche, la plus significative. Là non plus, il n'y a guère de place pour le jugement. On a souvent reproché à Sainte-Beuve le caractère ondoyant de ses opinions. Lui-même n'a jamais eu aucune prétention dogmatique. Sur un même écrivain, il a des retouches de plume toutes voisines d'être des contradictions. S'expliquant sur ce point, il a défini sa manière d'entendre la critique : “ une histoire naturelle des

esprits." L'esthéticien chez lui s'abîme de plus en plus dans le botaniste moral, et, du même coup l'Essai Critique prend une amplitude qui l'égale aux formes d'art les plus hautes. Dans les quarante volumes des *Lundis* vous trouverez traitées tour à tour, avec une opulence et une sûreté d'information qui tiennent du prodige, comme avec une souplesse d'intelligence à laquelle aucune curiosité ne reste étrangère, des problèmes de religion et de philosophie, des questions d'histoire militaire et d'histoire politique, de diplomatie et d'exégèse. A propos d'un volume de Thiers sur Napoléon, il vient de vous tracer un portrait lyrique du premier Consul législateur, et la *Fanny* de Feydeau lui sert de prétexte à une monographie de la jalousie. Tout à l'heure, il descendait avec Pascal et les solitaires de Port-Royal jusqu'au plus profond de la scrupuleuse âme Janséniste, le voici qui vous parle de Goethe et de son équilibre mental, de son ataraxie païenne, avec une complaisance admirative. Il vient de graver à l'eau-forte le dur profil de l'auteur des *Commentaires*, de l'héroïque et impitoyable Montluc, et il vous crayonne un délicieux pastel d'une amoureuse du dix-huitième siècle. C'est vraiment l'homme aux mille âmes, comme on a dit de Shakespeare, et, ainsi conçue, la critique tourne tout naturellement à l'évocation, à la vision,—osons le mot, à la poésie.

C'est bien ainsi que l'ont comprise les successeurs de Sainte-Beuve parmi lesquels,—car ils sont légion,—je citerai seulement comme les plus connus et aussi comme les plus distingués, M. Ernest Renan dans la génération précédente, et, dans la contemporaine, MM. Jules Lemaitre et Anatole France. Il ne faut pas s'y tromper, malgré des différences considérables d'éducation et de tempérament, de sujets d'étude et de manière, l'auteur de la *Vie de Jésus* relève en effet directement de l'auteur des *Lundis*. C'est d'abord et surtout un grand écrivain et pour qui le plaisir suprême est de se représenter des individualités très différentes de la sienne. Il a même fait de la souplesse intellectuelle une dialectique constante, une doctrine qu'il a pratiquée d'une façon systématique dans les moindres morceaux sortis de sa plume, aussi bien que dans le long ouvrage sur les *Origines du Christianisme* qui fut le monument de son âge mûr. Héritier d'une race religieuse et privé de la foi, ayant

gardé un appétit non satisfait d'émotion mystique, et souffrant d'une contradiction intime entre ce besoin et son intelligence, la critique, telle que l'avait enseignée Sainte-Beuve, lui servit de compromis entre les antithèses de sa nature. Appliquant sa faculté de comprendre aux périodes et aux personnes en qui l'ardeur de la foi avait été le plus complète, il s'efforça de vivre ces périodes par la pensée, d'être ces personnes par une sympathie à la fois enthousiaste et lucide, complaisante et désabusée. Vous trouverez dans les essais de M. Jules Lemaitre et de M. Anatole France le continuuel usage d'une méthode analogue, employée à s'assimiler des imaginations et des sensibilités étrangères à la leur. Si nous prenons l'œuvre de ces deux derniers comme le terme d'une évolution dont le point de départ initial aurait été posé par Sainte-Beuve, dont l'étape intermédiaire serait marquée par M. Renan, nous pouvons suivre avec une extrême netteté la courbe de développement du genre lui-même. Avec Sainte-Beuve, l'Essai Critique a déjà cessé de juger, avec M. Renan il va jusqu'à cesser de conclure, avec MM. France et Lemaitre, il tend de plus en plus vers ce que celui-ci appelle lui-même "un impressionnisme." Pour ces deux perspicaces écrivains, critiquer un livre, c'est noter les idées que ce livre éveille en eux. Ce travail est, comme on voit, très voisin de celui de l'artiste devant la vie, et cette analogie explique pourquoi ceux qui s'y sont complu passent tout naturellement de leur besogne d'essayistes et avec un rare bonheur, à une besogne de dramaturges ou de romanciers. *L'Eau de Jouvence, le Prêtre de Nemi, Caliban*, ces tentatives des dernières années de M. Renan n'ont pas d'autre cause, non plus que les comédies et les contes de M. Lemaitre, que les romans et les fantaisies de M. France. A regarder de près toutes ces œuvres, vous verrez que leurs auteurs sont bien demeurés logiques dans ce qui paraît une volte-face de leur talent. C'en est simplement une application nouvelle. Il y a, dans leur art de conter ou de dialoguer, exactement le même tour d'intelligence que dans leurs essais, et leur exemple peut servir à vérifier d'une façon très évidente une des lois qui régissent le développement des genres. Lorsqu'une certaine espèce littéraire est en train de grandir, elle s'efforce de s'emparer des intelligences les meilleures d'une

époque, et, ce faisant, elle s'amplifie finalement jusqu'à presque se dénaturer, tant elle absorbe en elle d'éléments divers. C'est ainsi que le poème épique avec Dante s'enfle et se surcharge de théologie et de philosophie scolastique; que le drame avec Shakespeare se subtilise et se complique jusqu'à mettre en scène un Hamlet et un Prospero, un métaphysicien et un alchimiste, les deux héros les moins dramatiques qui aient jamais été; que le roman avec Balzac emporte et roule dans son intrigue des théories sur la politique (le *Curé de Village*), sur la Banque (la *Maison Nucingen*), sur la mystique (Louis Lambert, *Seraphita*), sur la musique (*Massimilla Doni*), sur la chimie (la *Recherche de l'absolu*). La Critique est en train de faire aujourd'hui de même, et c'est la preuve qu'elle est à l'heure présente une des formes d'art nécessaires, une des plus complètement adaptées à l'homme moderne et aux exigences de sa culture. Nous voulons comprendre, même en sentant, même en agissant, même en rêvant. Cela fait un roman, un théâtre, une poésie absolument neuves et que des critiques seuls peuvent exécuter.

Tandis que l'Essai Critique, avec ces trois beaux talents et d'autres de la même ligne allait se développant dans le sens de l'art, par un mouvement parallèle à celui qui aboutit en Angleterre aux pages d'un Ruskin, d'un Mathew Arnold, d'un Walter Pater, d'un Henry James,—un autre mouvement s'instituait, dont M. Taine fut le chef, qui essayait de donner à la critique toute la rigueur, toute la précision de la Science. Cette seconde école, je l'ai déjà dit, relève de Stendhal plus que de Sainte-Beuve. A maintes reprises, et notamment dans la préface de son *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, Taine s'est réclamé de cette filiation. Il a pris en effet à Stendhal quelques-unes de ses idées favorites, et aussi le goût de ce que Beyle appelait le trait, le détail concret et significatif, du petit fait indiscutable, de l'anecdote exacte et topique. Mais il y a ajouté ses dons personnels, et d'abord une puissance de construction logique comparable à celle d'un Hegel ou d'un Spinoza. Cette faculté de lier les idées comme un architecte lie les pierres d'un édifice, de telle manière qu'elles se soutiennent les unes les autres et qu'une imbrisable unité fasse de

leur ensemble un miracle de cohésion—aucun de nos contemporains ne l'a possédée comme Taine. *La Littérature Anglaise* n'est qu'un théorème en cinq volumes, *les Origines de la France Contemporaine* un autre théorème en six volumes. Un tel procédé est évidemment très inférieur aux ondoyantes contradictions de Sainte-Beuve quand il s'agit de reproduire les sinuosités et les détours d'une physionomie vivante. Il est admirable pour dégager dans une époque, dans un homme, dans un ouvrage, les nécessités cachées, l'appareil des profondes causes génératrices sous le chatoiment des phénomènes, enfin pour faire toucher au doigt la chaîne qui rattache l'accident,—ce livre, cette page, ce vers,—aux vastes influences de milieu, de moment, de race, antérieures à la fois et intérieures à l'écrivain. Ajoutez à cela que chez Taine l'érudition de côté était immense, qu'il avait étudié, avec une égale conscience, la métaphysique et les langues, l'histoire et les littératures, l'anatomie comparée et les mathématiques, la physique et l'esthétique, la géologie et la peinture. Toutes ces connaissances ont passé dans sa critique, qui s'est trouvée ainsi unir, à la hardiesse de la généralisation la plus large, la plus variée et la plus scrupuleuse des documentations. A t'il réussi, avec un outillage aussi exceptionnel, à réaliser ce qui fut l'ambition de sa haute intelligence, et à créer une psychologie artistique, scientifiquement rigoureuse et indiscutable? A coup sûr il a donné des analyses littéraires d'une pénétration et d'une portée que l'on ne soupçonnait pas avant lui. Il a eu, sur les conditions de naissance, d'efflorescence et de décadence de ces phénomènes mystérieux : le génie et le talent, des vues qui, aujourd'hui encore, nous dominent tous. Ses théories ont eu assez de vertu créatrice pour susciter des ouvrages d'imagination de la valeur de ceux de M. Emile Zola, à la base desquels elles se retrouvent tout entières. Elles l'ont suscité lui-même à des travaux d'un ordre plus large. De même que l'Essai critique tel que l'avait compris Sainte-Beuve devait s'agrandir jusqu'à se confondre avec la poésie, le roman et la théâtre, il devait, compris à la façon de Taine, déborder de la psychologie particulière dans la psychologie générale et dans la sociologie; et c'est ainsi que l'auteur de *La Littérature Anglaise* a

été conduit à composer d'une part un traité de *l'Intelligence*, de l'autre à écrire cette étude sur les *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, qui restera comme le plus grand livre de cette seconde moitié du dix-neuvième siècle. Encore ici, à force de se développer, le genre s'est agrandi jusqu'à presque se dénaturer par l'absorption d'autres genres qu'il a rajeunis en s'y confondant.

Ces courtes notes, n'ayant pas la prétention d'être complètes, ont dû omettre bien des noms. Il serait très injuste, par exemple, de ne pas rappeler à propos des rapports de la Critique avec l'Art les profondes études de M. de Vogüé sur l'Orient et la Russie;—à propos des rapports de la Critique avec la Science les travaux de M. Brunetière sur l'évolution des genres;—et à propos des rapports de la Critique avec la Sociologie les remarquables essais de M. Faguet. On devrait aussi, pour marquer la vitalité des conceptions nouvelles que se firent de la critique un Stendhal, un Sainte-Beuve, un Taine, montrer que même les partisans de l'ancienne critique ont peu à peu admis les principales théories de ces grands adversaires. On constaterait de la sorte que les portions valables d'un Gustave Planche, par exemple, sont celles où il a doublé son habituel dogmatisme de psychologie passionnelle,—ainsi le célèbre article sur *Adolphe*;—que pareillement, les meilleurs morceaux d'un Nisard ou d'un Saint Marc Girardin sont ceux où l'analyse littéraire se transforme en analyse morale. Il faudrait indiquer comment l'Essai Critique s'est trouvé assez souple pour subir une opération inverse de celle que nous avons signalée, c'est à dire pour apparaître comme le moyen d'expression à des intelligences habituées à d'autres études et auxquelles ces études ne suffisaient plus. Tel fut le cas de cet incomplet, mais intéressant Edmond Schérer. Tel aussi le cas d'Alexandre Dumas dont les fameuses préfaces ne sont que des Essais de la plus originale saveur. Ces manières si diverses de comprendre et de traiter l'Essai Critique, fourniraient à l'histoire de la littérature Française une occasion de passer en revue tous les talents et tous les génies de ce siècle. Balzac n'a t'il pas lui aussi fait œuvre de critique dans sa *Revue Parisienne*, Lamartine dans son *Cours de Littérature*, Hugo dans son *William Shakespeare*,

M. Emile Zola dans ses éloquentes polémiques? Mentionner simplement cette multiplicité de productions, c'est achever de corroborer la vérité d'ordre général qui a servi de point de départ à ces brèves réflexions,—à savoir que, pour une espèce littéraire, se développer, c'est faire la conquête d'un très grand nombre d'esprits, s'enrichir de tout ce que perdent les formes en décadence, et devenir une des deux ou trois expressions nécessaires des plus profondes tendances de l'époque. C'a été le sort de l'Essai Critique en France depuis cent ans; et la fécondité créatrice de ce genre, regardé longtemps comme le contraire d'un genre créateur, prouve que la nature est en effet toujours pareille à elle-même, et que, dans l'ordre intellectuel comme dans l'ordre physique, partout où le besoin apparaît, l'organe suit.

Paul Bourget

THE CRITICAL ESSAY IN FRANCE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL BOURGET

AMONG the distinct forms of production which the old school of rhetoric felicitously described as "the literary genera," there seems to be a struggle for life quite analogous to the war between the various orders of animals. Certain of these literary forms, after having monopolised the field of contemporary thought, and shown their energy in the production of a great number of works, become anæmic and impoverished, vegetate and die. In France this has been the fate of epic poetry, and to-day it is the position, in France, of tragedy, and in England, of the drama as a whole. During the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth, Rotrou, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, time after time, and with them a legion of imitators, attest the vitality of a form of literature, which, even in the nineteenth century, produces, infrequently, remarkable specimens, so rarely, indeed, as to seem almost archaic. Compare, in the same way, the English drama of our day with that of the Elizabethan period. On the other hand, some literary forms, of which the creative power seemed slender and attenuated during earlier epochs, develop, in our time, a new vigour and richness. This was, during the first half of the century, the case with lyric poetry, and is to-day the case with the novel and with what I will call, for want of a more exact term, the Critical Essay. The resemblance between the evolution of literary species and that of animal species, seems to show that nature employs the same processes in the moral and in the physical world. It is also, by the way, a further proof of the grand principle of unity of com-

position so strongly defended by Goethe, in which is summarised the whole of our modern system of natural philosophy.

I propose to make this mention of the Critical Essay, and of its history in France for the past hundred years, the pretext for indicating some of the characteristics which mark an évolution of the sort described; characteristics which are perhaps all the more perceptible because the evolution has in this case been so rapid. The distance which separates an eighteenth-century novel, such as *Gil-Blas* or *Manon Lescaut*, from a novel of our time, like *Madame Bovary* or *L'Assommoir*, is, no doubt, enormous. Yet it is less than the disparity between a page of La Harpe or of Geoffrey, of Villemain even, and a page of Taine or of M. Jules Lemaitre. In the former apposition you detect no more than a development. But in the latter, the underlying principle of the literary form has itself changed. For the writers of a hundred years ago, criticism consisted essentially of the act of judging with discernment (as the derivation indicates: *κρίνειν*—to separate, to judge). They held that there was an absolute code of literature, a body of strict rules, an infallible canon. To criticise was, they thought, to compare a literary work with this canon, to observe in what respects the work conformed to the canon, and in what respects it transgressed, and then to conclude, in virtue of an immutable code, by a pronouncement setting forth the grounds for their decision. If they no longer invoked, as in the Middle Ages, the final authority of Aristotle, they at any rate believed that it was possible to formulate a fixed law of the Beautiful. Above all, they were sure that the masterpieces of antiquity and of the classic age represented finished types, by comparison with which the value of all new work was to be judged. They perceived, too—and here they were in the right—that the habit of such comparisons develops a special sense, a literary taste; and this faculty of discriminating between good work and bad was, in their belief, the highest form of critical power. The Abbé Morellet's essay on Chateaubriand's *Atala* (to be found in most of the editions in which the little romance is separately printed), may be regarded as a finished example of this sort of criticism—a sort not to be despised. It was judicious,

deliberate, and often efficacious. The influence of Boileau, one of the most earnest critics of this type, is an evidence of the merit of the school.

The revolution of 1789 broke out, and then came the Empire. The great wars of these twenty-five years had the unexpected effect of bringing the nations into closer contact one with another. Limiting our observations to France, the social upheavals of this period cast forth from their country Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, Paul-Louis-Courier, Benjamin Constant, and many others, teaching them all that there was a Europe beyond the frontiers of France. They did not merely read Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe in the originals, as a young Frenchman of inquiring mind, who was familiar with the three languages, might have done in 1780. They did more, for they read these authors in the countries, as well as in the languages, to which their varied product belonged; and they became sensible of the intimate connection between these masterpieces and the customs, the skies, the national spirit, of England, of Italy, and of Germany. They apprehended, some more, and some less, clearly, two truths which their predecessors had not approached: first, that there is in every work of art something more than an æsthetic effort, that each creation is inevitably and almost unconsciously a manifestation of all the elements which make the national character; the specific moment of history, the specific racial and climatic condition; and second, that there are many types of the Beautiful, diverse, if not indeed contradictory, and that taste has none of the fixity which the poets and rhetoricians of the classic period had made their dogma. Such discoveries as these, summarised in this fashion, seem obvious enough. Yet they entailed a shifting of the point of view which, in the domain of intellect, is equivalent to a complete change of atmosphere in the physical world. They are radical modifications of the element in which organisms live, involving radical changes in the organisms themselves. The transition just described is a case in point.

The immediate consequence of this enlargement of the French imagination was the movement, so confused as to be almost

incoherent, which is called Romanticism. We recognise in it, to-day, the play of several distinct forces; for example, the sudden awakening of plebeian sensibility in the new democracy, the passionate melancholy and the moral disorder of a period of religious and political crises, the disequibration produced by the power of Napoleon's prodigious personality; more than all (and this is certainly the most surprising conclusion to which this train of thought leads us, the conclusion which would most have astounded the men of the "Young France," who displayed their red waistcoats at the first night of *Hernani*) we find, in these turbulent conditions, a first effort—the earliest effort—of modern criticism toward a higher development and a broader point of view. We find among the men who took part in the revolutionary movement the two writers who are, even now, to our modern appreciation the loftiest exemplars of the critical art: Stendhal, to whose influence we owe Taine, and Sainte-Beuve, to whom we are all more or less directly indebted; Sainte-Beuve, who shares with Balzac the primacy of influence upon the French nineteenth century.

Stendhal is known to-day by his novels. Yet one has only to glance at the catalogue of his works in order to perceive that fiction was only the final blossom of his intellectual antithesis, one particular application of a method of study, a turn of thought, which had at an earlier stage of his florescence, invited him to quite dissimilar paths. A soldier under Napoleon when he was only eighteen years old, then a war commissioner, marching across Europe with the *Grande Armée*, and, after the fall of the Empire, a cosmopolitan traveller, living in Italy, in Paris, in England; he pursued, throughout his youth and his maturity, the study which he himself declared to have been the supreme interest of his life; "the analysis of the human passions and the expression of these passions in art and literature." This is his own summary of his life; and it embodies the new conception of criticism which, afterwards formulated by Taine, became a branch of psychology. This formula implies the negation of the old theory of criticism, for if the chief function of the writer, whether he be poet, novelist, or

dramatist, is to give us a true picture of human nature, to make a portrait (as Stendhal said), his work can no longer be judged by comparing it with any one type of excellence, in accordance with the abstract canon of the older criticism. Between the literature of the north and that of the south, for instance, there ought to be lasting differences, since the two are concerned with the representation of two different sorts of human nature, two types refractory to connotation. Both methods are justifiable, because both types of humanity possess the right to exist. The poetry of Shakespeare cannot, and should not, resemble the poetry of Dante, for the one depicts Italian emotion the other English emotion. The one writes for a Latin race, brilliantly insolated, the other for Saxons and Normans, pent by thick mists, shivering even in the spring-time. The two forms of art are contradictory, yet both are necessary; and it is not the critic's duty to condemn the one because it differs from the other, or both because they differ from a third. His function is to comprehend, and not to judge, the two methods.

It is this conception of criticism that permeates Stendhal's generous and admirable product; *Racine et Shakespeare*, *Histoire de la peinture en Italie*, *Mémoires d'un Touriste*, *les Promenades dans Rome*, *Vie de Rossini*,—I cite these titles at hazard; and all these books retain, to-day, their extraordinary stimulus; they have not lost the magic quality of Stendhal's conversation, the power to arouse the mind, to suggest new thoughts. Yet all these works are sketches, at most. The spirit of modern criticism informs and animates them, but it is not shown in the form which Sainte-Beuve first gave to it in the *Portraits*, the *Port Royal*, and the *Lundis*. This insufficiency of Stendhal's is not altogether due to the fact that he was a precursor, an inventor, and, in that quality, condemned to feel his way. It springs, rather, from the circumstance that his power of analysis was subordinate to his imagination and his ardour. It was because of this complexity of his nature that he gave himself more clearly to his readers in such works as *Le Rouge et le Noir*, and *La Chartreuse de Parme*, revealing the remarkable combination of his critical faculty and his other gifts.

From this point of view, he may be said to have given one of the most astounding examples of the reanimation of one branch of art by infusion of the methods of another branch. And yet, considered as critical essays, his studies are no more than sketches.

In the case of Sainte-Beuve, ardour and imagination are certainly not lacking. *Joseph Delorme*, the *Consolations*, and *Tolupté*, eloquently attest their presence. But the spirit of the analytical inquiry is always dominant. Sainte-Beuve was, above all, intelligent, and his greatest pleasure was to comprehend; while Stendhal, carried away by the ardour of his indomitable personality, enjoyed nothing so much as his emotions. Apart from this, Sainte-Beuve had, in his youth, studied medicine. He had been a physiologist before he became a poet or a novelist, and had been all three before he devoted himself to the Critical Essay. He not only recognised, as did his friends of the Romantic School, the legitimate variability of the type of literary art, its relation to a specific country, a specific moment of history, a specific climatic and racial condition; but he also saw, with the physician's eye, the physiological foundations of art. The old school of criticism regarded a book as a completed product, to be judged as it stood, but Sainte-Beuve perceived that in order to understand a book, its processes of creation must be studied, its origin and its development. It was his aim to see, through the printed page, the hand that had the pen, the body to which that hand belonged, the age and the habits of that body, the man himself, in a word, as he breathed and moved, and lived, the man whose action is arrested and depicted in this particular poem, or novel, or drama. In order thus to penetrate the inner being of a man, one must be cognisant of his interior individuality, as well as of his physical and moral individuality, and portray, too, his social environment, his family, the class to which he belongs, the views of life which he obtained in his epoch—and when all this is done, the Critical Essay has become the richest and most significant picture of manners and customs. Here, again, the judicial attitude is excluded. It has often been urged against Sainte-Beuve that his opinions were elastic, and he himself never tried to dogmatise. He would enrich his obser-

vations upon a writer by the addition of other observations of an almost directly contradictory character.

By way of explaining this diversity, he gave us his definition of criticism as "the natural history of minds." The æsthete in his composition becomes more and more completely absorbed in the moral botanist, and, coincidentally, the Critical Essay expands to the proportions of the loftiest forms of art. In the forty volumes of the *Lundis*, religious and philosophical problems, questions of military and political history, of diplomacy and of exegesis are treated, one after another, with a suppleness of intellection which leaves no field of inquiry unsearched. In the course of discussing Thiers's *Napoleon*, Sainte-Beuve gives us his own striking portrait of the First Consul, and Feydeau's *Funny* is his pretext for a monograph on the passion of jealousy. At one moment he plunges with Pascal and the solitaries of Port-Royal to the last profundities of the Jansenist doctrine, and an instant later we find him dwelling with pleasure upon Goethe's mental equilibrium and pagan *ataraxy*. No sooner has he put the final touches to an etching of the heroic and pitiless Montluc, the author of the *Commentaires*, than he takes up his chalks to give us a delicious pastel of an eighteenth-century Phryne. He may, in short, be called, as Shakespeare has been called, one man with a thousand souls, and in such hands as his, criticism inevitably becomes evocation, visions become apparent to the critic, and the treatise becomes a poem.

It is in this fashion that the critic's function was apprehended by Sainte-Beuve's successors, among whom—their names are legion—I will cite only the best known and the most distinguished, M. Ernest Renan in the last generation, and in our own time M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Anatole France. One must not forget that, notwithstanding very broad disparities of training and of temperament, the author of the *Vie de Jésus* is the direct offspring of the author of the *Lundis*. M. Renan is, first and foremost, a great critic who delights in depicting personalities quite unlike his own. It is his theory of art that the utmost flexibility of mind should find sufficient expression in the simplest phraseology, and he has shown us how this is to be accomplished, not only in his voluminous

Origines du Christianisme, but also in the most fragmentary of his writings. Born of a religious race, yet himself naked of faith, he felt always the unsatisfied need for mystic emotions; he suffered always the irreconcilable strife between this craving and his keenness of intellect; and the practice of the critical art, in accordance with the example of Sainte-Beuve, served as a compromise between the antithetic aspects of his temperament. Applying his facility of comprehension to periods, and to persons pre-eminently dominated by the ardour of belief, he compelled himself to live, for the moment, in these periods, to be for the moment these persons, and he was at once fervent and lucid, sympathetic and undeceived. The essays of M. Jules Lemaitre and of M. Anatole France evinced the continued application of an analogous method, an unceasing assimilation of thoughts and passions quite foreign to their own. If we regard the work of these two writers as the terminal of a process of evolution initiated by Sainte-Beuve, and treat M. Renan's work as an intermediate phase, we are enabled to trace with exactitude the whole line of development. With Sainte-Beuve the critical essay ceased to be dogmatic, with Renan it ceased to be concludent, with M. France and M. Lemaitre it tended more and more to impressionism. These two perspicacious writers hold that to criticise a book is to note the ideas to which the book gives rise in their minds. This attitude closely resembles the attitude of the artist who depicts life itself, and it is because of this resemblance that those who take this point of view pass so simply, so naturally, and so successfully from the essayist's function to that of the dramatist or the novelist. *L'Eau de Jouvence*, the *Prêtre de Nemi*, the *Caliban*, the works of M. Renan's latter years, have no other origin than this, and the same is to be said of the comedies and the tales of M. Lemaitre, as well as of the romances and the novels of M. France. When one scrutinises these works, one sees that their authors have been quite logical when they gave to their talents so antipodean a new direction. It was no more than a new application of the same art. The art with which they construct a story, and the dexterity of their dialogue, display precisely the same bent of mind that we find revealed in their essays, and this

fact is conclusive evidence of the truth of one of the laws which regulate the development of literary genera. As any one form of literary activity thrives and enlists the services of the finest minds of an age, its flood obliterates its banks for the very reason that it has absorbed so many tributaries. It is in the course of such an exudation that Dante's epic verse impinges upon the fields of theology and scholastic philosophy; that Shakespeare's plays become so complex and so subtle, that we find upon his stage a Hamlet and a Prospero, the metaphysician and the alchemist, two heroes less dramatic than had ever before confronted an audience; that Balzac's fiction seizes and makes part of its argument a theory of politics (in the *Curé de Village*), of finance (the *Maison Nucingen*), of mysticism (*Louis Lambert Seraphita*), of music (*Massimilla Doni*), of chemistry (the *Recherche de l'absolu*). Criticism is to-day expanding in the same way, and this shows that it is at the present moment a necessary form of art, fully adapted to the modern man and the exigencies of his culture. We desire, nowadays, to understand; even while we feel and act, even while we dream, and this makes an altogether new scheme of fiction of drama and of poetry which only critics can undertake.

While the Critical Essay, enriched by these three rich talents and by others not less important, became more and more an art, by a transition, which in England made possible the work of Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, and Walter Pater and Henry James, another movement began, at the head of which we find M. Taine, who tried to impart to criticism all the vigour and precision of a science. This second school, as I have already said, was influenced by Stendhal rather than Sainte-Beuve. Time after time, and notably, for instance, in the preface to his *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, Taine laid claim to this paternity. He took from Stendhal some of his favourite ideas, and from him, too, the love of what Beyle called the "trait," the specific and significant detail, the minute but indisputable fact, the anecdote which is in itself an exact and characteristic document. He added, however, his own personal gifts, and the first of these was a constructive power as great as Hegel's or Spinoza's. This faculty of super-

imposing ideas, as a builder superimposes the stones of his edifice, the one supporting the other until their resistant unity makes the whole a miracle of cohesion—no one of our contemporaries possesses this as fully as did Taine. The *Littérature Anglaise* is in fact a theorem in five volumes, his *Origines de la France Contemporaine* another in six. Such a method is evidently inferior to the undulating contradictions of Sainte-Beuve when the sinuous contours of a living character are to be reproduced. It is, however, admirable, when the writer desires to extract from an epoch, from a man, from a book, the secret of the concealed necessities, the mechanism of antecedent causatives, which underlie the glistening fabric, desires, in short, to put his finger on the link which unites the particular event—the book, the page, the line—to the vast influences of the environment, of the moment, of the race: influences at work both within and without the writer's mind. It must be considered, too, that Taine's erudition was immense, that he had studied, with equal thoroughness, metaphysics and linguistics, history and the various literatures, comparative anatomy and mathematics, physics and aesthetics, geology and painting. All these varieties of learning entered into his critical work, and it was because they were present that he could combine the boldest generalisation with the most scrupulous accuracy of detail. Did he succeed, with so exceptional a wealth of implements at hand, in reaching the good of his lofty ambition, in creating a system of psychology at once artistic and scientific, precise and incontrovertible? He certainly left us literary analyses more penetrating and farther reaching than had been attempted before his day. We are all dominated, to-day, by his views upon the conditions which govern the birth, the efflorescence, and the decay of these mysterious phenomena which we call genius and talent. His theories had enough creative force to evoke novels as valuable as those of M. Emile Zola, at the very base of whose method these theories manifest themselves in their entirety. They reacted upon Taine himself, calling him to larger fields of labour. Just as the Critical Essay, treated from Sainte-Beuve's point of view, extended itself until it was indistinguishable from poetry and fiction and

the drama, Taine's conception of the same literary form induced its expansion from the field of individual psychology to that of psychology at large and sociology; and it is thus that the author of the *Littérature Anglaise* was led to write the treatise on the *Intelligence* on the one hand, and on the other to write the study of the *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, which will perhaps prove to have been the greatest book of the second half of the nineteenth century. In this case, again, a literary form has been enlarged, almost to the point of losing its individuality, by the absorption of other forms to which it has given new life in the process of incorporation.

These brief notes, incomplete as they are, necessarily leave many names unmentioned. It would be unjust, for example, not to recall, in discussing the relations of criticism to art, the prodigious studies of M. de Vogüé in regard to the Orient and Russia: unjust to overlook, in discussing the relations of criticism to science, the labours of M. Brunetière on the evolution of genera, and unjust to forget, in discussing the relations of criticism to sociology, the remarkable studies of M. Faguet. One ought, also, to dwell upon the vitality of the new conceptions of criticism which originated with Stendhal, Sainte-Beuve, and Taine, and show how even the partisans of the old school of criticism have gradually accepted the chief theories of their great antagonists. It becomes evident, from this point of view, that the best of Gustave Planche's works are those in which he has added the psychology of the passions to his habitual dogmatism—as in the celebrated article on *Adolphe*, and that, in the same way, the finest writings of Nisard and Saint Marc Girardin are those in which literary analysis transforms itself into moral analysis. One ought to show how the Critical Essay has been flexible enough to undergo a change inverse to that which we have indicated, and has become a vehicle for minds habituated to other occupations, and to which these other occupations had ceased to be sufficient. This was the case of Edmond Schérer—whose talent was at once interesting and incomplete. It was the case of Alexandre Dumas, whose famous prefaces are Essays of the most original quality. These diverse

ways of comprehending and of producing the Critical Essay will give future historians of French literature an opportunity to pass in review all the men of genius, and all the men of talent who have appeared during the past century. Has not Balzac given himself to criticism in his *Revue Parisienne*, Lamartine in his *Cours de Littérature*, Hugo in his *William Shakespeare*, M. Emile Zola in his eloquent polemics? The mere mention of these productions clenches the general proposition upon which these brief reflections originated; the proposition that the development of any one literary form means that it must attract a great number of minds, enrich itself with all that the decadent forms are losing, and become one of the two or three expressions of the most profound tendencies of the epoch. Such has been the lot of the Critical Essay in France during the last hundred years, and the creative fertility of this form, so long regarded as directly opposed to creative work, shows that nature is always herself, and that in the intellectual as in the physical world, an organ is developed as soon as it is needed.

Paul Bourget

FUNERAL ORATION ON HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

By BOSSUET.

[JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET, French prelate, pulpit orator, and theologian, was born at Dijon, September 27, 1627. After studying at the Jesuits' college there and at the College of Navarre in Paris, he took priest's orders and became canon of Metz. His fame as a pulpit orator procured him the honor of preaching before Louis XIV., and in 1669 he was ordained Bishop of Condom. He resigned the see on being appointed preceptor to the Dauphin, for whom he is said to have written the "Discourse on Universal History." In 1681 he was raised to the bishopric of Meaux, and passed the remainder of his life in his diocese. He died at Paris, April 12, 1704. Bossuet was one of the ablest defenders of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, but took up a strong attitude in favor of the independence of the Gallican Church. In his old age he opposed Quietism and became involved in a controversy with Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. In addition to his main work he published, "Funeral Orations," those on the Duchess of Orleans and the great Condé being masterpieces of eloquence; "History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches"; "Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine,"]

PART THE FIRST.

AM I then called upon once more to pay the last honors to the dead? is she whom (a few months past) I beheld so attentive while I was discharging this mournful duty to the Queen, her mother, is she become the melancholy theme of this day's solemnity? Oh, vanity! oh, airy nothing! Little did she imagine, while the filial tear was stealing down her cheek, that in so short a space of time the same company should be assembled, to perform the same mournful honors to her own memory. Lamented princess! must England not only deplore thy absence, but also lament thy death? And has France no other pomp, no other triumph, no other trophies than these to celebrate thy return? — Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity! These are the only

thoughts that occur, this the only reflection that clings to my soul in the present unforeseen and sudden calamity. This text, which comes home to every bosom, which regards every state, and accompanies all the events and vicissitudes of life, acquires a particular illustration from the object of our present concern. For never were the vanities of this world so strongly displayed, and so conspicuously degraded. The scene that now arrests and terrifies our attention, urges me to declare that health is but an empty name, life a troubled dream, and celebrity a fugitive meteor. Is then man (made after God's own image) a despicable being? is man, whom the Savior of the world, without debasement, redeemed with his precious blood; is man, thus honored, a mere shadow? This mournful exhibition of human vanity, this untimely death, which chills the public hope, misled my judgment. Man must not be allowed to entertain an unqualified idea of self-degradation. Solomon, who begins his divine work with the words of my text, concludes with revealing to man his dignity: "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man: for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!" So everything is vain and unimportant that relates to man, when we advert to the transitory course of his mortality: everything becomes dignified when we look to the goal to which he is hastening. Let us then, in the presence of that altar and of that tomb, meditate upon that passage of Ecclesiastes, where the first part discovers the nothingness of man, and the second establishes his greatness. Let yonder tomb convince us of our wretchedness, while yon altar (from whence our prayers ascend) informs us of our dignity. You are now apprised of the truths which I wish this day to inculcate, which are not unworthy of the notice of the great personage, and of the illustrious assembly, before whom I am now speaking.

As a stream glides rapidly along, thus flows the course of our existence, which, after having traversed, with more or less noise, a greater or less extent of country, disembogues at length into a dark gulf! where honors, distinctions, and worldly prerogatives are unacknowledged and unknown; like rivers which lose their name and their celebrity when they mingle with the ocean.

If human nature could receive any partial exaltation, if a small portion of the dust of which we are all formed could admit

of any solid and durable distinction, who had a greater title to such preëminence? Does not the person who now awfully enforces the vanity of human greatness, does not she trace her origin to the remotest antiquity? Wherever I cast my view I am surrounded and dazzled with the splendor which streams from the crowns of England and of Scotland.

The Princess Henrietta, born, as it were, on a throne, possessed a mind superior to her illustrious birth, a mind which the misfortunes of her family could not subdue. How frequently have we said that Providence had snatched her from the enemies of her august father to make a present of her to France? Precious and inestimable gift! if enduring possession had accompanied a present of such value. This melancholy recollection intrudes itself everywhere. No sooner do we cast our eyes on this illustrious personage, than the specter Death rushes on our thoughts. Let me, however, recall to your mind, how she grew up amidst the wishes, the applause, and affection of a whole kingdom: every year added to her personal attractions, and brought with it an accession of mental accomplishments. Her judgment in works of literature was clear and unerring; authors, when they met with her approbation, felicitated themselves on having attained that point of perfection to which they aspired. History, to which her attention was particularly directed, she used to call the counselor of kings. In the historic page the greatest monarchs assume no other rank than what they are entitled to by their virtues: degraded by the hand of Death, they enter, unattended by flatterers, this severe court of justice, to receive the awful judgment of posterity. Here the gaudy coloring, which the harlot pencil of sycophancy had applied, languishes and fades away. In this school our young disciple studied the duties of those persons whose life forms the groundwork of history. This knowledge matured her youthful mind, and fenced it with a circumspective prudence. "He that has no rule over his own spirit," says the Wise Man, "is like a city that is broken down and without walls." The object of our present admiration was exalted above this weakness; nor interest, nor vanity, nor the enchantment of flattery, nor the persuasive voice of friendship, could allure the confided secret from her bosom. This characteristic feature entitled her to a confidence of the highest nature. Without presuming to enter upon a subject which does not

belong to this place, I may be allowed to say that, by the mediation of the sister, some controverted points which lately existed between two great monarchs were happily adjusted. No sooner had she erected this monument to her fame, than she was swept to the grave. Have I ventured amidst this triumph of death to pronounce again the word "fame"? Let me hence forbear all pomp and splendor of expression with which human arrogance dazzles and blinds herself for the purpose of not beholding her own nothingness! Let me rather entreat you to attend to the reflection of a profound reasoner, not to the words of a philosopher in the porch, or a monk in his cloister. I wish to humble the great by one whom the great revere; by one who was well acquainted with the vanity of greatness, and who uttered his observations from a throne. "Oh, God," says the Psalmist, "thou hast numbered my days!" Now, whatever is numbered is finite, and whatever is born to end cannot be said to be emancipated from that nothing to which it is destined so soon to return. While the hand of nature chains us to the ground, how can we hope to be exalted? Survey the various distinctions that elevate man, you will discover none so conspicuous, so effective, so glittering, as the glory which encircles the laurels of a conqueror; and yet this conqueror must, in his turn, fall beneath the stroke of Death. Then will the conquered invite the triumphant hero to their society; then from the tomb a voice will come to blast all human grandeur: "Art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?"

Perhaps, as a supplement to the deficiency of power and fortune, the mental accomplishments, expansive thought, invention pregnant with great designs, may suffice to raise the possessor to eminence. Ah, trust not to this flattering suggestion: the thoughts which have not God for their object belong to the domain of Death. Solomon comprises amidst the illusions by which the human race are misled, even wisdom! because, inclosed within the pale of human wishes, she buries herself in the dust along with those perishable objects.

Have we not seen the great and exalted of this world fall frequent sacrifices at the altar of God's vengeance for our instruction? And surely, if we stand in need of the impressions of surprise and terror to disenchant us from our attachment to the world, the calamity with which we are now subdued is sufficiently awful! Oh ever-memorable, oh disastrous, oh terrific night! when consternation reigned throughout the palace!

when, like a burst of thunder, a desolating voice cried out, Henrietta is expiring, Henrietta is no more ! The usual march of Death is by perceptible but slow advances ; in the present instance it was rapid as it was alarming. Did we not behold her in the morning attired with every grace, embellished with every attraction, and in the evening did we not behold her as a faded flower ! Let us then survey her as Death presents her to our view : yet even these mournful honors, with which she is now encircled, will soon disappear, she will be despoiled of this melancholy decoration, and be conveyed into the dread receptacle, the last sombrous habitation, to sleep in the dust with annihilated kings ; among whom it will be difficult to place her, so closely do the ranks press upon each other ! so prompt, so indefatigable, is death in crowding this dreary vault with departed greatness. Yet even here our imagination deludes us ; for this form, destitute of life, which still retains the human resemblance ! the faint similitude which still lingers on the countenance, must undergo a change, and be turned into a terrific something, for which no language has a name ; so true it is that everything dies belonging to man ; even (as Tertullian observes) those funereal expressions which designate his remains. On a life which inevitably ends in such a catastrophe, what splendid project can the fondest hope erect ? Is then despair the lot of man ? Amidst this universal wreck is there no plank to lay hold of ? Here I behold another order of things arise ; the cloud breaks, the gloom of death disappears, a new scene bursts upon me, to which I beg leave to direct your attention.

PART THE SECOND.

Let us gratefully remember that God infuses into our perishable frame a spiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of his existence, adore the redundant plenitude of his perfections, rely on his goodness, fear his justice, and aspire to his immortality. By the principle of analogy, as our material form shall return to its mother earth, so our spiritual part shall return unto its Creator. This, indeed, is a proud distinction which brings into contact and alliance the spiritual part of man with the supreme and primitive greatness, God ! Let then the wise man speak with derision of every state and condition of life, since, wherever we cast our view, we behold the

funereal gloom of death hovering over our brightest hours. Let the wise man equalize the fool and the sage ; let him even confound the lord of the earth with the beast of the field : for if we look at man, but through the medium of a coarse corporeal eye, what do we behold in his fugitive existence but folly, solicitude, and disappointment ? and what do we behold in his death but an expiring vapor, or a machine whose springs are deranged, and which lose the power of action ? Do ye wish to save anything from this total ruin ? cast your affection as an anchor on God ! This our Christian heroine eminently manifested during the period that immediately preceded her dissolution. She beheld the approaches of Death with an undaunted eye. He came to demand of her youth, the residue of its years ! of her beauty, the resignation of its charms ! of her high rank, the dispossession of its advantages ! of her richly cultivated mind, the spoliation of its acquirements ! To all which she meekly submitted without a murmur. Far other reflections now possess her soul. She calls for the same crucifix which the Queen, her mother, in her last moments bathed with her tears. She calls for the same crucifix, as if she fondly hoped still to find upon it the effusion of her mother's piety : she applied this signal of our salvation to her expiring lips : then did I hear her utter these affecting words, "Oh my God, why did I not always place my confidence in thee ?" Ah ! let the proud conqueror no longer engross our admiration ; our heroine illustrates the truth of these words, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." With a tranquillity almost amounting to satisfaction, she resigned herself to an unforeseen and untimely death. What an attention did she pay to the prayers that are offered up for the dying ! which frequently (by some spiritual magic) suspend the agonizing pains, and, what I have been often a witness to, charm away the terrors of death.

Have we not lamented that the opening flower was suddenly blasted ? that the picture whose first warm touches excited such expectation was suddenly effaced ? But I will no longer speak this language ; I will rather say that Death has put an end to those perils to which she was in this life eminently exposed. What dazzling attractions, what seductive flattery, would have assailed so elevated a situation ? Would not success have pampered her expectations, and adulation outrun her desire ? And, to use the forcible expression of an ancient his-

torian, "she would have been precipitated into the gulf of human grandeur."—*In ipsam gloriam præceps agebatur.* (Tacitus, "Vita Agricolaë.")

Let us draw some salutary reflection from the scene that is now before us. Shall we wait till the dead arise, before we open our bosom to one serious thought? What this day descends into the grave should be sufficient to awaken and alarm our lethargy. Could the Divine Providence bring nearer to our view, or more forcibly display, the vanity and emptiness of human greatness? How incurable must be our blindness, if, as every day we approach nearer and nearer to the grave (and rather dying than living), we wait till the last moment before we admit that serious and important reflection which ought to have accompanied us through the whole course of our lives! If persuasion hung upon my lips, how earnestly would I entreat you to begin from this hour to despise the smiles of fortune, and the favors of this transitory world! And whenever you shall enter those august habitations, those sumptuous palaces which received an additional luster from the personage we now lament; when you shall cast your eyes around those splendid apartments, and find their better wanting! then remember that the exalted station she held, that the accomplishments and attractions she was known to possess, augmented the dangers to which she was exposed in this world, and now form the subject of a rigorous investigation in the other.



LOVE.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

[1639–1701. Dramatist, poet, and wit of the Restoration, of unsavory life and works. His daughter Catherine was mistress of James II.]

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his Mother rose;
No time his slave from love can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost;

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SONG — DORINDA.

They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
Their vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear;
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a bliss,
Believe me, gentle Hermione,
No less inhuman is.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove,
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to guess
Than for me to explain;
But grant, oh! grant that happiness
Which only does remain.



SONG — DORINDA.

By CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

[1637-1706.]

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes
United cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace:
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

ZEGRI AND ABENCERRAGE.

BY DRYDEN.

(From "The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards.")

[JOHN DRYDEN, the great poet, was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, in 1631; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan clergyman, and himself a Parliamentarian, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on Cromwell at the latter's death; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. In 1667 he wrote "Annus Mirabilis," and in 1668 was made poet laureate. The Popish Plot brought out his famous satire "Absalom and Achitophel" (1681-1682), the "Og" of which (his rival Shadwell) was further castigated in "MacFlecknoe" (1682). After James' accession he became a Catholic (1686), and in 1687 wrote "The Hind and the Panther" to glorify his new religion. "Alexander's Feast," the finest of English odes, appeared in 1697. His powerful translations of Lucretius and Juvenal are also classics; those of Virgil are strong but less in keeping with the matter. He was a very voluminous playwright also, but has left nothing which lives; perhaps the burlesque of the "Rehearsal," indeed, chiefly preserves the memory that he was one at all. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," however, is excellent. He died in 1700.]

SCENE: *Granada, and the Christian Camp besieging it. Present:*
BOABDELIN, ABENAMAR, ABDELMELECH, and Guards.

Boabdelin —

The alarm-bell rings from our Alhambra walls,
And from the streets sound drums and atabals.

[*Within, a bell, drums, and trumpets.*

Enter a Messenger.

How now? from whence proceed these new alarms?

Messenger —

The two fierce factions are again in arms;
And changing into blood the day's delight,
The Zegrys with the Abencerrages fight;
On each side their allies and friends appear;
The Macas here, the Alabezes there;
The Gazuls with the Bencerrages join,
And, with the Zegrys, all great Gornel's line.

Boabdelin —

Draw up behind the Vivarambla place;
Double my guards, — these factions I will face;
And try if all the fury they can bring
Be proof against the presence of their king.

[*Exit BOABDELIN.*

The Factions appear: At the head of the Abencerrages, OZMYN; at the head of the Zegrys, ZULEMA, HAMET, GOMEL, and SELIN; ABEN-AMAR and ABDELMELECH join with the Abencerrages.

Zulema —

The faint Abencerrages quit their ground:
Press them; put home your thrusts to every wound.

Abdelmelech —

Zegry, on manly force our line relies;
Thine poorly takes the advantage of surprise:
Unarmed and much outnumbered we retreat;
You gain no fame, when basely you defeat.
If thou art brave, seek nobler victory;
Save Moorish blood; and, while our bands stand by,
Let two and two an equal combat try.

Hamet —

'Tis not for fear the combat we refuse,
But we our gained advantage will not lose.

Zulema —

In combating, but two of you will fall;
And we resolve we will despatch you all.

Ozymyn —

We'll double yet the exchange before we die,
And each of ours two lives of yours shall buy.

ALMANZOR enters betwixt them, as they stand ready to engage.

Almanzor —

I cannot stay to ask which cause is best:
But this is so to me, because opprest.

[Goes to the Abencerrages.

To them BOABDELIN and his Guards, going betwixt them.

Boabdelin —

On your allegiance, I command you stay;
Who passes here, through me must make his way;
My life's the Isthmus; through this narrow line
You first must cut, before those seas can join.
What fury, Zegrys, has possessed your minds?
What rage the brave Abencerrages blinds?
If of your courage you new proofs would show,
Without much travel you may find a foe.
Those foes are neither so remote nor few
That you should need each other to pursue.
Lean times and foreign wars should minds unite;

When poor men mutter, but they seldom fight.
 O holy Allah! that I live to see
 Thy Granadines assist their enemy!
 You fight the Christians' battles; every life
 You lavish thus, in this intestine strife,
 Does from our weak foundations take one prop,
 Which helped to hold our sinking country up.

Ozmyn —

'Tis fit our private enmity should cease;
 Though injured first, yet I will first seek peace.

Zulema —

No, murderer, no; I never will be won
 To peace with him, whose hand has slain my son.

Ozmyn —

Our prophet's curse
 On me and all the Abencerrages light,
 If unprovoked I with your son did fight.

Abdelmelech —

A band of Zegrys ran within the place,
 Matched with a troop of thirty of our race.
 Your son and Ozmyn the first squadrons led,
 Which, ten by ten, like Parthians, charged and fled,
 The ground was strowed with canes where we did meet,
 Which crackled underneath our coursers' feet:
 When Tarifa (I saw him ride apart)
 Changed his blunt cane for a steel-pointed dart,
 And, meeting Ozmyn next, —
 Who wanted time for treason to provide, —
 He basely threw it at him, undefied.

Ozmyn [*showing his arms*] —

Witness this blood — which when by treason sought,
 That followed, sir, which to myself I ought.

Zulema —

His hate to thee was grounded on a grudge,
 Which all our generous Zegrys just did judge:
 Thy villain-blood thou openly didst place
 Above the purple of our kingly race.

Boabdelin —

From equal stems their blood both houses draw,
 They from Morocco, you from Cordova.

Hamet —

Their mongrel race is mixed with Christian breed;
 Hence 'tis that they those dogs in prisons feed.

Abdelmelech —

Our holy prophet wills, that charity

Should even to birds and beasts extended be :
 None knows what fate is for himself designed ;
 The thought of human chance should make us kind.

Gomel —

We waste that time we to revenge should give :
 Fall on ; let no Abencerrage live.

Advances before the rest of his party. ALMANZOR advances on the other side, and describes a line with his sword.

Almanzor —

Upon thy life pass not this middle space ;
 Sure death stands guarding the forbidden place.

Gomel —

To dare that death, I will approach yet nigher ;
 Thus, — wert thou compassed in with circling fire.

[*They fight.*

Boabdelin —

Disarm them both ; if they resist you, kill.

ALMANZOR, in the midst of the guards, kills GOMEL, and then is disarmed.

Almanzor —

Now you have but the leavings of my will.

Boabdelin —

Kill him ! this insolent unknown shall fall,
 And be the victim to atone you all.

Ozmyn —

If he must die, not one of us will live :
 That life he gave for us, for him we give.

Boabdelin —

It was a traitor's voice that spoke those words ;
 So are you all, who do not sheathe your swords.

Zulema —

Outrage unpunished, when a prince is by,
 Forfeits to scorn the rights of majesty :
 No subject his protection can expect,
 Who what he owes himself does first neglect.

Abenamar —

This stranger, sir, is he,
 Who lately in the Vivarambla place
 Did, with so loud applause, your triumphs grace.

Boabdelin —

The word which I have given, I'll not revoke ;
 If he be brave, he's ready for the stroke.

Almanzor —

No man has more contempt than I of breath,

But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
 Obedied as sovereign by thy subjects be,
 But know, that I alone am king of me.
 I am as free as nature first made man,
 Ere the base laws of servitude began,
 When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Boabdelin —

Since, then, no power above your own you know,
 Mankind should use you like a common foe;
 You should be hunted like a beast of prey:
 By your own law I take your life away.

Almanzor —

My laws are made but only for my sake;
 No king against himself a law can make.
 If thou pretend'st to be a prince like me,
 Blame not an act which should thy pattern be.
 I saw the oppressed, and thought it did belong
 To a king's office to redress the wrong:
 I brought that succor which thou ought'st to bring,
 And so, in nature, am thy subjects' king.

Boabdelin —

I do not want your counsel to direct,
 Or aid to help me punish or protect.

Almanzor —

Thou want'st them both, or better thou wouldst know,
 Than to let factions in thy kingdoms grow.
 Divided interests, while thou think'st to sway,
 Draw, like two brooks, thy middle stream away:
 For though they band and jar, yet both combine
 To make their greatness by the fall of thine.
 Thus, like a buckler, thou art held in sight,
 While they behind thee with each other fight.

Boabdelin —

Away, and execute him instantly! [To his Guards

Almanzor —

Stand off; I have not leisure yet to die.

To them, enter ABDALLA hastily.

Abdalla —

Hold, sir! for heaven's sake hold!
 Defer this noble stranger's punishment,
 Or your rash orders you will soon repent.

Boabdelin —

Brother, you know not yet his insolence.

Abdalla —

Upon yourself you punish his offense:
If we treat gallant strangers in this sort,
Mankind will shun the inhospitable court;
And who, henceforth, to our defense will come,
If death must be the brave Almanzor's doom?
From Africa I drew him to your aid,
And for his succor have his life betrayed.

Boabdellin —

Is this the Almanzor whom at Fez you knew,
When first their swords the Xeriff brothers drew?

Abdalla —

This, sir, is he, who for the elder fought,
And to the juster cause the conquest brought;
Till the proud Santo, seated on the throne,
Disdained the service he had done to own:
Then to the vanquished part his fate he led;
The vanquished triumphed, and the victor fled.
Vast is his courage, boundless is his mind,
Rough as a storm, and humorous [capricious] as wind:
Honor's the only idol of his eyes;
The charms of beauty like a pest he flies;
And, raised by valor from a birth unknown,
Acknowledges no power above his own.

Boabdellin [coming to *Almanzor*] —

Impute your danger to our ignorance;
The bravest men are subject most to chance:
Granada much does to your kindness owe;
But towns, expecting sieges, cannot show
More honor than to invite you to a foe.

Almanzor —

I do not doubt but I have been to blame:
But, to pursue the end for which I came,
Unite your subjects first; then let us go,
And pour their common rage upon the foe.

Boabdellin [to the factions] —

Lay down your arms, and let me beg you cease
Your enmities.

Zulema —

We will not hear of peace,
Till we by force have first revenged our slain.

Abdelmelech —

The action we have done we will maintain.

Selin —

Then let the king depart, and we will try
Our cause by arms.

Zulema —

For us and victory.

Boabdelin — A king entreats you.

Almanzor —

What subjects will precarious [imploring] kings regard ?

A beggar speaks too softly to be heard :

Lay down your arms ! 'tis I command you now.

Do it — or, by our prophet's soul I vow,

My hands shall right your king on him I seize.

Now let me see whose look but disobeys.

All —

Long live king Mahomet Boabdelin !

Almanzor —

No more ; but hushed as midnight silence go :

He will not have your acclamations now.

Hence, you unthinking crowd ! —

[*The Common People go off in both parties.*

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,

When such as these make or unmake a king !



THE REHEARSAL.

[THIS famous burlesque is attributed to George Villiers, second duke of Buckingham (son of Charles I.'s minister), the Zimri of "Absalom and Achitophel," which see; though his ability to produce such a gem of wit, criticism, and parody has been questioned, and he certainly had much help. He was born in 1627, nineteen months before his father was murdered; educated at Cambridge; took the "grand tour"; on the outbreak of the Civil War came back and joined the king, was badly defeated and barely escaped from England, and his estates were confiscated. Returning with Charles II., he shared in the rout at Worcester, and again fled; returned once more and secretly married a daughter of Fairfax; was imprisoned in the Tower by Cromwell, and after the Restoration became disastrously influential with Charles II., being without principle or judgment, and a town-talk as a weathercock. He was a leading agent in Clarendon's overthrow and the robbery of the goldsmiths by the Exchequer, and was one of the "Cabal"; then coquetted with the democrats; tiring of politics, withdrew to private life and died in 1688. He dabbled in alchemy and music, and wrote verses and farces, all forgotten but this. "Bayes" ("the bays") of course implies the poet laureate, Dryden, and his rhyming plays, with their repeated double kingships, are parodied; but so are many others, and Bayes' own talk is made up largely of the genuine sillinesses of Lord Edward Howard.]

BAYES — OH, DEVIL ! I can toil like a horse ; only so sometimes it makes me melancholy ; and then, I vow to Gad, for a whole day together I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smith — That do we verily believe, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes — And that's the only thing, 'egad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. Johnson, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull — Now I am the farthest from it in the whole world, 'egad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johnson — Phoo, pox! that's ill-naturedly done of them.

Bayes — Aye, 'gad, there's no trusting of these rogues — But — a — come, let's sit down. Look you, sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place! as, for example, at Brentford: for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to them both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between them. These kings differing sometimes in particular, though in the main they agree — I know not whether I make myself well understood.

Johnson — I did not observe you, sir. Pray, say that again.

Bayes — Why look you, sir; nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this (or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing): the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest as the good of the people, they make a certain kind of a — you understand me — Upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that — In fine, you'll understand it better when you see it. [Exit to call the players.]

Smith — I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Bayes [reëntering] — Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing: I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either, that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue; (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, 'egad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith — Very well; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes — And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue. For, you must know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language,

and all that, to—a—in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, 'egad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues; to which end, my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furred cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell them plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, 'egad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they a'll fall a clapping—a—

Smith—Aye, but suppose they don't.

Bayes—Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please; I have nothing to do with your suppose, sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, sir; 'egad, not one jot, sir. Suppose, quoth-a!—ha, ha, ha! [*Walks away.*]

Johnson—Phoo! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he says; he's a fellow newly come out of the country; he knows nothing of what's the relish here, of the town.

Bayes—If I writ, sir, to please the country, I should have followed the old plain way; but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is; and they do me right, sir, to approve of what I do.

Johnson—Aye, aye, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes—I am sure the design is good; that cannot be denied. And then for language, 'egad, I defy them all in nature to mend it. Besides, sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes; and withal have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who I'm sure will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then, pray, sir, what becomes of your suppose? Ha, ha, ha!

Johnson—Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes—I think so, sir; and therefore would chuse this to be the prologue. For if I could engage them to clap before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because then they were engaged; for let a man write ever so well, there are, nowadays, a sort of persons they call critics, that, 'egad, have no more wit in them than so many hobby-horses;

but they'll laugh at you, sir, and find fault, and censure things that, 'egad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of persons that, 'egad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as — a — In fine, I'll say no more of them.

Johnson — Nay, you have said enough of them, in all conscience ; I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes — Why, I'll tell you, sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*, were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see them all hanged, 'egad, before I would e'er set pen to paper, but let them live in ignorance, like ingrates.

Johnson — Aye, marry, that there were a way to be revenged of them indeed ; and if I were in your place now, I would do so.

Bayes — No, sir ; there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from, otherwise I would.

* * * * *

Bayes — Now, sir, because I'll do nothing here that was ever done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper.

Smith — Umph ! very new indeed.

Bayes — Come, take your seats. Begin, sirs.

GENTLEMAN-USHER and PHYSICIAN enter.

Physician — Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the gentleman-usher of this sumptuous palace.

Usher — And by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble kings, under the notion [title] of physician.

Physician — You hit my function right.

Usher — And you mine.

Physician — Then let's embrace.

Usher — Come.

Physician — Come.

Johnson — Pray, sir, who are those so very civil persons ?

Bayes — Why, sir, the gentleman-usher and physician of the two kings of Brentford.

Johnson — But, pray, then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

Bayes — Phoo ! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

Johnson — Very well.

Physician — Sir, to conclude —

Smith — What, before he begins?

Bayes — No, sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith — Where? In the tiring room?

Bayes — Why, aye, sir — He's so dull ! — Come, speak again.

Physician — Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot ; and all these threatening storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes — Pray, mark that allegory ! Is not that good?

Johnson — Yes, that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Physician — But yet some rumors great are stirring ; and if Lorenzo should prove false (which none but the great gods can tell), you then, perhaps, would find that — [*Whispers.*

Bayes — Now he whispers.

Usher — Alone, do you say?

Physician — No ; attended with the noble — [*Whispers*

Bayes — Again.

Usher — Who, he in gray?

Physician — Yes ; and at the head of — [*Whisper*

Bayes — Pray, mark.

Usher —

Then, sir, most certain 'twill in time appear,
These are the reasons that have moved him to 't:
First, he —

Bayes — Now the other whispers.

Usher — Secondly, they — [*Whispers.*

Bayes — At it still.

Usher — Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they — [*Whispers.*

Bayes — Now they both whisper. [*Exeunt whispering.*
Now, gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

Johnson — In troth, I think it is, sir. But why two kings of the same place?

Bayes — Why, because 'tis new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Jonson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature: I am for fetchng it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smith — But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes — By Gad, I'm a better poet than he.

Smith — Well, sir; but, pray, why all this whispering?

Bayes — Why, sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulged.

Smith — But then, sir, why —

Bayes — Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed. [Goes to the door.]

* * * * *

The TWO KINGS enter, hand in hand.

Bayes — Oh, these now are the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their style; 'twas never yet upon the stage; but if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to show you a whole play writ all just so.

1st King — Did you observe their whispers, brother King?

2d King — I did, and heard, besides, a grave bird sing
That they intend, sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes — This is now familiar; because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smith — 'Sdeath! this would make a man spew.

1st King — If that design appears,
 I'll lug them by the ears,
 Until I make them crack.

2d King — And so will I, i' fack,

1st King — You must begin, *ma foy*.

2d King — Sweet sir, *pardonnez moy*.

Bayes — Mark that; I make them both speak French, to show their breeding.

Johnson — Oh, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2d King —

Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combinèd stand,
And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*]

Johnson — This is a majestic scene, indeed.

Bayes — Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-critics, 'egad; I would fain see the proudest of them all but dare to nibble at this; 'egad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for them, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole play just in this very same style; it was never acted yet.

Johnson — How so?

Bayes — 'Egad, I can hardly tell you for laughing; ha, ha ha! it is so pleasant a story; ha, ha, ha!

Smith — What is it?

Bayes — 'Egad, the players refused to act it; ha, ha, ha!

Smith — That's impossible!

Bayes — 'Egad, they did it, sir; point blank refused it, 'egad. Ha, ha, ha!

Johnson — Fie, that was rude!

Bayes — Rude! aye, 'egad, they are the rudest, uncivillest persons, and all that, in the world, 'egad. 'Egad, there's no living with them. I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cartload of things every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, these insolent rascals have turned them all back upon my hands again.

Johnson — Strange fellows indeed!

Smith — But pray, Mr. Bayes, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? For, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes — No; but that's the actors' fault, and not mine; for these two Kings should (a pox take them!) have popped both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smith — That, indeed, would have done it.

Bayes — Done it! aye, 'egad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. . . . So, now Prince Prettyman comes in, and falls asleep making love to his mistress; which, you know, was a grand intrigue in a late play, written by a very honest gentleman, a knight.

PRINCE PRETTYMAN *enters.*

Prettyman —

How strange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
My love I cannot; that is too divine:
And against fate what mortal dares repine?

CHLORIS *enters.*

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing comet! is it not? [*Lies down.*]

Bayes — Blazing comet! Mark that; 'egad, very fine.

Prettyman — But I am so surprised with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*Sleeps.*]

Bayes — Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and, swop, he falls asleep, as you see. Now, here she must make a simile.

Smith — Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes — Because she's surprised. That's a general rule; you must ever make a simile when you are surprised: 'tis the new way of writing.

Chloris —

As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
Feeling without that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines, and dies:
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears [*Exit.*]

Johnson — Mr. Bayes, methinks this simile wants a little application, too.

Bayes — No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that, which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this scene has made you sad; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smith — No, truly, sir, my spirits are almost exhaled too, and I'm likelier to fall asleep.

PRINCE PRETTYMAN *starts up, and says, —*

Prettyman [*starting up*] — It is resolved ! [*Exit.*

Bayes — That's all.

Smith — Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you one question, now, and you not be angry ?

Bayes — Oh, Lord, sir, you may ask me anything ! what you please ; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of honor : you do not know me if you say that, sir.

Smith — Then, pray, what is it that this prince here has resolved in his sleep ?

Bayes — Why, I must confess, that question is well enough asked for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, sir, that's to outdo all my fellow writers ; whereas they keep their intrigo secret till the very last scene before the dance, I now, sir, (do you mark me ?) — a —

Smith — Begin the play and end it, without ever opening the plot at all.

Bayes — I do so, that's the very plain truth on't, ha, ha, ha ! I do, 'egad.

* * * * *

Four SOLDIERS enter at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1st Soldier — Stand. Who goes there ?

2d Soldier — A friend.

1st Soldier — What friend ?

2d Soldier — A friend to the house.

1st Soldier — Fall on. [*They all kill one another.*

[*Music strikes.*

Bayes [*to the music*] — Hold, hold ! [*It ceases.*] — Now here's an odd surprise ; all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made in effaut flat, and fall a dancing. Do you héar, dead men ? Remember your note in effaut flat. [*To the music.*] Play on. Now, now, now ! [*The music plays his note, and the dead men rise, but cannot get in order.*] Oh, Lord ! Oh, Lord ! Out, out, out ! Did ever men spoil a good thing so ? No figure, no ear, no time, nothing ! Udzookers, you dance worse than the angels in "Harry the Eighth," or fat spirits in the "Tempest," 'egad.

1st Soldier — Why, sir, 'tis impossible to do anything in time to this tune.

Bayes — Oh, Lord ! Oh, Lord ! Impossible ! Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and adapting it for the business : for if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune ; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time and time ; you shall see me do't. Look you here ; here I am dead. [*Lies down flat on his face.*] Now mark my note effaut flat. Strike up, music. Now ! [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*] Ah, gadzookers, I have broke my nose !

Johnson — By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in effaut.

Bayes — A plague of this damned stage ! with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, sir, can you help me to a piece of wet brown paper ?

Smith — No, indeed, sir ; I don't usually carry any about me.

2d Soldier — I'll go get you some within, presently.

Bayes — Go, go, then, I'll follow you. Pray, dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember and dance like horsemen. [*Exit.*]

Smith — Like horsemen ! What a plague can that be ?

[*They dance the dance, but can make nothing of it.*]

1st Soldier — A devil ! let's try this no longer ; play my dance, that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

[*Dance, and exeunt.*]

Smith — What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose ?

Johnson — Pr'ythee, let's go and see. [*Exeunt.*]

BAYES enters, with a paper on his nose ; and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes — Now, sirs, this I do, because my fancy, in this play, is to end every act with a dance.

Smith — Faith, that fancy is very good ; but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, though.

Bayes — Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels, but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the whole world, 'egad, between Prince Prettyman and his tailor : it might properly enough be called a prize of wit : for

you shall see them come in one upon another, snip-snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him, slap with a repartee, then he at him again, dash with a new conceit; and so eternally, eternally, 'egad, till they go quite off the stage. [*Goes to call the players.*]

Smith — What a plague does this fop mean by his snip-snap, hit for hit, and dash?

Johnson — Mean! why, he never meant anything in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Bayes [*reëntering*] — Why don't you come in?

Enter PRINCE PRETTYMAN and TOM THIMBLE.

This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted, for it is full of drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an orange stuffed with cloves, as for conceit.

Prettyman — But, pr'ythee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine tailors make but one man, and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men; what work art thou cutting out here for thyself, trow!

Bayes — Good.

Thimble — Why, an't please your highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want journeymen enow to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes — Good again.

Prettyman — I am afraid thy journeymen, though, Tom, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes — Good still.

Thimble — However, if my wife sits but cross-legged, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, sir, for your coronation-suit.

Bayes — Very good, i' faith.

Prettyman — Why, the times then lived upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a tailor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes — Right.

Thimble — I am sure, sir, I made your clothes in the court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes — There's a bob for the court.

Prettyman — Why, Tom, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see. Thou payest me now, methinks.

Bayes — There's pay upon pay? As good as ever was written, 'egad.

Thimble — Aye, sir, in your own coin : you give me nothing but words.

Bayes — Admirable, before Gad !

Prettyman — Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee ; for now the wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Bayes — Oh, you did not do that half enough.

Johnson — Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes — Aye, pretty well ; but he does not hit me in't : he does not top his part.

Thimble — That's the way to be stamped yourself, sir. I shall see you come home, like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bored through you. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes — Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, 'egad ! How do you like it now, gentlemen ? Is not this pure wit ?

Smith — 'Tis snip-snap, sir, as you say : but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose ; for the play does not go on.

Bayes — Play does not go on ! I don't know what you mean : why, is not this part of the play !

Smith — Yes ; but the plot stands still.

Bayes — Plot stand still ! Why, what a devil is a plot good for, but to bring in fine things ?

Smith — Oh, I did not know that before.

Bayes — No, I think you did not, nor many things more, that I am master of. Now, sir, 'egad, this is the bane of all us writers : let us soar but ever so little above the common pitch, 'egad, all's spoiled, for the vulgar never understand it ; they can never conceive you, sir, the excellency of these things.

Johnson — 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess ; but you write on still for all that.

Bayes — Write on ! Aye, 'egad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me : if they catch me at that lock, I'll give them leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say ? What, are they gone, without singing my last new song ? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies ! I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to Gad, this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written ; you must know it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife, after she was dead.

Smith — How, sir ! after she was dead ?

Bayes — Aye, sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that ?

Johnson — Say ! why, nothing : he were a devil that had anything to say to that.

Bayes — Right.

Smith — How did she come to die, pray, sir ?

Bayes — Phoo ! that's no matter : by a fall. But here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was killed by an accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him.

Johnson — Aye, aye, that's well enough, let's hear it, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes — 'Tis to the tune of "Farewell, Fair Armida" ; on seas, and in battles, in bullets, and all that.

SONG.

"In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong castle remoted from thee :
My death's bruise pray think you gave me, though a fall
Did give it me more from the top of a wall :
For then if the moat on her mud would first lay,
And after, before you my body convey ;
The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true blue for me." . . .

Smith — But, Mr. Bayes, how comes this song in here ? f methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes — Alack, sir, you know nothing : you must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts, and dances, if you mean to — a —

Johnson — Pit, box, and gallery, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes — 'Egad, and you have nicked it. Hark you, Mr. Johnson, you know I don't flatter, 'egad you have a great deal of wit.

Johnson — Oh, Lord, sir, you do me too much honor.

Bayes — Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. Johnson, i' faith this must not be said amongst us that have it. I know you have wit, by the judgment you make of this play, for that's the measure I go by ; my play is a touch-stone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts, Is he so ? says I ; what do I do but bring him presently to see this play : if he likes it, I know what to think of him ; if not, your most humble servant, sir ; I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, 'egad. Now here we go to our business.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S LETTERS.

[MARIE DE RABUTIN-CHANTAL, MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ, French epistolary writer, was the daughter of the Baron de Chantal, representative of an ancient Burgundian family, and was born at Paris, February 6, 1626. She lost her parents in early childhood, and was brought up by her mother's brother, the Abbé de Coulanges. At eighteen she married the dissolute Marquis Henri de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel occasioned by one of his amours. The marquise for a time devoted herself to the education of her son and daughter, and then removed to Paris. Here she became a leader in the brilliant society of the French capital, and numbered among her admirers Prince Conti, Turenne, and Fouquet. In 1669 her daughter, to whom she was greatly attached, married the Comte de Grignan, governor of Provence, and the consequent separation occasioned the famous correspondence which still ranks as one of the finest monuments in the French language. The "Letters" cover a period of twenty-five years, and are a valuable source of information for the history and social condition of the time. Madame de Sévigné died at Grignan, April 18, 1696.]

THE DRAMA OF M. DE LAUZUN.

I.

TO HER COUSIN, M. DE COULANGES, MAÎTRE DES REQUÊTES.

PARIS, *Monday, Dec. 15, 1670.*

I AM going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvelous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable,—in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one neither; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris, how then will it gain credit at Lyons? a thing which makes everybody cry, "Lord have mercy upon us!" a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive [because they married beneath their rank]; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses; a thing which, though it is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will be unfinished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it you: guess what it is. I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog? Well, then, I find I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to

be married next Sunday at the Louvre to,—pray guess to whom! I give you four times to do it in, I give you six, I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, “It is really very hard to guess; perhaps it is Madame de La Vallière.”

Indeed, Madame, it is not.

“It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then.”

No, nor she either; you are extremely provincial.

“Lord bless me,” say you, “what stupid wretches we are! it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while.”

Nay, now you are still farther from the mark.

“Why, then, it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Créqui.”

You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle — guess, pray guess her name; he is to be married to MADemoisELLE, the great Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur [Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII.]; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henry IV.; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, mademoiselle, the king's cousin-german, mademoiselle, destined to the throne, mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur [Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIV., and one of Mademoiselle's rejected suitors]. What glorious matter for talk! If you should burst forth like a bedlamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is without wit or invention,—in short, if you abuse us we shall think you quite in the right, for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell; you will find by the letters you receive this post whether we tell you truth or not.

II.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, *Friday, Dec. 19, 1670.*

What is called falling from the clouds happened last night at the Tuileries; but I must go farther back. You have already shared in the joy, the transport, the ecstasies, of the princess and her happy lover. It was just as I told you; the affair was made public on Monday. Tuesday was passed in

talking, astonishment, and compliments. Wednesday Mademoiselle made a deed of gift to M. de Lauzun, investing him with certain titles, names, and dignities necessary to be inserted in the marriage contract, which was drawn up that day. She gave him then, till she could give him something better, four duchies: the first was the county of Eu, which entitles him to rank as the first peer of France; the duchy of Montpensier, which title he bore all that day; the duchy of Saint Fargeau, and the duchy of Châtellerault, — the whole valued at twenty-two millions of livres. The contract was then drawn up, and he took the name of Montpensier. Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle was in expectation of the king's signing the contract, as he had said he would do; but about seven o'clock in the evening the queen, Monsieur, and several old dotards that were about him had so persuaded his Majesty that his reputation would suffer in the affair, that, sending for Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, he announced to them before the prince, that he forbade them to think any further of this marriage. M. de Lauzun received the prohibition with all the respect, submission, firmness, and, at the same time, despair that could be expected in so great a reverse of fortune. As for Mademoiselle, she gave loose to her feelings and burst into tears, cries, lamentations, and the most violent expressions of grief; she keeps her bed all day long and takes nothing within her lips but a little broth. What a fine dream is here! what a glorious subject for a tragedy or romance, but especially for talking and reasoning eternally! This is what we do day and night, morning and evening, without end and without intermission; we hope you will do likewise, *E fra tanto vi bacio le mani* ("and with this I kiss your hands").

III.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1670.

You are now perfectly acquainted with the romantic story of Mademoiselle and of M. de Lauzun. It is a story well adapted for a tragedy, and in all the rules of the theater; we laid out the acts and scenes the other day. We took four days instead of four and twenty hours, and the piece was complete. Never was such a change seen in so short a time; never was

there known so general an emotion. You certainly never received so extraordinary a piece of intelligence before. M. de Lauzun behaved admirably; he supported his misfortune with such courage and intrepidity, and at the same time showed so deep a sorrow, mixed with such profound respect, that he has gained the admiration of everybody. His loss is doubtless great, but then the king's favor, which he has by this means preserved, is likewise great, so that upon the whole his condition does not seem so very deplorable. Mademoiselle too has behaved extremely well on her side. She has wept much and bitterly; but yesterday, for the first time, she returned to pay her duty at the Louvre, after having received the visits of every one there. So the affair is all over. Adieu.

IV.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, *Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1670.*

I have received your answers to my letters. I can easily conceive the astonishment you were in at what passed between the 15th and 20th of this month; the subject called for it all. I admire likewise your penetration and judgment in imagining so great a machine could never support itself from Monday to Sunday. Modesty prevents my launching out in your praise on this head, because I said and thought exactly as you did. I told my daughter on Monday, "This will never go on as it should do till Sunday; I will wager, notwithstanding this wedding seems to be sure, that it will never come to a conclusion." In effect, the sky was overcast on Thursday morning, and about ten o'clock, as I told you, the cloud burst. That very day I went about nine in the morning to pay my respects to Mademoiselle, having been informed that she was to go out of town to be married, and that the Coadjutor of Rheims was to perform the ceremony. These were the resolves on Wednesday night, but matters had been determined otherwise at the Louvre ever since Tuesday. Mademoiselle was writing; she had me shown in, finished her letter, and then, as she was in bed, made me place myself on my knees at her bedside; she told me to whom she was writing, and upon what subject, and also of the fine presents she had made the night before, and the titles she had conferred, and as there was no match in any of the courts of

Europe for her, she was resolved, she said, to provide for herself. She related to me, word for word, a conversation she had had with the king, and appeared overcome with joy to think how happy she should make a man of merit. She mentioned with a great deal of tenderness the worth and gratitude of M. de Lauzun. To all which I made her this answer, "Upon my word, Mademoiselle, you seem quite happy! but why was not this affair finished at once last Monday? Do you not perceive that the delay will give time and opportunity to the whole kingdom to talk, and that it is absolutely tempting God and the king, to protract an affair of so extraordinary a nature as this is to so distant a period?" She allowed me to be in the right, but was so sure of success that what I said made little or no impression on her at the time. She repeated the many amiable qualities of M. de Lauzun, and the noble house he was descended from. To which I replied in these lines of Sévère in "Polyeucte," —

Blame on her choice at least, I may not fling:
Polyeucte can match, in name and blood, a king.

Upon which she embraced me tenderly. Our conversation lasted above an hour. It is impossible to repeat all that passed between us, but I may without vanity say that my company was agreeable to her, for her heart was so full that she was glad of any one to unburden it to. At ten o'clock she gave herself to the rest of France, who crowded to pay their compliments to her. She waited all the morning for news from court, but none came. All the afternoon she amused herself with putting M. de Montpensier's apartment in order. You know what happened at night. The next morning, which was Friday, I waited upon her, and found her in bed. Her grief redoubled at seeing me; she called me to her, embraced me, and whelmed me with her tears. "Ah!" said she, "you remember what you said to me yesterday. What foresight! what cruel foresight!" In short she made me weep, to see her weep so violently. I have seen her twice since; she still continues in great affliction but behaves to me as to a person that sympathized with her in her distress; in which she is not mistaken, for I really feel sentiments for her that are seldom felt for persons of such superior rank. This, however, between us two and Madame de Coulanges; for you are sensible that this chit-chat would appear ridiculous to others.

THE FIRE AT M. GUITAUD'S.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

FRIDAY, *Feb.* 20, 1671.

I cannot express how desirous I am to hear from you. Consider, my dear, I have not had a letter since that from La Palisse ; I know nothing of the rest of your journey to Lyons, nor of your route to Provence. I am very certain that there are letters coming ; but I await them, and I have them not. I have nothing left to comfort and amuse me but writing to you.

You must know that Wednesday night last, after I came from M. de Coulanges', where we had been making up our packets for the post, I began to think of going to bed. "That is nothing very extraordinary," you will say ; but what follows is so. About three o'clock in the morning I was wakened with a cry of "Thieves ! fire !" and it seemed so near, and grew so loud, that I had not the least doubt of its being in the house ; I even fancied I heard them talking of my little granddaughter. I imagined she was burned to death, and in that apprehension got up without a light, trembling in such a manner that I could scarcely stand. I ran directly to her room, which is the room that was yours, and found everything quiet ; but I saw Guitaud's house all in flames, and the fire spreading to Madame de Vauvineux's. The flames cast a light over our courtyard, and that of Guitaud, that made them look shocking. All was outcry, hurry, and confusion, and the beams and joists falling down made a dreadful noise. I immediately ordered our doors to be opened, and my people to give assistance. M. de Guitaud sent me a casket of valuables, which I secured in my cabinet, and then went into the street to gape like the rest. There I found Monsieur and Madame de Guitaud, Madame de Vauvineux, the Venetian ambassador, and all his people, with little Vauvineux, whom they were carrying fast asleep to the ambassador's house, with a great quantity of movables and plate. Madame de Vauvineux had removed all her goods. I knew our house was as safe as if it had been in an island, but I was greatly concerned for my poor neighbors. Madame Guëton and her brother gave some excellent directions, but we were all in consternation ; the fire was so fierce that there was no ap-

proaching it, and no one supposed it would cease till it had burned poor Guitaud's house entirely down.

Guitaud himself was a melancholy object. He was for flying to save his mother, who was in the midst of the flames, as he supposed, in the upper part of the house; but his wife clung about him, and held him as tightly as she could. He was in the greatest distress. . . .

At last he begged me to lay hold of her, which I did, and he went in search of his mother, who, he found, had passed through the flames and was safe. He then endeavored to save some papers, but found it impossible to get near the place where they were. At length he came back to the spot where he had left us, and where I had prevailed on his wife to sit down. Some charitable Capuchins worked so well and so skilfully that they cut off the communication of the fire. Water was thrown upon the rest that was burning, and at last the battle ceased for want of combatants, but not till several of the best apartments were entirely consumed. It was looked upon as fortunate that any part of the house was saved, though as it is poor Guitaud will lose at least ten thousand crowns; for it is proposed to rebuild the room that was painted and gilded. There were lost several fine pictures of M. le Blanc's (whose house it was), besides tables, looking-glasses, tapestry, and other valuable pieces of furniture. They are greatly concerned about some letters, which I imagine to be those of the prince. By this it was near five o'clock in the morning, and time to think of getting Madame de Guitaud to rest. I offered her my bed; but Madame Guêton put her into hers, as she had several apartments in her house unoccupied. . . . She is still at Madame Guêton's, where everybody goes to see her.

You will naturally ask how the fire happened; but that no one can tell. There was not a spark in the room where it first broke out. Could any one have thought of diverting himself at so melancholy a time, what pictures might he not have drawn of us in the situation we were then in! Guitaud was naked, except his shirt and drawers; his wife was without stockings, and had lost one of her slippers; Madame de Vauvineux was in a short under petticoat, without a dressing gown; all the footmen and neighbors were in their nightcaps. The ambassador, in his dressing gown and long peruke, maintained very well the importance of a *serenissimo*; but his secretary was a most admirable figure. . . . So much for the melancholy news of our

quarter. Let me beg of Deville that he will go his rounds every night after the family is in bed, to see that the fire is out everywhere, for we cannot be too careful to prevent accidents of this kind.

I hope the water was favorable to you in your passage; in a word, I wish you every happiness, and implore the God of heaven to preserve you from every evil. . . .

VATEL'S SUICIDE.

I.

TO HER DAUGHTER, MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

FRIDAY EVENING, *April 24, 1671.*

(From M. de La Rochefoucauld's.)

Here, then, I make up my packet. I had intended to tell you that the king arrived yesterday evening at Chantilly. He hunted a stag by moonlight; the lamps did wonders; the fireworks were a little eclipsed by the brightness of our serene friend, the moon; but the evening, the supper, and the entertainment went off admirably well. The weather we had yesterday gave us hopes of an end worthy of so fine a beginning. But what do you think I learned when I came here? I am not yet recovered and hardly know what I write. Vatel, the great Vatel, late *maître-d'hôtel* to M. Fouquet, and in that capacity with the prince [de Condé], a man so eminently distinguished for taste, and whose abilities were equal to the government of a State, — this man whom I knew so well, finding, at eight o'clock this morning, that the fish he had sent for did not come at the time he expected it, and unable to bear the disgrace that he thought would inevitably attach to him, ran himself through with his own sword. Guess what confusion so shocking an accident must have occasioned. Think too that perhaps the fish might come in just as he was expiring. I know no more of the affair at present; and I suppose you think this enough. I make no doubt the consternation was general; it must be very disagreeable to have so fatal an event break in upon an entertainment that cost fifty thousand crowns.

M. de Menars is to be married to Mademoiselle de La Grange-Neuville; but I do not know how I can have the heart to speak to you about anything but Vatel,

II.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, *Sunday, April 26, 1671.* 1

This is Sunday, April 26, and this letter will not go out till Wednesday ; but it is not so much a letter as a narrative that I have just learned from Moreuil of what passed at Chantilly with regard to poor Vatel. I wrote to you last Friday that he had stabbed himself. These are the particulars of the affair : The king arrived there on Thursday night ; the walk and the collation, which was served in a place set apart for the purpose, and strewed with jonquilles, were just as they should be. Supper was served, but there was no roast meat at one or two of the tables on account of Vatel's having been obliged to provide several dinners more than were expected. This affected his spirits, and he was heard to say several times, —

“I have lost my fame ! I cannot bear this disgrace !” “My head is quite bewildered,” said he to Gourville. “I have not had a wink of sleep these twelve nights ; I wish you would assist me in giving orders.”

Gourville did all he could to comfort and assist him ; but the failure of the roast meat (which, however, did not happen at the king's table, but at some of the other twenty-five) was always uppermost with him. Gourville mentioned it to the prince [Condé], who went directly to Vatel's room and said to him, “Everything is extremely well conducted, Vatel ; nothing could be more admirable than his Majesty's supper.” “Your Highness's goodness,” replied he, “overwhelms me ; I am aware that there was a deficiency of roast meat at two tables.”

“Not at all,” said the prince ; “do not worry yourself, and all will go well.”

Midnight came ; the fireworks did not succeed, they were covered with a thick cloud ; they cost sixteen thousand francs. At four o'clock in the morning Vatel went round, and found everybody asleep ; he met one of the under purveyors, who had just come in with only two loads of fish.

“What !” said he, “is that all ?”

“Yes, sir,” said the man, not knowing that Vatel had dispatched other people to all the seaports round. Vatel waited for some time ; the other purveyors did not arrive ; his head

grew distracted ; he thought there was no more fish to be had ; he flew to Gourville ; "Sir," said he, "I cannot outlive this disgrace."

Gourville laughed at him. Vatel went up to his room, set the hilt of his sword against the door, and, after two ineffectual attempts, succeeded in the third in forcing the sword through his heart : he fell dead. At that instant the carriers arrived with the fish ; Vatel was inquired after to distribute it. People went to his room, knocked at the door, broke it open, and found him weltering in his blood. They ran to acquaint the prince, who was in despair. The duke wept, for his Burgundy journey depended upon Vatel. The prince related the whole affair to his Majesty with an expression of great concern. It was considered as the consequence of too nice a sense of honor ; some blamed, others praised him for his courage. The king said he had put off this excursion for more than five years, because he was aware that it would be attended with infinite trouble, and told the prince that he ought to have had but two tables, and not have been at the expense of so many, and declared he would never suffer him to do so again ; but all this was too late for poor Vatel.

However, Gourville endeavored to supply the loss of Vatel, which he did in great measure. The dinner was elegant, the collation was the same. They supped, they walked, they hunted ; all was perfumed with jonquilles, all was enchantment.

Yesterday, which was Saturday, the entertainments were renewed, and in the evening the king set out for Liancourt, where he had ordered a *media-noche* [a hearty meal of meat, eaten just after the stroke of midnight, when a feast day succeeds a fast day] ; he is to stay there three days. This is what Moreuil has told me, hoping I should acquaint you with it. I wash my hands of the rest, for I know nothing about it. M. d'Hacqueville, who was present at the scene, will no doubt give you a faithful account of all that passed ; but because his handwriting is not quite so legible as mine, I write too. If I am circumstantial, it is because on such an occasion I should like circumstantiality myself.

THE ART OF POETRY.

By BOILEAU.

[NICHOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX, French critic and poet, was born at Paris, November 1, 1636. He studied law and theology at Beauvais, but appears to have devoted himself entirely to authorship, among his friends being Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine. His first works were a series of seven satires (1660-1665, collected 1666); some twenty editions were issued in two years, and revolutionized French canons of literary art. To the attack on them he replied in two others (1669). In 1674 he published a volume containing "The Art of Poetry" (*L'Art Poétique*), "The Lectern" (*Le Lutrin*), a mock-heroic poem, and "Epistles," which placed him in the foremost rank of French writers. In 1677 he received a pension of two thousand livres and an appointment as joint historiographer, with Racine, to Louis XIV.; and in 1684 entered the French Academy at the expressed desire of the king. He published also a collection of epigrams. His last years were passed in retirement at Auteuil, where he died March 13, 1711.]

CANTO I.

RASH author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime
 To undertake the sacred art of rime;
 If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
 Shone not with a poetic influence,
 In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
 Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
 You, then, that burn with a desire to try
 The dangerous course of charming poetry,
 Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
 Or take for genius the desire of rime;
 Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
 And well consider your own force and weight.
 Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
 And for each author can a talent find;
 But authors, that themselves too much esteem,
 Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme:
 Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
 Always let sense accompany your rime;
 Falsely they seem each other to oppose,—
 Rime must be made with reason's laws to close;
 And when to conquer her you bend your force,
 The mind will triumph in the noble course;
 To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
 Which, far from hurting, renders her divine;
 But if neglected, will as easily stray,
 And master reason, which she should obey.

Most writers 'mounted on a resty muse,
 Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
 They think they err, if in their verse they fall
 On any thought that's plain or natural.
 Fly this excess; and let Italians be
 Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
 All ought to aim at sense: but most in vain
 Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain;
 You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
 Reason to go has often but one way.

Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
 Pursues its object till it's overwrought:
 If he describes a house, he shows the face,
 And after walks you round from place to place;
 Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
 Balconies here are balustered with gold;
 Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
 "The festoons, friezes, and the astragals."
 Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
 And skip o'er twenty pages, to be gone.
 Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
 And shun their barren superfluity.
 All that is needless carefully avoid;
 The mind once satisfied is quickly cloyed.
 He cannot write who knows not to give o'er,
 To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
 A verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
 And grow obscure for fear you should be long;
 Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
 Not to be low, another soars too high.

Would you of every one deserve the praise?
 In writing vary your discourse and phrase;
 A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
 Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
 Those tedious authors are esteemed by none,
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe!
 His works will be admired wherever found,
 And oft with buyers will be compassed round.

In all you write be neither low nor vile;
 The meanest theme may have a proper style.
 The dull burlesque appeared with impudence,
 And pleased by novelty in spite of sense;
 All, except trivial points, grew out of date;

Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate;
 Boundless and mad, disordered rime was seen;
 Disguised Apollo changed to Harlequin.
 This plague, which first in country towns began,
 Cities and kingdoms quickly overran;
 The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
 And the Mock Tempest was awhile renowned.
 But this low stuff the town at last despised,
 And scorned the folly that they once had prized,
 Distinguished dull from natural and plain,
 And left the villages to Flecknoe's reign.
 Let not so mean a style your muse debase,
 But learn from Butler the buffooning grace,
 And let burlesque in ballads be employed.

Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
 Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
 "Millions of mourning mountains of the slain."
 Nor, with Dubartas, "bridle up the floods,
 And periwig with wool the baldpate woods."
 Choose a just style. Be grave without constraint,
 Great without pride, and lovely without paint.

Write what your reader may be pleased to hear,
 And for the measure have a careful ear;
 On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
 Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise;
 The fullest verse, and the most labored sense,
 Displease us if the ear once take offense.

Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
 Was rude, unmeasured, only tagged with rimes;
 Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
 To those unpolished writers were unknown.
 Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
 By his just rules restrained poetic rage;
 Spenser did next in pastorals excel,
 And taught the noble art of writing well,
 To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
 And found for poetry a richer vein.
 Then Davenant came, who, with a new-found art,
 Changed all, spoiled all, and had his way apart;
 His haughty muse all others did despise,
 And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
 Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times
 In their Mock Gondibert exposed his rimes,
 The laurels he pretended did refuse,
 And dashed the hopes of his aspiring muse.

This headstrong writer, falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty.

Waller came last, but was the first whose art
Just weight and measure did to verse impart,
That of a well-placed word could teach the force,
And showed for poetry a nobler course.
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And easy words with pleasing numbers join;
His verses to good method did apply,
And changed hard discord to soft harmony.
All owned his laws; which, long approved and tried,
To present authors now may be a guide;
Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray,
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.

There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round—
No reason can disperse them with its light;
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows, perfect or impure;
What we conceive with ease we can express;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.

Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offense;
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve,
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.

Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast;
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters, on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every color lay,

And sometimes add, but oftener take away.

'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit;
Each object must be fixed in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace;
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces joined.
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.

The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love;
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like but means not what he says;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.

A sycophant will everything admire;
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire;
All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness;
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways.

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine,
Reprove of words the too-affected sound,—
“Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper; make it just and plain.”
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use.

But authors partial to their darling muse
Think to protect it they have just pretense,
And at your friendly counsel take offense.
“Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,”
He answers you. — “This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out.” — “That, sir, 's the properest place.” —
“This turn I like not.” — “'Tis approved by all.”
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a symbol of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.

Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
 And over him your power is absolute.
 But of his feigned humility take heed,
 'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read;
 And, when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,
 Restless he runs some other to abuse,
 And often finds; for in our scribbling times
 No fool can want a sot to praise his rimes;
 The flattest work has ever in the court
 Met with some zealous ass for its support;
 And in all times a forward scribbling fop
 Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
 With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
 But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
 Gathers from neighboring fields her ornaments;
 Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
 Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral.
 Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
 But hates the rattling of a lofty verse;
 There native beauty pleases and excites,
 And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.

But in this style a poet often spent,
 In rage throws by his rural instrument,
 And vainly, when disordered thoughts abound,
 Amidst the eclogue makes the trumpet sound;
 Pan flies alarmed into the neighboring woods,
 And frightened nymphs dive down into the floods.

Opposed to this, another, low in style,
 Makes shepherds speak a language low and vile;
 His writings flat and heavy, without sound,
 Kissing the earth and creeping on the ground;
 You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
 Again was quavering to the country swains,
 And changing, without care of sound or dress,
 Strephon and Phyllis into Tom and Bess.

'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
 For guides take Virgil and read Theocrite;
 Be their just writings, by the gods inspired,
 Your constant pattern, practiced and admired.
 By them alone you'll easily comprehend
 How poets without shame may condescend
 To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers and fruit,

To stir up shepherds and to tune the flute;
 Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
 Daphne a tree, Narcissus make a flower,
 And by what means the eclogue yet has power
 To make the woods worthy a conqueror;
 This of their writings is the grace and flight;
 Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,
 With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
 It paints the lover's torments and delights,
 A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites;
 But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
 You must know love as well as poetry.

I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forced fire
 In a cold style describes a hot desire;
 That sigh by rule, and, raging in cold blood,
 Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood.
 Their feigned transports appear but flat and vain;
 They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
 Adore their prisons and their sufferings bless,
 Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
 'Twas not of old in this affected tone
 That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan.
 Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,
 By nature's rule he taught the art of love.
 The heart in elegies forms the discourse.

The Ode is bolder and has greater force;
 Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
 Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
 Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
 And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course;
 To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
 And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
 Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
 And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
 Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
 And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
 "When gently she resists with feigned remorse,
 That what she grants may seem to be by force."
 Her generous style at random oft will part,
 And by a brave disorder shows her art.

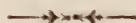
Unlike those fearful poets whose cold rime
 In all their raptures keeps exactest time;
 That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise—
 Lean writers!—by the terms of weeks and days,

And dare not from least circumstances part,
 But take all towns by strictest rules of art.
 Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
 And some have said that once the humorous god,
 Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
 For the short Sonnet ordered this strict bound,
 Set rules for the just measure and the time,
 The easy running and alternate rime;
 But, above all, those licenses denied
 Which in these writings the lame sense supplied,
 Forbade a useless line should find a place,
 Or a repeated word appear with grace.
 A faultless sonnet, finished thus, would be
 Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
 A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
 Believe they have this only phenix found,
 When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
 Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free;
 The rest, but little read, regarded less,
 Are shoveled to the pastry from the press.
 Closing the sense within the measured time,
 'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rime.

The Epigram, with little art composed,
 Is one good sentence in a distich closed.
 These points that by Italians first were prized,
 Our ancient authors knew not, or despised;
 The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
 To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
 But public favor so increased their pride,
 They overwhelmed Parnassus with their tide.
 The Madrigal at first was overcome,
 And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
 With these grave Tragedy adorned her flights,
 And mournful Elegy her funeral rites;
 A hero never failed them on the stage,
 Without his point a lover durst not rage;
 The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
 True to his point, than faithful to their love.
 Each word, like Janus, had a double face,
 And prose, as well as verse, allowed it place;
 The lawyer with conceits adorned his speech,
 The parson without quibbling could not preach.

At last affronted reason looked about,
 And from all serious matters shut them out,
 Declared that none should use them without shame,

Except a scattering in the epigram —
 Provided that by art, and in due time.
 They turned upon the thought, and not the rime.
 Thus in all parts disorders did abate:
 Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate,
 Insipid jesters and unpleasant fools,
 A corporation of dull punning drolls.
 'Tis not but that sometimes a dextrous muse
 May with advantage a turned sense abuse,
 And on a word may trifle with address;
 But above all avoid the fond excess,
 And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
 With a dull point to tag your epigram.



THE COUNTRY WIFE.

By WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

[WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, the most characteristic of the Restoration dramatists, was born near Shrewsbury, about 1640. Fashionably educated in France (fifteen to twenty), he turned Catholic, Protestant again at Oxford on being placed there after returning, and Catholic again when James II. paid his debts and patronized him. He played at learning law, but made the stage and a bad life about town his real business: and in 1672 produced "*Love in a Wood*," a play so clever and so not-so-and that the Duchess of Ormond took him up and made him her paragon: "*The Gentleman Dancing Master*" (1673) followed; then, in 1675 and 1677, his masterpieces, "*The Country Wife*," and "*The Plain Dealer*." On their and the Duchess's account, Charles II. was about to make him tutor to the little Duke of Richmond, when Wycherley lost the royal favor for good by a concealed marriage with the Countess of Drogheda which Charles discovered. The marriage was unhappy, and her death left him only a lawsuit so costly that he was seven years in prison for debt, whence James II. released him. At seventy-two he married a young girl, and died eleven days after, in December, 1713. Pope collected a volume of bad verses for him.]

SCENE: *A Room in PINCHWIFE'S House, London.*

Mrs. MARGERY PINCHWIFE (*a young bride lately brought from the country*) and ALITHEA. PINCHWIFE peeping behind at the door.

Mrs. *Pinchwife* — Pray, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in, in London?

Alithea — [*Aside.*] A pretty question! — [*Aloud.*] Why, sister, Mulberry Garden and St. James's Park; and for close walks, the New Exchange.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Pray, sister, tell me why my husband looks so grum here in town, and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a-walking, nor let me wear my best gown yesterday.

Alithea — O, he's jealous, sister.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Jealous! what's that?

Alithea — He's afraid you should love another man.

Mrs. Pinchwife — How should he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me see any but himself?

Alithea — Did he not carry you yesterday to a play?

Mrs. Pinchwife — Aye; but we sat amongst ugly people. He would not let me come near the gentry, who sat under us, so that I could not see 'em. He told me, none but naughty women sat there, whom they toused and moused. But I would have ventured, for all that.

Alithea — But how did you like the play?

Mrs. Pinchwife — Indeed I was weary of the play; but I liked hugely the actors. They are the goodliest, properest men, sister!

Alithea — O, but you must not like the actors, sister.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Aye, how should I help it, sister? Pray, sister, when my husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a-walking?

Alithea — A-walking! ha, ha! Lord, a country-gentlewoman's pleasure is the drudgery of a footpost; and she requires as much airing as her husband's horses. — [*Aside.*] But here comes your husband: I'll ask, though I'm sure he'll not grant it.

Enter PINCHWIFE.

Mrs. Pinchwife — O my dear, dear bud, welcome home! Why dost thou look so fropish? who has nangered thee?

Pinchwife — You're a fool.

[*MRS. PINCHWIFE goes aside, and cries.*]

Alithea — Faith, so she is, for crying for no fault, poor tender creature!

Pinchwife — What, you would have her as impudent as yourself, as arrant a jillflirt, a gadder, a magpie; and to say all, a mere notorious town-woman?

Alithea — Brother, you are my only censurer; and the honor of your family will sooner suffer in your wife there than in me, though I take the innocent liberty of the town.

Pinchwife — Hark you, mistress, do not talk so before my wife. — The innocent liberty of the town!

Alithea — Why, pray, who boasts of any intrigue with me? what lampoon has made my name notorious? what ill women frequent my lodgings? I keep no company with any women of scandalous reputations.

Pinchwife — No, you keep the men of scandalous reputations company.

Alithea — Where? would you not have me civil? answer 'em in a box at the plays, in the drawing-room at Whitehall, in St. James's Park, Mulberry Garden, or —

Pinchwife — Hold, hold! Do not teach my wife where the men are to be found: I believe she's the worse for your town-documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance, as I do.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Indeed, be not angry with her, bud, she will tell me nothing of the town, though I ask her a thousand times a day.

Pinchwife — Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

Mrs. Pinchwife — Not I indeed, dear: I hate London. Our place-house in the country is worth a thousand of't: would I were there again!

Pinchwife — So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in? — [*To ALITHEA.*] You are her encourager in such discourses.

Mrs. Pinchwife — No, indeed, dear; she chid me just now for liking the playermen.

Pinchwife — [*Aside.*] Nay, if she be so innocent as to own to me her liking them, there is no hurt in't. — [*Aloud.*] Come, my poor rogue, but thou likest none better than me?

Mrs. Pinchwife — Yes, indeed, but I do. The playermen are finer folks.

Pinchwife — But you love none better than me?

Mrs. Pinchwife — You are my own dear bud, and I know you. I hate a stranger.

Pinchwife — Aye, my dear, you must love me only: and not be like the naughty town-women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man else; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine clothes, fiddles, balls, treats, and so lead a wicked town-life.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town-life, London is not so bad a place, dear.

Pinchwife — How ! if you love me, you must hate London.

Alithea — The fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the town, and he is now setting her agog upon them himself. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pinchwife — But, husband, do the town-women love the playermen too ?

Pinchwife — Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Aye, I warrant you.

Pinchwife — Why, you do not, I hope ?

Mrs. Pinchwife — No, no, bud. But why have we no playermen in the country ?

Pinchwife — Ha ! — Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a play.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Nay, why, love ? I did not care for going : but when you forbid me, you make me, as 'twere, desire it.

Alithea — So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pinchwife — Pray let me go to a play, dear.

Pinchwife — Hold your peace, I wo' not.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Why, love ?

Pinchwife — Why, I'll tell you.

Alithea — Nay, if he tell her, she'll give him more cause to forbid her that place. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pinchwife — Pray why, dear ?

Pinchwife — First, you like the actors ; and the gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pinchwife — What, a homely country girl ! No, bud, nobody will like me.

Pinchwife — I tell you yes, they may.

Mrs. Pinchwife — No, no, you jest — I won't believe you : I will go.

Pinchwife — I tell you then, that one of the lewdest fellows in town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Indeed ! who, who, pray who was't ?

Pinchwife — I've gone too far, and slipped before I was aware ; how overjoyed she is ! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pinchwife — Was it any Hampshire gallant, any of our neighbors ? I promise you I am beholden to him.

Pinchwife — I promise you, you lie ; for he would but ruin you, as he has done hundreds. He has no other love for women but that ; such as he look upon women, like basilisks, but to destroy 'em.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Aye, but if he loves me, why should he ruin me? answer me to that. Methinks he should not, I would do him no harm.

Alithea — Ha! ha! ha!

Pinchwife — 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either. But here comes company; get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pinchwife — But pray, husband, is he a pretty gentleman that loves me?

Pinchwife — In, baggage, in.

[*Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*]

Enter SPARKISH and HARCOURT.

What, all the lewd libertines of the town brought to my lodging by this easy coxcomb! 'sdeath, I'll not suffer it.

Sparkish — Here, Harcourt, do you approve my choice? — [To ALITHEA.] Dear little rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my friends, the wits and —

[*HARCOURT salutes her.*]

Pinchwife — Ay, they shall know her, as well as yourself will, I warrant you.

Sparkish — This is one of those, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to-morrow; and him you must bid welcome ever, to what you and I have.

Pinchwife — Monstrous!

[*Aside.*]

Sparkish — Harcourt, how dost thou like her, faith? Nay, dear, do not look down; I should hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at anything.

Pinchwife — Wonderful!

[*Aside.*]

Sparkish — Tell me, I say, Harcourt, how dost thou like her? Thou hast stared upon her enough, to resolve me.

Harcourt — So infinitely well, that I could wish I had a mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing but her love and engagement to you.

Alithea — Sir, Master Sparkish has often told me that his acquaintance were all wits and railleurs, and now I find it.

Sparkish — No, by the universe, madam, he does not rally now; you may believe him. I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthiest, true-hearted gentleman — a man of such perfect honor he would say nothing to a lady he does not mean.

Pinchwife — Praising another man to his mistress! [*Aside.*

Harcourt — Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that —

Sparkish — Nay, egad, I am sure you do admire her extremely; I see't in your eyes. — He does admire you, madam. — By the world, don't you?

Harcourt — Yes, above the world, or the most glorious part of it, her whole sex; and till now I never thought I should have envied you, or any man about to marry, but you have the best excuse for marriage I ever knew.

Alithea — Nay, now, sir, I'm satisfied you are of the society of the wits and railleurs, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the surest sign is, since you are an enemy to marriage, — for that I hear you hate as much as business or bad wine.

Harcourt — Truly, madam, I was never an enemy to marriage till now, because marriage was never an enemy to me before.

Alithea — But why, sir, is marriage an enemy to you now? because it robs you of your friend here? for you to look upon a friend married as one gone into a monastery, that is, dead to the world.

Harcourt — 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see, madam, you can guess my meaning. I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the match; by Heavens I would.

Sparkish — Poor Frank!

Alithea — Would you be so unkind to me?

Harcourt — No, no, 'tis not because I would be unkind to you.

Sparkish — Poor Frank! no, 'gad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

Pinchwife — Great kindness to you indeed! Insensible fop, let a man make love to his wife to his face! [*Aside.*

Sparkish — Come, dear Frank, for all my wife there, that shall be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes, dear rogue. By my honor, we men of wit condole for our deceased brother in marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was prettily said of me, ha, Harcourt? — But come, Frank, be not melancholy for me.

Harcourt — No, I assure you, I am not melancholy for you.

Sparkish — Prithee, Frank, dost think my wife that shall be there, a fine person?

Harcourt — I could gaze upon her till I became as blind as you are.

Sparkish — How as I am? how?

Harcourt — Because you are a lover, and true lovers are blind, stock blind.

Sparkish — True, true; but, by the world, she has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and try if she has wit; talk to her anything, she's bashful before me.

Harcourt — Indeed, if a woman wants wit in a corner, she has it nowhere.

Alithea — Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time —

[*Aside to SPARKISH.*

Sparkish — Nay, nay, madam, let me have an earnest of your obedience, or — go, go, madam —

[*HARCOURT courts ALITHEA aside.*

Pinchwife — How, sir! if you are not concerned for the honor of a wife, I am for that of a sister: he shall not debauch her. Be a pander to your own wife! bring men to her! let 'em make love before your face! thrust 'em into a corner together, then leave 'em in private! is this your town wit and conduct?

Sparkish — Ha! ha! ha! a silly wise rogue would make one laugh more than a stark fool, ha! ha! I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the world.

[*Struggles with PINCHWIFE to keep him from HARCOURT and ALITHEA.*

Alithea — The writings are drawn, sir, settlements made; 'tis too late, sir, and past all revocation.

Harcourt — Then so is my death.

Alithea — I would not be unjust to him.

Harcourt — Then why to me so?

Alithea — I have no obligation to you.

Harcourt — My love.

Alithea — I had his before.

Harcourt — You never had it; he wants, you see, jealousy, the only infallible sign of it.

Alithea — Love proceeds from esteem: he cannot distrust my virtue: besides, he loves me, or he would not marry me.

Harcourt — Marrying you is no more sign of his love, than bribing your woman that he may marry you is a sign of his

generosity. Marriage is rather a sign of interest than love; and he that marries a fortune covets a mistress, not loves her. But if you take marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately.

Alithea — No, now you have put a scruple in my head; but in short, sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him, my reputation would suffer in the world else.

Harcourt — No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, madam, your reputation suffers in the world, and you would be thought in necessity for a cloak.

Alithea — Nay, now you are rude, sir. — Mr. Sparkish, pray come hitler, your friend here is very troublesome, and very loving.

Harcourt — Hold! hold! — [Aside to ALITHEA.]

Pinchwife — D'ye hear that?

Harcourt — Madam, you would not have been so little generous as to have told him.

Alithea — Yes, since you could be so little generous as to wrong him.

Harcourt — Wrong him! no man can do't; he's beneath an injury: a bubble, a coward, a senseless idiot, a wretch so contemptible to all the world but you, that —

Alithea — Hold, do not rail at him, for since he is like to be my husband, I am resolved to like him: nay, I think I am obliged to tell him you are not his friend. — Master Sparkish, Master Sparkish!

Sparkish — What, what? — [To HARCOURT.] Now, dear rogue, has not she wit?

Harcourt — Not so much as I thought and hoped she had.

[Speaks surlily.]

Alithea — Mr. Sparkish, do you bring people to rail at you?

Harcourt — Madam —

Sparkish — How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest, I warrant: what we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alithea — He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience to hear him; besides, he has been making love to me.

Harcourt — True, damned tell-tale woman! [Aside.]

Sparkish — Pshaw! to show his parts — we wits rail and make love often, but to show our parts; as we have no affections, so we have no malice, we —

Alithea — He said you were a wretch below an injury —

Sparkish — Pshaw!

Harcourt — Damned, senseless, impudent, virtuous jade! Well, since she won't let me have her, she'll do as good, she'll make me hate her. [*Aside.*]

Alithea — A common bubble —

Sparkish — Pshaw!

Alithea — A coward —

Sparkish — Pshaw, pshaw!

Alithea — A senseless, driveling idiot —

Sparkish — How! did he disparage my parts? Nay, then, my honor's concerned, I can't put up that, sir, by the world — brother, help me to kill him — [*Aside.*] I may draw now, since we have the odds of him: — 'tis a good occasion, too, before my mistress — [*Offers to draw.*]

Alithea — Hold, hold!

Sparkish — What, what?

Alithea — [*Aside.*] I must not let 'em kill the gentleman, neither, for his kindness to me: I am so far from hating him, that I wish my gallant had his person and understanding. Nay, if my honor —

Sparkish — I'll be thy death.

Alithea — Hold, hold! Indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman said after all, that what he spoke was but out of friendship to you.

Sparkish — How! say I am a fool, that is, no wit, out of friendship to me?

Alithea — Yes; to try whether I was concerned enough for you; and made love to me only to be satisfied of my virtue, for your sake.

Harcourt — Kind, however.

[*Aside.*]

Sparkish — Nay, if it were so, my dear rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why would you not tell me so, faith?

Harcourt — Because I did not think on't, faith.

Sparkish — Come, Horner does not come; Harcourt, let's be gone to the new play. — Come, madam.

Alithea — I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the box, and run into the pit, as you use to do.

Sparkish — Pshaw, I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box to entertain you, and that's as good.

PENELOPE GOES TO COURT.¹

By MAUDE WILDER GOODWIN.

(From "White Aprons.")

[MAUD WILDER GOODWIN : An American historical novelist ; born in New York state in 1856. She has published : "Open Sesame" (3 vols., 1890-1893), edited, with Blanche Wilder Bellamy ; "The Colonial Cavalier" (1894), "The Head of a Hundred" (1895), "White Aprons, a Romance of Bacon's Rebellion" (1896), "Dolly Madison," a biography (1896), and "Fort Amsterdam in the Days of the Dutch" (1897).]

"I AM to go to Court, and 'tis come about in the strangest fashion. One would scarce credit it an it were set forth in a play. Folk would say, 'Why doth ye playwright trifle with us thus, and think to trick us into a belief in so unlikely a happening?' Yet all this hath verily come to pass, and in real life too."

Yes, it was indeed, as Penelope wrote in her journal, a strange happening. Just when she and her uncle were worn out with waiting for news from the Duke of Buckingham, and when Mr. Pepys was actually writing to beg the intervention of the Duke of York with the King, his brother, in burst Godfrey Kneller, one morning, bubbling over with joy and well-nigh breathless with excitement.

He had been at Whitehall, so his story ran, for a sitting of Queen Catherine, — the last before the finishing of her portrait, — and having with him the sketch of Penelope, had shown it to the Queen as a fancy piece, to be called "Spring"; and she, being mightily taken therewith, had called His Majesty, and bade him say if ever he had seen a face so fair at once and so sad. "'Tis 'Spring' indeed," quoth she, "and a very pretty conceit, with the sun on the hair and the dew in the eyes and April in the showery smiling o' the lips."

But His Majesty took the picture to the window, and, after studying it close, looked up and said to the artist, while he twirled his mustachios: —

"Kneller, this is no fancy piece. 'Tis a portrait, and a close study at that. This eye, with its tiny mole on the under lid, hath the very trick of life in't, and that ripple of red brown hair was never imagined save by him who had seen it. Out

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with it, man, — what name bears thy ‘Spring’ when she steps forth from this canvas?”

“Thus commanded by royalty,” said the painter, “I dared not dissemble, but told him straight ’twas the niece of Samuel Pepys, — one Mistress Penelope Payne, but lately come to London from the colony of Virginia.

“‘Pepys?’ quoth the King; ‘Pepys of the Navy Office, I trow. He hath besieged me with letters of late, since he hath been in disgrace, begging to come kiss my hand. Well, perchance his banishment hath lasted long enough, — how say you, Kate, shall we have this Mistress Spring and her uncle to our mask next week?’

“The Queen, who, methought, was but too happy at hearing herself thus kindly spoke to by His Majesty, smiled right graciously, and declared she would give much to see the beautiful young stranger; whereupon the Chamberlain, in my hearing, was bidden to dispatch a card.” . . .

On a February morning a great card arrived at the door of the small house in Seething Lane, — a card with gilt lettering, bidding Mr. Pepys and his niece to a mask at Whitehall a week from that night. Penelope wavered between the heights of hope and the depths of despair; but her uncle was all delight, and talked of costumes till his niece was nearly distracted. She strove to gain his permission to go as a nun, in a black domino; but he would hear no such word.

“If you would catch the King’s ear,” said Master Worldly-Wise-Man, “ye must first catch his eye,” so he talked now of a shepherdess, that the turn of the foot might show to advantage; then of Diana with a bow and arrows, leaving the arm bare; then of the part of St. Cecilia, which, as he said, need cost but little, as his cousin Roger would lend the harp, only that would prevent moving about, and Penelope’s walk was the most seizing thing about her.

At last, wearied out, poor Penelope cried: “If in very truth I must trick out a sad heart in such like mummeries, I will go as *Virginia*.”

“Ay, and so thou shalt,” answered her uncle. “’Tis an extraordinary good idea and do please me mightily. For myself, I will be a Spanish cardinal, for I love a scarlet robe, and considering the silver cup I have promised to the clothworkers, methinks I should get the making on’t for nothing.” And so the matter was settled.

It was scarcely two o'clock on the afternoon of the ball when Betty and Dolly came to Penelope's chamber bearing the dress which her uncle had provided. It was indeed a marvel of ingenuity, and did credit to his taste and imagination. The petticoat was of white satin, wrought richly about the edge with a design of tobacco leaves worked in golden thread. The bodice was finished with a fall of soft yellow lace, and the girdle fell to meet the hem in tassels like the tassels of the Indian corn. About her neck Penelope wore her mother's string of pearls ; and on her head they set a crown made in the form of five golden bands, one above the other, and on the upper was writ in brilliants, —

“Virginia adds a fifth crown.”

When Penelope looked into her bit of mirror, her heart gave a sudden leap, in spite of all her trouble, at the loveliness which smiled back at her, though she could scarcely connect that radiant vision in any fashion with herself ; but when she went downstairs, she read in her uncle's eyes a repetition of the flattering story her glass had told her above. It was indeed a tribute that none could fail to pay who saw her as she was that night, — beautiful, exceedingly, with a loveliness far above and beyond that of mere sense ; a flame blazing out through her great dark eyes, and burning on her red lips, and breathing from her heaving bosom. She was indeed the soul of love incarnate.

“Child !” cried Master Pepys, “thy cause is as good as won. If the King set eyes on thee as thou art, he can refuse thee naught. Prithee, Pen, what think ye of *my* looks ?”

With this, the tailor in him much delighted with his trappings, he strutted thrice up and down the room in his red cap and gown, with the church lace in front hanging clear to his knees, and with such a solemn air as gave his niece great trouble to keep a grave face. In the midst of his showing off his finery, Betty came running up to say that it was past seven, and the chairs were at the door. . . .

Dolly felt herself a fine lady in a chair of her own. The linkboys went before and behind ; yet so bad were the streets that, despite their lights, the bearer of Penelope's chair stumbled twice, and the jerk went nigh to throw poor *Virginia* into the mud, and so shook her crown that she feared it could never be set straight, and she fell to crying secretly, which was very weak and foolish.

At the last, when they were come within sight of the palace, her heart quite failed her, and she would have gone back; but she knew her uncle would not hear of it: and I would rather believe that she herself would not in the end have shown herself such a coward. Up the marble steps they went, and, having shown their card, Penelope entered into the disrobing room and there, after what seemed an eternity, her uncle came for her, and together they passed down the corridor and entered the great ballroom, where was much twanging of fiddles, and tightening of strings, and rosining of bows.

The room was so large that, though many were gathered, they seemed scarcely a handful therein; and as they walked about, so highly polished was the floor, they seemed like two companies walking with their feet together. A subdued buzz of talk was going round, with much laughter and merrymaking; but as they entered, Mr. Pepys and his niece, with turbaned Dolly holding up the young lady's train, the talk died away, and but for the protection of her mask Penelope thought she would have died of fright.

In truth the sight itself might well have frightened a maid, for here was such a crew as never gathered save round the lady in "Comus." Satyrs with goatskin legs jostled devils with horns and hoofs and wicked eyes gleaming through their red masks. Nymphs there were in plenty, and rustic maids, whose bare necks and arms put Penelope to the blush, and made her wonder if the ladies of the Court fancied that country people went thus half clad. It made Penelope smile, though her heart was in her throat, to fancy such costumes at Middle Plantation.

After the hush which had greeted her entrance, the talk began again, livelier than ever, and Penelope caught some comments which she felt sure concerned herself.

"Who is she?"

"I know not, but know I will ere the evening ends."

"Be not too bold. By the carriage of her head, I could swear she is meet company for thy betters."

"Look at that strange blackamoor who bears her train. Is she really black, or a maid of honor, disguised like the Jennings and her mischievous friend, when they scandalized the Court by playing at orange girl before the theater doors?"

So vexed and wrought up, half with wrath and half with terror, was Penelope at all this bold talk, that she would even now have run away; but it was too late. A blare of trumpets

and a crash of all the instruments together announced the coming of the King's party, and the Lord Chamberlain with a wave of his white wand crowded every one back against either wall to make room for the royal entry.

Oh, how Penelope's heart beat as she turned her eyes to the door! In they came. First the King and Queen, together and unmasked; then a bevy of ladies, who, as it seemed to the little provincial maiden, must wear their masks to hide their shame at the bareness of their bosoms; and after them, again, a crowd of gallants in every sort of fantastic costume.

As the King and Queen passed close before Penelope, she had opportunity to study them both. The Queen was short and dumpy of figure, but full of a comely graciousness which lent beauty to a face otherwise ill-favored, with large protruding teeth which pushed out her lips like a negro's. The King, Penelope thought, with his tall figure and rich dress, was all a king should be, though the deep furrows of brow and cheek belied his title of "The Merry Monarch." Even to Penelope's untutored eye that saturnine face spoke a melancholy which strove in vain to find mirth in excess.

Their Majesties moved slowly down the hall, pausing now to note and smile at some costume stranger, if possible, than the rest, where all were strange; now to comment on some extraordinarily rich and striking dress. When they had reached the head of the room, His Majesty with great courtliness handed the Queen to her seat upon a gilded chair covered in velvet with an embroidered canopy above it; but instead of taking the chair which stood beside it, he returned to the other end of the room, and summoned to his side one who played the rôle of soothsayer, — a tall figure in Oriental garb, with long white beard, and flowing robes over which hung chains and rich jewelry, which, had they been real, must have exhausted the treasure-houses of the East.

"Come, good Master Soothsayer!" cried the King, "draw near and I will have you test your powers. We will have up the ladies of the Court one by one, and I will try if that keen eye of yours can see through a mask, and that wagging beard let slip a true prophecy."

At these words, all who could decently leave the Queen circled close about the group at the lower end of the hall, and one after another the ladies drew near; and by the peals of laughter which followed the soothsayer's words Penelope

judged that they must have struck home. Absorbed in looking and listening as she was, she had wholly forgotten herself, when of a sudden, to her infinite alarm, the usher of the white rod plucked her softly by the sleeve, saying : " Lady, the soothsayer wishes to tell your fortune, and the King bids you come forward."

Poor Penelope shrank back in terror very unsuited to her part, and would have begged to be excused ; but her uncle frowned upon her, which frightened her more than aught else, and at the same time his arm seized and fairly pushed her forward, till she found herself the center of the brilliant, laughing circle which had gathered about the King and the sorcerer.

Here Penelope's natural grace and courtesy untaught of courts came to her aid, and made her a fit center for even such a circle. Kneeling, as she had observed the rest do, she bent her head and kissed the King's hand, and then, rising, bowed after a more stately fashion to the soothsayer.

"Are you prepared, young woman, to listen to your fate?" asked the sham sorcerer, with a solemnity which would have befitted the cardinal saying mass at St. Peter's.

"Let it be a kind one," murmured Penelope, with fast-beating heart.

"Hearken, then ; I say it, and even as I say it so shall it be. Ye shall have many strange experiences ; but all shall end well, — at least for yourself. Honor and fortune await you, if you have the wit and the courage to grasp them. It is your destiny to live to a good old age here in England, loaded with riches, and never more to return to that wilderness whence you came hither and where all the land is divided 'twixt savages and rebels."

What with amazement that the soothsayer had guessed so much of her history, and a superstitious feeling which she could not shake off that there was something of omen in the words, Penelope was quite overcome. She gave a great gasp, swayed to and fro, and would have fallen but for the outstretched hand of the King, which caught her.

"Enough of this folly," cried His Majesty's voice. "Chamberlain, bid every one unmask !"

The diversion which these words made gave Penelope time to recover herself, so that when she too withdrew her mask, her color and her self-command had both come back. But when on looking up she recognized in the unmasked soothsayer the

man who had stood in her uncle's dining room only a fortnight since, she was nearly overcome once more.

"Your Majesty," said Buckingham, returning Penelope's gaze of surprise with a look of amusement, "here is the young Virginia damsel for whom I craved a card to your mask to-night."

"By Heaven! and 'tis the original of Kneller's 'Spring' also. Those bright eyes have won two knights at once. Well done, Villiers!" cried the King, who seemed to Penelope quite transformed by the smile which lighted up his face; "ye had always good taste in women, — far better, to our thinking, than in men."

At this Buckingham looked suddenly abashed, though Penelope knew not why.

"Young lady," continued the King, graciously turning to Penelope, "be ye 'Spring' or 'Virginia,' or some fair unknown visitor from our provinces oversea, ye are welcome to your mother country! And is your father with you?"

"Nay, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, hardly able from fright to utter a word, "my mother was too ill to permit his leaving her."

"Ah, then, 'tis your brother, perchance, who hath been your guardian?"

"Alas, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, "I have no brother."

"Neither father nor brother!" exclaimed the King. "It must be pressing business indeed that brings a young maid three thousand miles alone. To whose charge prithee did you come, for I suppose ye dwell not alone in London?"

"I am come to the care of mine uncle, who is come hither with me to-night, and who stands near the wall yonder."

"Ah, yes, yes, I do recall now," began His Majesty, when a lady who stood near him, very handsome, but bold of eye and bare of bosom, said, addressing Penelope with scant courtesy of tone or manner, "How dare ye come across the ocean, and to the very door of the Court, with no better guardian?"

"Pray, Madam," answered Penelope, lifting her clear eyes full upon the speaker, "what harm could befall me at Court? Is not the *King* here?"

Penelope was at a loss to comprehend the effect of her words; but she feared there was something sadly out of the way in them, for she saw the ladies hide their faces behind

their fans, and the gentlemen bite their mustachios and stare hard at the toes of their boots, while the Duke of Buckingham shook with laughter, and whispered to his next neighbor, "The Duchess hath caught it fair from the little savage, — she'd best not meddle with her again. Besides, my Lady hath need to mark her words carefully, for she can no longer take such liberties with the King as when she was the Countess of Castlemaine."

Only His Majesty kept the gravity of his face unmoved, and replied still more kindly to Penelope, "Ay, ye have said aright, — the King is here and ye have naught to fear. Now gentlemen," he added, turning to those around, "choose your partners for the brattle. Buckingham, bid the musicians strike a tune!"

With this there was much moving to and fro. Very noble the procession was, and a great pleasure to see; but there were two in that hall who gave it little heed, those left thus for an instant alone together, — the man who ruled it all, and the little rustic who looked on it for the first time: yet somehow Penelope feared the King least of all.

"Tell me," he said in a voice which of itself gave her courage, so kind was it, "is it some sorrow that hath driven you thus overseas, my child? Your face is too sad for one so young, and surely you have ne'er made such a journey without grave occasion."

"The time and place, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, "scarce befit my sad story, else would I crave the boon of laying it before you."

The maid choked and could say no more. "You say truly," said the King, "that this is neither the time nor the place; but we will set a time and find a place for the hearing. Mr. Pepys," he added, turning to that gentleman, who, courtier like, stood just near enough to catch what was going forward without appearing to hear, "ye have twice written asking permission to come kiss our hand. Your petition is granted; we will arrange an audience both for you and your niece. Let it be to-morrow — stay — to-morrow is mortgaged to the ambassadors of Spain and Sweden. We will say Friday — no, Friday is unlucky; and on Saturday I go a hunting at Windsor. Well, ye shall hear of the time later."

Pepys would fain have burst out with a florid speech of gratitude, but the King cut him short and bade him make

ready to take his niece in to supper, whither he shortly led the way with a lady whose beauty was so dazzling that it fairly took away Penelope's breath. She was dressed as Britannia, with a burnished helmet from which rose a great cluster of white ostrich plumes, whose whiteness could not surpass the brow beneath, or the neck, bare save for a shower of raven-black curls which fell over it. Her breastplate was of beaten gold, with a group of pearls in the center worth a man's ransom, and her mantle was caught at the shoulder with a brooch of rubies, and the sheer lawn of the sleeve was bound above the elbow with a band of gems which flashed in Penelope's eyes as the radiant vision passed.

"Who is she? O uncle, who is she, — that lovely lady, queenlier than the queen, whose beauty strikes me breathless?"

"Ay, mark her," quoth Pepys, as he carefully gathered his robe over his arm and prepared to follow the procession. "Ye'll ne'er see anything to match her. Did ever ye set eyes on such an excellent *taille* or such a complexion (all her own too); and then that sweet eye and little Roman nose, — oh, there is none like *La Belle* Stuart in the whole of England! And yet, child, I heard three gentlemen say that you were the fairer of the two, and that there was none could match you for grace and stateliness."

As the procession moved into the Banqueting Hall with much mirth and laughter, Penelope fell to wondering how the son of the martyred king could find heart to make merry on the spot where his father had suffered, — ay, and gone forth to his death beneath that very window now hung gayly with lanterns. As she gazed around upon the panels blazoned with heraldry, and upon the great oaken beams which supported the open-timbered roof, her mind was carried strangely back to the rude rafters and bare boards of the rough Courthouse at Middle Plantation. Yes, she could see once more the grim faces of the fierce old Governor and his counselors; and the crowd of figures that thronged around her as she sat on that Courthouse bench seemed far more substantial than the liveried lackeys who stood before her now, waiting to bring her portions of the pheasants which lay in state on their platters of gold, or of the great peacock, which, with his tail outspread, decorated one end of the long board beneath the twinkling candles.

Penelope raised her hand to her brow as if to brush away

the fog which clung around her mind. "Which," she wondered, "is the true Penelope,—the maiden in the prisoner's dock, hand clasping hand with a convicted felon, or this princess with golden crown and sweeping draperies at the King's levee?" A conviction flashed upon her, as it does on all of us at certain crises, that she was but a puppet, made to dance and laugh and sing, or to kneel and weep and pray, according as the hand behind the scenes pulled the strings. Thus she sat silent and cast down, and could touch no morsel of the feast spread before her; but her uncle had no such sentimental scruples.

"'Tis a fine supper," quoth he, "a prodigious fine supper; but the venison pasty is very palpable beef; which is not handsome."



MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

[FRANÇOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, Prince de Marcillac, a distinguished French courtier and man of letters, was born at Paris, September 15, 1613. At sixteen he entered the army, and for a time at court aided Anne of Austria in her intrigues against Richelieu. Disappointed at receiving no advancement, he subsequently joined the Fronde; fought with conspicuous bravery in the siege of Paris; and at the battle of the Faubourg Saint Antoine (1652) was severely wounded in the head. In consequence of his participation in the Fronde he was banished to his estates at Verteuil, and was not permitted to return to court until 1659. He died at Paris, March 17, 1680. His literary fame rests upon his "Reflections, or Moral Sentences and Maxims" (first edition 1665, last in his lifetime 1678), and "Memoirs of the Regency of Anne of Austria" (first genuine edition 1817, after many spurious ones for a century and a half).]

THE desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness as to be able to make a good use of it.

Few men are able to know all the ill they do.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

The mind, between idleness and conservatism, fixes on what is easy and agreeable to it. This habit always sets bounds to our inquiries. No man was ever at the trouble to stretch his genius as far as it would go.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world were witness to the motives which produce them.

There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

We may give advice ; but we cannot give conduct.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the usual sources of our afflictions.

There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy : we weep, to acquire the reputation of being tender ; we weep, in order to be pitied ; we weep, that we may be wept over ; we even weep, to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

We arrive novices at the different ages of life ; and want experience, though we have had many years to gain it.

Age does not necessarily confer experience ; nor does even precept ; nor anything but an intercourse and acquaintance with things. And we frequently see those who have wanted opportunities to indulge their juvenile passions in youth, go preposterous lengths in old age, with all the symptoms of youth except ability.

We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoken and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.

When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of their misfortunes, they discover that the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, was that which supported them. They discover too, that, allowing for a little vanity, heroes are just like other men.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of great ones.

Few things are impracticable in themselves ; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

In every profession, every individual affects to appear what

he would willingly be esteemed; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.

We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

A man often imagines he acts, when he is acted upon; and while his mind aims at one thing, his heart insensibly gravitates towards another.

In love there are two sorts of constancy: one arises from our continually finding in the favorite object fresh motives to love: the other from our making it a point of honor to be constant.

In misfortunes we often mistake dejection for constancy; we bear them without daring to look on them, as cowards suffer themselves to be killed without resistance.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

We are always afraid of appearing before the person we love, when we have been coquetting elsewhere.

We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.

Cunning and treachery proceed from want of capacity.

It is as easy to deceive ourselves without *our* perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without *their* perceiving it.

In love, deceit almost always outstrips distrust.

We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived than in being undeceived by those we love.

Before we passionately wish for anything, we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.

Were we perfectly acquainted with any object, we should never passionately desire it.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves.

Whatever distrust we may have of the sincerity of other people, we always believe that they are more ingenuous with ourselves than with anybody else.

A man who finds not satisfaction in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

It is easier to appear worthy of the employments we are not possessed of, than of those we are.

Those who endeavor to imitate us we like much better than those who endeavor to equal us. Imitation is a sign of esteem, but competition of envy.

We often glory in the most criminal passions; but the passion of envy is so shameful that we never dare to own it.

Jealousy is, in some sort, rational and just — it aims at the preservation of a good which belongs, or which at least we think belongs, to us; whereas envy is a frenzy that cannot bear the good of others.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.

Our envy always outlives the felicity of its object.

Nothing is so contagious as example: never is any considerable good or ill done that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation; and bad ones through a malignity in our nature, which shame concealed, and example sets at liberty.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than through our good qualities.

The greatest faults are those of great men.

We are not bold enough to say in general that we have no faults, and that our enemies have no good qualities; but in particulars we seem to think so.

We boast of faults that are the opposites to those we really have; thus, if we are irresolute, we glory in being thought obstinate.

We easily excuse in our friends those faults that do not affect us.

Few cowards know the extent of their fears.

We should have but little pleasure were we never to flatter ourselves.

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he imagines.

As we grow old, we grow more foolish and more wise.

Whatever difference may appear in men's fortunes, there is nevertheless a certain compensation of good and ill, that makes all equal.

Fortune breaks us of many faults which reason cannot.

Fortune is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favors.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

The reason we are so changeable in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the heart, and easy to know those of the head.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.

None deserve the name of good, who have not spirit enough, at least, to be bad.

A fool has not stuff enough to make a good man.

A good grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

The reason of the misreckoning in expected returns of gratitude is, that the pride of the giver and receiver can never agree about the value of the obligation.

None are either so happy or so unhappy as they imagine.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate.

Everybody speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his head.

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

The head cannot long act the part of the heart.

Fancy sets the value on the gifts of fortune.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

It is a mistake to imagine that the violent passions only, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as it is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Idleness, timidity, and shame often keep us within the bounds of duty; whilst virtue seems to run away with the honor.

In jealousy there is less love than self-love.

Jealousy is the greatest of evils, and the least pitied by those who occasion it.

A readiness to believe ill without examination is the effect of pride and laziness. We are willing to find people guilty, and unwilling to be at the trouble of examining into the accusation.

Weakness often gets the better of those ills which reason could not.

Women in love more easily forgive great indiscretions than small infidelities.

We find it more difficult to overlook the least infidelity to ourselves than the greatest to others.

Interest puts in motion all the virtues and vices.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.

No disguise can long *conceal* love where it is, nor *feign* it where it is not.

To judge of love by most of its effects, one would think it more like hatred than kindness.

Love lends his name to many a correspondence wherein he is no more concerned than the doge in what is done at Venice.

The pleasure of loving is, to love; and we are much happier in the passion we feel, than in that we excite.

To fall in love is much easier than to get rid of it.

We forgive as long as we love.

In love, we often doubt of what we most believe.

Love, all agreeable as he is, pleases yet more by the manner in which he shows himself.

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool.

Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us; and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same person?

It is a sign of an extraordinary merit, when those who most envy it are forced to praise it.

Merit has its season, as well as fruit.

Censorious as the world is, it oftener does favor to false merit than injustice to true.

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

Opportunities make us known to ourselves and others.

The duration of our passions is no more in our power than the duration of our lives.

The passions are the only orators that always succeed. They are, as it were, Nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it.

In the heart of man there is a perpetual succession of the passions; so that the destruction of one is almost always the production of another.

Passions often beget their opposites: avarice produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice: men are often constant through weakness, and bold through fear.

So much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them even when they seem most reasonable.

Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

We are by no means aware how much we are influenced by our passions.

While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, it is more susceptible of a new one than when entirely at rest.

Penetration has an air of divination: it pleases our vanity more than any other quality of the mind.

He who is pleased with nobody is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleased.

Pride always indemnifies itself; and takes care to be no loser, even when it renounces vanity.

Pride is equal in all men; and differs but in the means and manner of showing itself.

It seems as if nature, who has so wisely adapted the organs of our bodies to our happiness, had with the same view given us pride, to spare us the pain of knowing our imperfections.

Pride will not owe, and self-love will not pay.

Our pride is often increased by what we retrench from our other faults.

We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.

Prudence and love are inconsistent; in proportion as the latter increases, the other decreases.

The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve, often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.

There are reproaches that praise, and praises that reproach.

Ambition to merit praise fortifies our virtue. Praise bestowed on wit, valor, and beauty contributes to their augmentation.

It is with some good qualities as with the senses: they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

We want strength to act up to our reason.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

Whatever ignominy we may have incurred, it is almost always in our power to reëstablish our reputation.

How can we expect that another should keep our secret, when it is more than we can do ourselves ?

We are so prepossessed in our own favor, that we often mistake for virtues those vices that have some resemblance to them, and which are artfully disguised by self-love.

Nothing is so capable of diminishing our self-love as the observation that we disapprove at one time of what we approve at another.

Self-love never reigns so absolutely as in the passion of love : we are always ready to sacrifice the peace of those we adore, rather than lose the least part of our own.

The self-love of some people is such, that, when in love, they are more taken up with their passion than its object.

A desire to talk of ourselves, and to set our faults in whatever light we choose, makes the main of our sincerity.

We commonly slander more through vanity than malice.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body ; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill, when we appear to be well.

There are relapses in the distempers of the soul, as well as in those of the body ; thus we often mistake for a cure what is no more than an intermission, or a change of disease.

The flaws of the soul resemble the wounds of the body ; the scar always appears, and they are in danger of breaking open again.

The excessive pleasure we find in talking of ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that it gives but little to our auditors.

We had rather speak ill of ourselves than not speak at all.

We give up our interest sooner than our taste.

Our self-love bears with less patience the condemnation of our taste than of our opinion.

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer the truth than we do ourselves.

Perfect valor and perfect cowardice are extremes men seldom

arrive at. The intermediate space is prodigious, and contains all the different species of courage, which are as various as men's faces and humors. There are those who expose themselves boldly at the beginning of an action ; and who slacken and are disheartened at its duration. There are others who aim only at preserving their honor, and do little more. Some are not equally exempt from fear at all times alike. Others give occasionally into a general panic ; others advance to the charge because they dare not stay in their posts. There are men whom habitual small dangers encourage, and fit for greater. Some are brave with the sword, and fear bullets ; others defy bullets, and dread a sword. All these different kinds of valor agree in this, that night, as it augments fear, so it conceals good or bad actions, and gives every one the opportunity of sparing himself. There is also another more general discretion : for we find those who do most, would do more still, were they sure of coming off safe : so that it is very plain that the fear of death gives a damp to courage.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses all we should be capable of doing before the whole world.

Most men sufficiently expose themselves in war to save their honor, but few so much as is necessary even to succeed in the design for which they thus expose themselves.

No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger.

A wise man had rather avoid an engagement than conquer.

It is our own vanity that makes others' vanity intolerable.

If vanity really overturns not the virtues, it certainly makes them totter.

The most violent passions have their intermissions : vanity alone gives us no respite.

The reason why the pangs of shame and jealousy are so sharp, is this : vanity gives us no assistance in supporting them.

Vanity makes us do more things against inclination than reason.

When our vices have left us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.

Most women yield more through weakness than passion; whence it happens that enterprising, rather than lovable, men commonly succeed best with them.

In their first desires women love the lover, afterwards the passion.



THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

By JOHN BUNYAN.

[JOHN BUNYAN, the celebrated English writer, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. He was brought up to his father's trade of tinker, and spent his youth in the practice of that craft. After a short term of service in the Parliamentary army, he joined a nonconformist body at Bedford and began to preach throughout the midland counties. In 1660 he fell a victim to the persecution then carried on against dissenters, was thrown into Bedford county jail, and during a twelve years' imprisonment wrote "Profitable Meditations," "The Holy City," and "Grace Abounding." After the issuing of James II.'s declaration for liberty of conscience, he again settled at Bedford, and ministered to the congregation in Mill Lane until his death, in London, of fever, August, 1688. Bunyan suffered a second imprisonment (1675), but only for six months, during which time he wrote the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress" (1678; second part issued in 1684). It circulated at first among the poor, but soon became more widely known, and in ten years one hundred thousand copies had been sold. With the exception of the Bible and "The Imitation of Christ," no book has been translated into so many languages and dialects (over eighty in all). Other works include: "The Holy War" and "Life and Death of Mr. Badman."]

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now, this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the Shadow of Death, a land that no man" (but a Christian) "passeth through, and where no man dwelt." (Jer. 2: 6.)

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon, as by the sequel you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, chil-

John Bunyan

Engraved by J. Rogers from an original
painting by T. Sadler, 1685



dren of them that brought up an evil report of the good land (Num. 13:32), making haste to go back; to whom Christian spake as follows:—

Christian — Whither are you going?

Men — They said, Back, back; and we would have you do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Christian — Why, what's the matter? said Christian.

Men — Matter! said they; we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back; for had we gone a little farther, we had not been here to bring the news to thee:

Christian — But what have you met with? said Christian.

Men — Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it. (Psa. 44:19; 107:19.)

Christian — But what have you seen? said Christian.

Men — Seen? why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch: we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit: we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons: and over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion: Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order. (Job 3:5; 10:22.)

Christian — Then, said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven. (Psa. 44:18, 19; Jer. 2:6.)

Men — Be it thy way; we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on; into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out. (Psa. 69:14.)

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to

tip over into the mire on the other ; also, when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly ; for besides the danger mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oftentimes when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought Christian, what shall I do ? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer (Eph. 6 : 18) ; so he cried, in my hearing, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. (Psa. 116 : 4.) Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him ; also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together ; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back ; then again he thought he might be halfway through the valley. He remembered also, how he had already vanquished many a danger ; and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward. So he resolved to go on ; yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer. But when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, I will walk in the strength of the Lord God. So they gave back, and came no farther.

One thing I would not let slip. I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice ; and thus I perceived, just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so.

much before. Yet if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence these blasphemies came.

When Christian had traveled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. (Psa. 23: 4.)

Then was he glad, and that for these reasons: —

First. Because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

Secondly, For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state. And why not, thought he, with me, though by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it. (Job 9: 11.)

Thirdly, For that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by and by. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke: then said Christian, “He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning.” (Amos 5: 8.)

Now morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also, how narrow the way was which led betwixt them both. Also, now he saw the hobgoblins, and satyrs, and dragons of the pit, but all afar off; for after break of day they came not nigh; yet they were discovered to him, according to that which is written, “He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death.” (Job 12: 22.)

Now was Christian much affected with this deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way; which dangers, though he feared them much before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him. And about this time the sun was rising, and this was another mercy to Christian; for you must note that, though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, which he was yet to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous; for, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all

along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings-down there, that had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away; but, as I said, just now the sun was rising. Then said he, "His candle shineth on my head, and by his light I go through darkness." (Job 29:3.)

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley. Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.

So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet at the sight of the old man that sat at the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, You will never mend till more of you be burned. But he held his peace, and set a good face on it; and so went by, and caught no hurt. Then sang Christian:—

Oh, world of wonders (I can say no less),
That I should be preserved in that distress
That I have met with here! Oh, blessed be
That hand that from it hath delivered me!
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
Did compass me, while I this vale was in;
Yea, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie
My path about, that worthless, silly I
Might have been caught, entangled, and cast down;
But since I live, let Jesus wear the crown.

VANITY FAIR.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long. It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity (Psa. 62:9); and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity; as is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity." (Eccl. 11:8; see also 1:2-14; 2:11-17; Isa. 40:17.)

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing. I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (namely, countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I have said, the way to the Celestial City lies just

through this town where this lusty fair is kept, and he that would go to the city, and yet not go through this town, "must needs go out of the world." (1 Cor. 4 : 10.) The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day, too ; yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities, yea, would have made him lord of the fair would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities : but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. (Matt. 4 : 8, 9 ; Luke 4 : 5-7.) This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did ; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved ; and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons : for,

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them : some said they were fools (1 Cor. 4 : 9, 10) ; some, they were bedlams ; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech ; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan ; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world : so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other. (1 Cor. 2 : 7, 8.)

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares. They cared not so much as to look upon them ; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (Psa. 119 : 37), and look upward, signifying that their trade or traffic was in heaven. (Phil. 3 : 20, 21.)

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy ?" But they, looking gravely upon him, said, "We buy the truth." (Prov. 23 : 23.)

At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more ; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last, things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination ; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem (Heb. 11 : 13-16) ; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, — the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and “not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing,” and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in an angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm ; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell

to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, also, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it: therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment. But committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood: their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof was this: "That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, the trade: that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I

make none, being myself a man of peace: the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear, and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him. Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath, before this honorable bench, that he is ——

Judge — Hold; give him his oath.

So they swore him. Then he said, My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country; he neither regarded prince nor people, law nor custom, but doeth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Then did the judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

Envy — My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they swore him; so he began.

Superstition — My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him. However, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that I had with him the other day, in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which saying of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to

wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in the behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank — My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoken; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are, the Lord Oldman, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility: and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such-like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou renegade, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

Faithful — May I speak a few words in my own defense?

Judge — Sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile renegade, hast to say.

Faithful — 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith; which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding

terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell than in this town and country. And so the Lord have mercy upon me.

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by to hear and observe), Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also, you have heard his reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you in our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. (Exod. 1: 22.) There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image should be thrown into a fiery furnace. (Dan. 3: 6.) There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso for some time called upon any god but him should be cast into the lion's den. (Dan. 6: 7.) Now, the substance of these laws this rebel hath broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must, therefore, needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason that he hath already confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Heady, Mr. Highmind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. Nogood, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Aye, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Lovelust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Liveloose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-

mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging him is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death.

And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw, that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who (as soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison: so he remained there for a space. But He who overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

And as he went, he sang, saying:—

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
 Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest,
 When Faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
 Are crying out under their hellish plights:
 Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
 For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

GIANT DESPAIR.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels; so the souls of the pilgrims were

much discouraged because of the way. (Num. 21: 4.) Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called Bypath meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let's go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see; and behold, a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian; here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

Hopeful—But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence: so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-Confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the prince of those grounds, to catch vainglorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall. (Isa. 9: 16.)

Now, Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way: and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, Oh, that I had kept on my way!

Christian—Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hopeful—I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Christian—Good brother, be not offended: I am sorry, I

have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me ; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hopeful — Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee ; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Christian — I am glad I have with me a merciful brother : but we must not stand here ; let us try to go back again.

Hopeful — But, good brother, let me go before.

Christian — No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hopeful — No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, "Let thine heart be toward the highway, even the way that thou wentest : turn again." (Jer. 31 : 21.) But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back ; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake ; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping ; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They had also but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night without

one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. (Psa. 88 : 18.) Now, in this place, Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence : so, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit; that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her, also, what he had best do further with them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound ; and he told her. Then she counseled him, that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress : so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison ; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands ; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no ; and thus they began to discourse.

Christian — Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know

not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. (Job 7:15.) Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hopeful — Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide; but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder," no, not to another man's person; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave: but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? for "no murderer hath eternal life," etc. And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to look us in; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before. But, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that may give us a happy release: but let us not be our own murderers. With these words *Hopeful* at present did moderate the mind of his brother: so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But, when he came there he found them alive: and, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive: at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that *Christian* fell into a swoon: but, coming a little to him self again, they

renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply, as followeth:—

Hopeful—My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through; and art thou now nothing but fears? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art. Also, this giant hath wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But, let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore, let us (at least to avoid the shame that it becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel: to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again. And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence, and her husband the giant, was got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the

means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant. I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went desperately hard, yet the key did open it. They then thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:—

Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground:
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them as we to fare;
Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before. So they went up to the mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now, there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The pilgrims, therefore, went to them, and leaning upon their staffs (as is common with weary pilgrims when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, Whose Delectable Mountains are these; and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?

Shepherds — These mountains are Emmanuel's land, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them. (John 10 : 11, 15.)

Christian — Is this the way to the Celestial City?

Shepherds — You are just in your way.

Christian — How far is it thither?

Shepherds — Too far for any but those who shall get thither, indeed.

Christian — Is the way safe or dangerous?

Shepherds — Safe for those for whom it is to be safe; but transgressors shall fall therein. (Hos. 14 : 9.)

Christian — Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Shepherds — The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge not to be forgetful to entertain strangers (Heb. 13 : 2); therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places), as, Whence came you? and, How got you into the way? and, By what means have you so persevered therein? for but few of them that begin to come hither, do show their face on these mountains. But when the shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

THE MUNDANE EGG.

BY THOMAS BURNET.

[THOMAS BURNET was born in Yorkshire in 1635, and became a Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, afterward removing to Christ's College. He was made Master of the Charterhouse in 1685; after the Revolution was chaplain and clerk of the closet to William III. He died in 1715. His Latin writings were highly esteemed, and his theory of the earth's formation (set forth below), given in "*Telluris Theoria Sacra*," excited much attention.]

INTRODUCTION.

SINCE I was first inclin'd to the Contemplation of Nature, and took pleasure to trace out the Causes of Effects, and the Dependence of one thing upon another in the visible Creation, I had always, methought, a particular Curiosity to look back into the Sources and Original of Things, and to view in my mind, so far as I was able, the Beginning and Progress of a Rising World.

And after some Essays of this Nature, and as I thought, not unsuccessful, I carried on my Enquiries further, to try whether this Rising World, when form'd and finish'd, would continue always the same; in the same Form, Structure, and Consistency; or what Changes it would successively undergo, by the continued Action of the same causes that first produc'd it; and, lastly, what would be its final Period and Consummation. This whole Series and Compass of Things taken together, I call'd a Course of Nature, or, a System of Natural Providence; and thought there was nothing belonging to the external World more fit, or more worthy our Study and Meditation, nor any thing that would conduce more to discover the Ways of Divine Providence, and to shew us the Grounds of all true knowledge concerning Nature. And therefore, to clear up the several Parts of this Theory, I was willing to lay aside a great many other Speculations, and all those dry Subtilties with which the Schools and the Books of Philosophers are usually fill'd.

But when we speak of a Rising World, and the contemplation of it, we do not mean this of the Great Universe; for who can describe the Original of that vast Frame? But we speak of the Sublunary World, this Earth, and its Dependencies, which rose out of a Chaos about Six Thousand Years ago. And seeing it hath fallen to our Lot to act upon this Stage

to have our present Home and Residence here, it seems most reasonable, and the Place design'd by Providence, where we should first employ our Thoughts, to understand the Works of God and Nature. We have accordingly, therefore, design'd in this Work to give an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the great and general Changes that it hath already undergone, or is henceforwards to undergo, till the Consummation of all things. For if from these Principles we have here taken, and that Theory we have begun in these two first Books, we can deduce with Success and Clearness the Origin of the Earth, and those States of it that are already past; following the same Thread, and by the Conduct of the same Theory, we will pursue its Fate and History thro' future Ages, and mark all the great Changes and Conversions that attend it while Day and Night shall last; that is, so long as it continues an Earth.

By the States of the Earth that are already past, we understand chiefly Paradise and the Deluge; Names well known, and as little known in their Nature. By the future States we understand the Conflagration, and what new Order of Nature may follow upon that, till the whole circle of Time and Providence be compleated. As to the first and past States of the Earth, we shall have little help from the Ancients or from any of the Philosophers, for the Discovery or Description of them: We must often tread unbeaten Paths, and make a Way where we do not find one; but it shall be always with a Light in our Hand, that we may see our Steps, and that those that follow us may not follow us blindly. There is no Sect of Philosophers that I know of that ever gave an Account of the Universal Deluge, or discover'd, from the Contemplation of the Earth, that there had been such a Thing already in Nature. 'Tis true, they often talk of an Alternation of Deluges and Conflagrations in this Earth, but they speak of them as Things to come; at least, they give no Proof or Argument of any that hath already destroyed the World. As to Paradise, it seems to be represented to us by the Golden Age; whereof the Ancients tell many Stories, sometimes very luxuriant, and sometimes very defective: For they did not so well understand the Difference betwixt the new-made Earth and the present, as to see what were the just Grounds of the Golden Age, or of Paradise; though they had many broken Notions concerning those Things, as to the Conflagration in particular. This hath always been

reckon'd one amongst the Opinions, or Dogmata of the Stoicks, That the World was to be destroyed by Fire, and their Books are full of this Notion ; but yet they do not tell us the Causes of the Conflagration, nor what Preparations there are in Nature, or will be, towards that great Change. And we may generally observe this of the Ancients, that their Learning or Philosophy consisted more in Conclusions, than in Demonstrations ; they had many Truths among them, whereof they did not know themselves the Premises or the Proofs : which is an Argument to me, that the Knowledge they had was not a Thing of their own Invention, or which they came to by fair Reasoning and Observations upon Nature, but was delivered to them from others by Tradition and ancient Fame, sometimes more Publick, sometimes more secret : These conclusions they kept in mind, and communicated to those of their School, or Sect, or Posterity, without knowing, for the most part, the just Grounds and Reasons of them.

'Tis the sacred Writings of Scripture that are the best Monuments of Antiquity, and to those we are chiefly beholden for the History of the first Ages, whether Natural History or Civil. 'Tis true the Poets, who were the most ancient Writers among the Greeks, and serv'd them both for Historians, Divines, and Philosophers, have delivered some Things concerning the first Ages of the World, that have a fair Resemblance of Truth, and some Affinity with those Accounts that are given of the same Things by Sacred Authors, and these may be of Use in due Time and Place ; but yet, lest any thing fabulous should be mixed with them, as commonly there is, we will never depend wholly upon their Credit, nor assert any Thing upon the Authority of the Ancients which is not first prov'd by natural Reason, or warranted by Scripture.

It seems to me very reasonable to believe that besides the Precepts of Religion, which are the principal Subject and Design of the Books of Holy Scripture, there may be providentially conserved in them the memory of Things and Times so remote as could not be retrieved, either by History or by the Light of Nature ; and yet were of great Importance to be known, both for their own Excellency and also to rectify the Knowledge of Men in other Things consequential to them : Such Points may be Our great Epochæ, or the Age of the Earth ; The Origination of Mankind ; The First and Paradisiacal State ; The Destruction of the old World by an Universal Deluge ; The

Longevity of its Inhabitants ; The Manner of their Preservation, and of their Peopling the second Earth ; and lastly, The Fate and Changes it is to undergo. These I always look'd upon as the Seeds of great Knowledge, or Heads of Theories fix'd on Purpose to give us Aim and Direction how to pursue the rest that depend upon them. But these Heads, you see, are of a mix'd order, and we propose to ourselves in this Work only such as belong to the natural World, upon which I believe the Trains of Providence are generally laid ; and we must first consider how God hath ordered Nature, and then, how the Œconomy of the Intellectual World is adapted to it ; for of these two Parts consist the full System of Providence. In the mean Time, what Subject can be more worthy the Thoughts of any serious Person, than to view and consider the Rise and Fall, and all the Revolutions, not of a Monarchy or an Empire, of the Grecian or Roman State, but of an entire World ?

The Obscurity of these Things, and their Remoteness from common Knowledge, will be made an Argument by some, why we should not undertake them ; and by others, it may be, the very same Thing will be made an Argument why we should. For my Part I think There is nothing so secret that shall not be brought to Light, within the Compass of our World : for we are not to understand that of the whole Universe, nor of all Eternity, — our Capacities do not extend so far ; but whatsoever concerns this Sublunary World in the whole Extent of its Duration, from the Chaos to the last Period, this I believe Providence hath made us capable to understand, and will in its due Time make it known. All I say, betwixt the first Chaos and the last Completion of Time and all Things temporary, this was given to the Disquisitions of Men : On either Hand is Eternity, before the World and after, which is without our reach : But that little Spot of Ground that lies betwixt those two Oceans, this we are to cultivate, this we are the Masters of, herein we are to exercise our Thoughts, to understand and lay open the Treasures of Divine Wisdom and Goodness hid in this part of Nature and of Providence.

As for the Difficulty or Obscurity of an Argument, that does but add to the Pleasure of contesting with it when there are Hopes of Victory ; and Success does more than recompense all the Pains. For there is no sort of Joy more grateful to the Mind of Man than that which ariseth from the Invention of Truth, especially when 'tis hard to come by. Every Man hath

a Delight suited to his Genius, and as there is Pleasure in the right Exercise of any Faculty, so especially in that of Right Reasoning, which is still the greater, by how much the consequences are more clear, and the Chains of them more long : There is no Chace so pleasant, methinks, as to drive a Thought, by good Conduct, from one end of the World to the other ; and never to lose Sight of it till it fall into Eternity, where all things are lost, as to our Knowledge.

This Theory being chiefly Philosophical, Reason is to be our first Guide ; and where that falls short, or any other just Occasion offers itself, we may receive further Light and Confirmation from the Sacred Writings. Both these are to be look'd upon as of Divine Original, God is the Author of both ; he that made the Scripture made also our Faculties, and 'twere a Reflection upon the Divine Veracity for the one or the other to be false when rightly used. We must therefore be careful and tender of opposing these to one another, because that is, in effect, to oppose God to himself.

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THE THEORY.

Advancing one Step farther in our Theory, we lay down this second Proposition: That the Face of the Earth before the Deluge was smooth, regular, and uniform ; without Mountains, and without a Sea. This is a bold Step, and carries us into another World, which we have never seen, nor ever yet heard any Relation of ; and a World, it seems, of very different Scenes and Prospects from ours, or from any thing we have yet known. An Earth without a Sea, and plain as the Elysian Fields ; if you travel it all over, you will not meet a Mountain or a Rock, yet well provided of all requisite things for an habitable World : and the same indeed with the Earth we still inhabit, only under another Form. And this is the great Paradox which we offer to be examined, and which we affirm: That the Earth, in its first Rise and Formation from a Chaos, was of the Form here described, and so continued for many hundreds of Years. . . .

Let us now reflect a little upon the internal Form of it, which consists of several Regions, involving one another like Orbs about the same Center, or of the several Elements cast circularly about each other ; as it appears in the fourth and fifth Figure. And as we have noted the external Form of this primæval Earth, to have

been mark'd and celebrated in the Sacred Writings ; so likewise in the Philosophy and Learning of the Ancients, there are several Remains and Indications of this internal Form and Composition of it. For 'tis observable that the Ancients, in treating of the Chaos, and in raising the World out of it, rang'd it into several Regions or Masses, as we have done ; and in that order successively, rising one from another, as if it was a Pedigree or Genealogy. And those Parts and Regions of Nature, into which the Chaos was by degrees divided, they signified commonly by dark and obscure Names ; as the Night, Tartarus, Oceanus, and such like, which we have expressed in their plain and proper Terms. And whereas the Chaos, when it was first set on Work, ran all into Divisions and Separations of one Element from another, which afterwards were all in some Measure united and associated in this primogenial Earth ; and the Ancients accordingly made Contention the Principle that reign'd in the Chaos at first, and then Love : The one to express the Divisions, and the other the Union of all the Parties in this middle and common Bond. . . .

There is another Thing in Antiquity, relating to the Form and Construction of the Earth which is very remarkable, and hath obtain'd throughout all learned Nations and Ages. And that is the Comparison or Resemblance of the Earth to an Egg. And this is not so much for the external Figure, tho' that be true too, as for the inward Composition of it ; consisting of several Orbs, one including another, and in that Order, as to answer the several Elementary Regions of which the new made Earth was constituted. For if we admit for the Yolk a Central Fire (which tho' very reasonable, we had no occasion to take notice of in our Theory of the Chaos) and suppose the Figure of the Earth Oval, and a little extended towards the Poles (as probably it was, seeing the Vortex that contains it is so), those two Bodies do very naturally represent one another. . . .

Considering that this Notion of the Mundane Egg, or that the World was Oviform, hath been the Sense and Language of all Antiquity, Latins, Greeks, Persians, Egyptians, and others, I thought it worthy our Notice in this Place, seeing it receives such a clear and easy Explication from that Origin and Fabrick we have given to the first Earth, and also reflects Light upon the Theory itself, and confirms it to be no Fiction: This Notion, which is a kind of Epitome, or Image of it, having been conserv'd in the most Ancient Learning. . . .

Give me leave only, before we proceed any further, to annex here a short Advertisement, concerning the Causes of this wonderful Structure of the first Earth. 'Tis true, we have propos'd the natural causes of it, and I do not know wherein our Explanation is false or defective; but in Things of this kind we may easily be too credulous. And this structure is so marvelous that it ought rather to be consider'd as a particular Effect of the Divine Art than as the Work of Nature. The whole Globe of the Water vaulted over, and the exterior Earth hanging above the Deep, sustain'd by nothing but its own Measures and Manner of Construction: A Building without Foundation or Corner-Stone. This seems to be a Piece of Divine Geometry or Architecture; and to this, I think, is to be referr'd that magnificent Challenge which God Almighty made to Job, Job xxxviii, 4, 5, 6, 7 &c. "Where wast thou when I laid the Foundations of the Earth? Declare if thou hast Understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who stretched the Line upon it? Whereupon are the Foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the Corner-stone thereof? when the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy." Moses also, when he had describ'd the Chaos, saith, "The Spirit of God mov'd upon, or sat brooding upon, the Face of the Waters;" without all doubt to produce some Effects there. And St. Peter, when he speaks of the Form of the antediluvian Earth, how it stood in reference to the Waters, adds, "By the Word of God," *Τῷ λόγῳ τοῦ Θεοῦ*, or by the Wisdom of God it was made so. And this same Wisdom of God, in the Proverbs, as we observed before, takes Notice of this very piece of Work in the Formation of the Earth. "When he set an Orb over the face of the Deep, I was there." And lastly, the ancient Philosophers, or at least the best of them to give them their due, always brought in *Mens* or *Amor*, *Λόγος* & *Epos*, as a Supernatural Principle to unite and consociate the parts of the Chaos; which was first done in the Composition of this wonderful Arch of the Earth. Wherefore to the great Architect, who made the boundless Universe out of nothing, and form'd the Earth out of Chaos, let the Praise of the whole Work, and particularly of this Masterpiece, for ever with all Honour be given. . . .

In this smooth Earth, were the first Scenes of the World and the first Generations of Mankind; it had the Beauty of Youth and blooming Nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a

Wrinkle, Scar, or Fracture in all its Body ; no Rocks nor Mountains, no hollow Caves, no gaping Channels, but even and uniform all over. And the Smoothness of the Earth made the Face of Heaven so too ; the Air was calm and serene ; none of those tumultuary Motions and Conflicts of Vapours, which the Mountains and Winds cause in ours : 'Twas suited to a golden Age, and to the first Innocency of Nature.

All this you'll say is well, we are got into a pleasant World indeed, but what's this to the Purpose ? What Appearance of a Deluge here, where there is not so much as a Sea, nor half so much Water as we have in this Earth ? Or what appearance of Mountains or Caverns, or other Irregularities of the Earth, where all is level and united ; So that instead of loosing the Knot, this ties it the harder. You pretend to shew us how the Deluge was made, and you lock up all the Waters within the Womb of the Earth, and set Bars and Doors, and a Wall of Impenetrable Strength and Thickness to keep them there, and you pretend to shew us the Original of Rocks and Mountains, and Caverns of the Earth, and bring us to a wide and endless Plain, smooth as a calm Sea.

This is all true, and yet we are not so far from the Sight and Discovery of those Things as you imagine ; draw but the Curtain, and these Scenes will appear, or something very like 'em. We must remember that St. Peter told us, that the antediluvian Earth perished, or was demolished ; and Moses saith, the great Abyss was broken open at the Deluge. Let us then suppose, that at a Time appointed by Divine Providence, and from Causes made ready to do that great Execution upon a sinful World, that this Abyss was open'd, or that the Frame of the Earth broke and fell down into the great Abyss. At this one stroke all Nature would be chang'd, and this single action would have two great and visible Effects : The one Transient, and the other Permanent. First, an Universal Deluge would overflow all the Parts and Regions of the broken Earth during the great Commotion and Agitation of the Abyss, by the violent Fall of the Earth into it. This would be the first and unquestionable Effect of this Dissolution, and all that World would be destroy'd. Then when the Agitation of the Abyss was asswag'd, and the Waters by degrees were retir'd into their Channels, and the dry Land appear'd, you would see the true Image of the present Earth in the Ruins of the first. The Surface of the Globe would be divided into Land and Sea ;

the Land would consist of Plains and Valleys and Mountains according as the Pieces of this Ruin were plac'd and dispos'd : Upon the Banks of the Sea would stand the Rocks, and near the Shore would be Islands, or lesser Fragments of Earth compass'd round by Water. Then as to subterraneous Waters, and all subterraneous Caverns and Hollownesses, upon this Supposition those things could not be otherwise ; for the Parts would fall hollow in many Places in this, as in all other Ruins : And seeing the Earth fell into this Abyss, the Waters at a certain Height would flow into all those hollow Places and Cavities ; and would also sink and insinuate into many Parts of the solid Earth. And though these subterraneous Vaults or Holes, whether dry or full of Water, would be more or less in all Places, where the Parts fell hollow ; yet they would be found especially about the Roots of the Mountains, and the higher Parts of the Earth ; for there the Sides bearing up one against the other, they could not lie so close at the Bottoms, but many Vacuities would be intercepted. Nor are there any other Inequalities or Irregularities observable in the present Form of the Earth ; whether in the Surface of it, or interior Construction, whereof this Hypothesis doth give a ready, fair, and intelligible Account ; and doth at one View represent them all to us, with their Causes, as in a Glass : And whether that Glass be true, and the Image answer to the Original, if you doubt it, we will hereafter examine them Piece by Piece. But in the first Place we must consider the general Deluge, how easily and truly this Supposition represents and explains it, and answers all the Properties and Conditions of it.

I think it will be easily allowed, that such a Dissolution of the Earth as we have proposed, and Fall of it into the Abyss, would certainly make an Universal Deluge ; and effectively destroy the old World, which perished in it. But we have not yet particularly proved this Dissolution, and in what manner the Deluge followed upon it : And to assert things in gross never makes that firm Impression upon our Understandings, and upon our Belief, as to see them deduced with their Causes and Circumstances ; and therefore we must endeavour to shew what Preparations there were in Nature for this great Dissolution, and after what manner it came to pass, and the Deluge in Consequence of it.

We have noted before, that Moses imputed the Deluge to the Disruption of the Abyss ; and St. Peter, to the particular

Constitution of the Earth, which made it obnoxious to be absorp't in Water, so that our Explication so far is justified. But it was below the Dignity of those Sacred Pen-men, or the Spirits of God that directed them, to shew us the Causes of this Disruption, or of this Absorption; this is left to the Enquiries of Men. For it was never the Design of Providence, to give such particular Explications of natural Things, as should make us idle, or the Use of Reason unnecessary; but on the contrary, by delivering great Conclusions to us to excite our Curiosity and Inquisitiveness after the Methods by which such things were brought to pass: and it may be there is no greater Trial or Instance of natural Wisdom, than to find out the Channel in which these great Resolutions of Nature, which we treat on, flow and succeed one another.

Let us therefore resume that System of the antediluvian Earth, which we have deduced from the Chaos, and which we find to answer St. Peter's Description and Moses's Account of the Deluge. This Earth could not be obnoxious to a Deluge, as the Apostle supposeth it to have been, but by a Dissolution; for the Abyss was enclosed within its Bowels. And Moses doth in effect tell us, there was such a Dissolution; when he saith, The Fountains of the great Abyss were broken open. For Fountains are broken open no otherwise than by breaking up the Ground that covers them. We must therefore enquire in what Order, and from what Causes the Frame of this exterior Earth was dissolved, and then we shall soon see how, upon that Dissolution, the Deluge immediately prevailed and overflowed all the Parts of it.

I do not think it in the power of human Wit to determine how long this Frame would stand, how many Years, or how many Ages; but one would soon imagine, that this kind of Structure would not be perpetual, nor last indeed many thousands of Years, if one consider the Effect that the Heat of the Sun would have upon it, and the Waters under it; drying and parching the one, and rarefying the other into Vapours. For we must consider, that the Course of the Sun at that Time, or the Posture of the Earth to the Sun, was such, that there was no Diversity or Alteration of Seasons in the Year, as there is now; by reason of which Alteration, our Earth is kept in an Equality of Temper, the contrary Seasons balancing one another; so as what Moisture the Heat of Summer sucks out of the Earth, 'tis repaid in the Rains of the

next Winter ; and what Chaps were made in it, are filled up again, and the Earth reduced to its former Constitution. But if we should imagine a continual Summer, the Earth would proceed in Dryness still more and more, and the Cracks would be wider, and pierce deeper into the Substance of it. And such a continual Summer there was, at least an Equality of Seasons in the antediluvian Earth, as shall be proved in the following Book, concerning Paradise. In the meantime, this being supposed, let us consider what Effect it would have upon this Arch of the exterior Earth, and the Waters under it.

We cannot believe, but that the Heat of the Sun, within the Space of some hundreds of Years, would have reduced this Earth to a considerable Degree of Dryness in certain Parts ; and also have much rarefied and exhal'd the Waters beneath it : And considering the Structure of that Globe, the exterior Crust and the Waters lying round under it, both exposed to the Sun, we may fitly compare it to an *Æolipile*, or an hollow Sphere with Water in it, which the Heat of the Fire rarefies and turns into Vapours and Wind. The Sun here is as the Fire, and the exterior Earth is as the Shell of the *Æolipile*, and the Abyss as the Water within it ; now when the Heat of the Sun had pierced thro' the Shell and reached the Waters, it began to rarefy them, and raise them into Vapours, which Rarefaction made them require more Space and Room than they needed before, while they lay close and quiet. And finding themselves pent in by the exterior Earth, they pressed with Violence against that Arch, to make it yield and give way to their Dilatation and Eruption. So we see all Vapours and Exhalations inclosed within the Earth, and agitated there, strive to break out, and often shake the Ground with their Attempts to get loose. And in the Comparison we used of an *Æolipile*, if the Mouth of it be stop'd that gives the Vent, the Water rarefied will burst the Vessel with its Force : And the Resemblance of the Earth to an Egg, which we used before, holds also in this Respect ; for when it heats before the Fire, the Moisture and Air within being rarefied, makes it often burst the Shell. And I do the more willingly mention this last Comparison, because I observe that some of the Ancients, when they speak of the Doctrine of the Mundane Egg, say, that after a certain Period of Time it was broken.

But there is yet another Thing to be considered in this Case ; for as the Heat of the Sun gave Force to these Vapours

more and more, and made them more strong and violent ; so on the other Hand, it also weakened more and more the Arch of the Earth, that was to resist them ; sucking out the Moisture that was the Cement of its Parts, drying it immoderately, and chapping it in sundry Places. And there being no Winter then to close up and unite its Parts, and restore the Earth to its former Strength and Compactness, yet grew more and more disposed to a Dissolution. And at length, these Preparations in Nature being made on either side, the Force of the Vapours increased, and the Walls weakened which should have kept them in, when the appointed time was come, that All-wise Providence had designed for the Punishment of a sinful World, the whole Fabrick brake, and the Frame of the Earth was torn in Pieces, as by an Earthquake ; and those great Portions or Fragments, into which it was divided, fell down into the Abyss, some in one Posture, and some in another.

This is a short and general Account how we may conceive the Dissolution of the first Earth, and an Universal Deluge arising upon it. And this manner of Dissolution hath so many Examples in Nature every Age, that we need not insist farther upon the Explication of it. The generality of Earthquakes arise from like Causes, and often end in a like Effect, a partial Deluge or Inundation of the Place or Country where they happen ; and of these we have seen some Instances even in our own Times : But whensoever it so happens that the Vapours and Exhalations shut up in the Caverns of the Earth by Rarefaction or Compression come to be straitened, they strive every way to set themselves at Liberty, and often break their Prison, or the Cover of the Earth that kept them in ; which Earth upon that Disruption falls into the subterraneous Caverns that lie under it : And if it so happens that those Caverns are full of Water, as generally they are, if they be great or deep, that City or Tract of Land is drown'd. And also the Fall of such a Mass of Earth, with its Weight and Bulk, doth often force out the Water so impetuously, as to throw it upon all the Country round about. There are innumerable Examples in History (whereof we shall mention some hereafter) of Cities and Countries thus swallowed up, or overflow'd, by an Earthquake, and an Inundation arising upon it. And according to the manner of their Fall or Ruin, they either remain'd wholly under Water, and perpetually drown'd as Sodom and Gomorrah, Plato's Atlantis, Bura and Helice, and other Cities and

Regions in Greece and Asia; or they partly emerg'd, and became dry Land again; when (their Situation being pretty high) the Waters, after their violent Agitation was abated, retir'd into the lower Places, and into their Channels.

Now if we compare these Partial Dissolutions of the Earth with an Universal Dissolution, we may as easily conceive an Universal Deluge from an Universal Dissolution, as a Partial Deluge from a Partial. If we can conceive a City, a Country, an Island, a Continent thus absorb'd and overflown; if we do but enlarge our Thought and Imagination a little, we may conceive it as well of the whole Earth. And it seems strange to me, that none of the Ancients should hit upon this way of explaining the Universal Deluge.



THE CLOCK CASE.

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

I HELD a lieutenant's commission in his Majesty's army and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The Treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the

naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world; for while I write this, my grave is digging, and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal; for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us; and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present, but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarreled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her; she haunted me; her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bedside and confided this orphan, a child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of his child's death it should pass to my wife, as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me, deploring our long separation; and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children ; and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her ; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit and always mistrusted me.

I can scarcely fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought but I marked him looking at me : not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so ; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead ; but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the Last Day ; then drawing nearer and nearer, and losing something of its horror and improbability ; then coming to be part and parcel—nay, nearly the whole sum and substance—of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety ; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal upstairs and watch him as he slept ; but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks ; and there, as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree, starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket knife a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing — God have mercy upon me! — singing a merry ballad — who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong full-grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud; it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me — not that he did — and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead — dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep — in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him — very gently now that he was dead — in a thicket. My wife was from home that day, and would not return until the next. Our bedroom window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lie waste

since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glowworm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast: an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did — with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the child of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bedroom window all day long and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account as the trace of my spade was less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept — not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, through which now a hand, and now a foot, and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done, I crept to bed again: and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again — which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought the child was alive and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the

grass, was as plain to me -- its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all -- as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in; when he had passed, I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or a sound -- how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever -- but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well -- that she was not obliged to keep her chamber -- that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know was a down-looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked him hurriedly if he supposed that -- and stopped. "That the child has been murdered?" said he, looking mildly at me: "Oh no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?" I could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better; but I held my peace and shivered as with an ague.

Misreading my emotion, they were endeavoring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found -- great cheer that was for me! -- when we heard a low deep howl, and presently there sprang over the wall two great dogs, who bounding into the garden repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

"Bloodhounds!" cried my visitors.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper."

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who with their noses to the ground moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked, in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move!" said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles' name, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle, they got me quietly between them; and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees, and with chattering teeth confessed the truth, and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied, and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily

lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!



SHAFTESBURY AND HALIFAX.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary of War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

IT WAS a favorite exercise among the Greek sophists to write panegyrics on characters proverbial for depravity. One professor of rhetoric sent to Isocrates a panegyric on Busiris; and Isocrates himself wrote another which has come down to us. It is, we presume, from an ambition of the same kind that some writers have lately shown a disposition to eulogize Shaftesbury. But the attempt is vain. The charges against him rest on evidence not to be invalidated by any arguments which human wit can devise, or by any information which may be found in old trunks and escritaires.

It is certain that just before the Restoration he declared to the Regicides that he would be damned, body and soul, rather than suffer a hair of their heads to be hurt, and that just after the Restoration, he was one of the judges who sentenced them to death. It is certain that he was a principal member of the most profligate Administration ever known, and that he was afterwards a principal member of the most profligate Opposition ever known. It is certain that in power, he did not scruple to violate the great fundamental principle of the Constitution in order to exalt the Catholics, and that out of power, he did not scruple to violate every principle of justice in order to destroy them. There were in that age some honest men, such as

William Penn, who valued toleration so highly that they would willingly have seen it established even by an illegal exertion of the prerogative. There were many honest men who dreaded arbitrary power so much that, on account of the alliance between Popery and arbitrary power, they were disposed to grant no toleration to Papists. On both those classes we look with indulgence, though we think both in the wrong. But Shaftesbury belonged to neither class. He united all that was worst in both. From the misguided friends of toleration he borrowed their contempt for the Constitution, and from the misguided friends of civil liberty their contempt for the rights of conscience. We never can admit that his conduct as a member of the Cabal was redeemed by his conduct as a leader of Opposition. On the contrary, his life was such that every part of it, as if by a skillful contrivance, reflects infamy on every other. We should never have known how abandoned a prostitute he was in place, if we had not known how desperate an incendiary he was out of it. To judge of him fairly, we must bear in mind that the Shaftesbury who, in office, was the chief author of the Declaration of Indulgence, was the same Shaftesbury who, out of office, excited and kept up the savage hatred of the rabble of London against the very class to whom that Declaration of Indulgence was intended to give illegal relief.

It is amusing to see the excuses that are made for him. We will give two specimens. It is acknowledged that he was one of the Ministry which made the alliance with France against Holland, and that this alliance was most pernicious. What, then, is the defense? Even this, that he betrayed his master's counsels to the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and tried to rouse all the Protestant powers of Germany to defend the States. Again, it is acknowledged that he was deeply concerned in the Declaration of Indulgence, and that his conduct on this occasion was not only unconstitutional, but quite inconsistent with the course which he afterwards took respecting the professors of the Catholic faith. What, then, is the defense? Even this, that he meant only to allure concealed Papists to avow themselves, and thus to become open marks for the vengeance of the public. As often as he is charged with one treason, his advocates vindicate him by confessing two. They had better leave him where they find him. For him there is no escape upwards. Every outlet by which he can creep out of his present position is one which lets him down

into a still lower and fouler depth of infamy. To whitewash an Ethiopian is a proverbially hopeless attempt; but to whitewash an Ethiopian by giving him a new coat of blacking is an enterprise more extraordinary still. That in the course of Shaftesbury's dishonest and revengeful opposition to the Court he rendered one or two most useful services to his country, we admit. And he is, we think, fairly entitled, if that be any glory, to have his name eternally associated with the Habeas Corpus Act in the same way in which the name of Henry the Eighth is associated with the reformation of the Church, and that of Jack Wilkes with the most sacred rights of electors.

While Shaftesbury was still living, his character was elaborately drawn by two of the greatest writers of the age, by Butler, with characteristic brilliancy of wit, by Dryden, with even more than characteristic energy and loftiness, by both with all the inspiration of hatred. The sparkling illustrations of Butler have been thrown into the shade by the brighter glory of that gorgeous satiric Muse, who comes sweeping by in sceptered pall, borrowed from her most august sisters. But the descriptions well deserve to be compared. The reader will at once perceive a considerable difference between Butler's

politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,

and the Achitophel of Dryden. Butler dwells on Shaftesbury's unprincipled versatility; on his wonderful and almost instinctive skill in discerning the approach of a change of fortune; and on the dexterity with which he extricated himself from the snares in which he left his associates to perish.

Our state artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones
Feel in their own the age of moons:
So guilty sinners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain.

He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could to insure his throat.

In Dryden's great portrait, on the contrary, violent passion, implacable revenge, boldness amounting to temerity, are the most striking features. Achitophel is one of the "great wits to madness near allied." And again—

A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

The dates of the two poems will, we think, explain this discrepancy. The third part of "Hudibras" appeared in 1678, when the character of Shaftesbury had as yet but imperfectly developed itself. He had, indeed, been a traitor to every party in the State; but his treasons had hitherto prospered. Whether it were accident or sagacity, he had timed his desertions in such a manner that fortune seemed to go to and fro with him from side to side. The extent of his perfidy was known; but it was not till the Popish Plot furnished him with a machinery which seemed sufficiently powerful for all his purposes, that the audacity of his spirit, and the fierceness of his malevolent passions, became fully manifest. His subsequent conduct showed undoubtedly great ability, but not ability of the sort for which he had formerly been so eminent. He was now headstrong, sanguine, full of impetuous confidence in his own wisdom and his own good luck. He, whose fame as a political tactician had hitherto rested chiefly on his skillful retreats, now set himself to break down all the bridges behind him. His plans were castles in the air: his talk was rodomontade. He took no thought for the morrow: he treated the Court as if the King were already a prisoner in his hands: he built on the favor of the multitude, as if that favor were not proverbially inconstant. The signs of the coming reaction were discerned by men of far less sagacity than his, and scared from his side men more consistent than he had ever pretended to be. But on him they were lost. The counsel of Achitophel, that counsel which was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God, was turned into foolishness. He who had become a byword, for the certainty with which he foresaw and the suppleness with which he evaded danger, now, when beset on every side with snares and death,

seemed to be smitten with a blindness as strange as his former clear-sightedness, and, turning neither to the right nor to the left, strode straight on with desperate hardihood to his doom. Therefore, after having early acquired and long preserved the reputation of infallible wisdom and invariable success, he lived to see a mighty ruin wrought by his own ungovernable passions, to see the great party which he had led vanquished, and scattered, and trampled down, to see all his own devilish enginery of lying witnesses, partial sheriffs, packed juries, unjust judges, bloodthirsty mobs, ready to be employed against himself and his most devoted followers, to fly from that proud city whose favor had almost raised him to be Mayor of the Palace, to hide himself in squalid retreats, to cover his gray head with ignominious disguises; and he died in hopeless exile, sheltered by the generosity of a State which he had cruelly injured and insulted, from the vengeance of a master whose favor he had purchased by one series of crimes, and forfeited by another.

Halifax had, in common with Shaftesbury, and with almost all the politicians of that age, a very loose morality where the public was concerned; but in Halifax the prevailing infection was modified by a very peculiar constitution both of heart and head, by a temper singularly free from gall, and by a refining and skeptical understanding. He changed his course as often as Shaftesbury; but he did not change it to the same extent, or in the same direction. Shaftesbury was the very reverse of a trimmer. His disposition led him generally to do his utmost to exalt the side which was up, and to depress the side which was down. His transitions were from extreme to extreme. While he stayed with a party he went all lengths for it: when he quitted it he went all lengths against it. Halifax was emphatically a trimmer,—a trimmer both by intellect and by constitution. The name was fixed on him by his contemporaries; and he was so far from being ashamed of it that he assumed it as a badge of honor. He passed from faction to faction. But instead of adopting and inflaming the passions of those whom he joined, he tried to diffuse among them something of the spirit of those whom he had just left. While he acted with the Opposition he was suspected of being a spy of the Court; and when he had joined the Court all the Tories were dismayed by his Republican doctrines.

He wanted neither arguments nor eloquence to exhibit what was commonly regarded as his wavering policy in the fairest

light. He trimmed, he said, as the temperate zone trims between intolerable heat and intolerable cold, as a good government trims between despotism and anarchy, as a pure church trims between the errors of the Papist and those of the Anabaptist. Nor was this defense by any means without weight; for though there is abundant proof that his integrity was not of strength to withstand the temptations by which his cupidity and vanity were sometimes assailed, yet his dislike of extremes, and a forgiving and compassionate temper which seems to have been natural to him, preserved him from all participation in the worst crimes of his time. If both parties accused him of deserting them, both were compelled to admit that they had great obligations to his humanity, and that, though an uncertain friend, he was a placable enemy. He voted in favor of Lord Stafford, the victim of the Whigs; he did his utmost to save Lord Russell, the victim of the Tories; and, on the whole, we are inclined to think that his public life, though far indeed from faultless, has as few great stains as that of any politician who took an active part in affairs during the troubled and disastrous period of ten years which elapsed between the fall of Lord Danby and the Revolution.

His mind was much less turned to particular observations, and much more to general speculations, than that of Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury knew the King, the Council, the Parliament, the city, better than Halifax: but Halifax would have written a far better treatise on political science than Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury shone more in consultation, and Halifax in controversy: Shaftesbury was more fertile in expedients, and Halifax in arguments. Nothing that remains from the pen of Shaftesbury will bear a comparison with the political tracts of Halifax. Indeed, very little of the prose of that age is so well worth reading as the "Character of a Trimmer" and the "Anatomy of an Equivalent." What particularly strikes us in those works is the writer's passion for generalization. He was treating of the most exciting subjects in the most agitated times: he was himself placed in the very thick of the civil conflict; yet there is no acrimony, nothing inflammatory, nothing personal. He preserves an air of cold superiority, a certain philosophical serenity, which is perfectly marvelous. He treats every question as an abstract question, begins with the widest propositions, argues those propositions on general grounds, and often, when he has brought out his theorem, leaves the reader to make

the application, without adding an allusion to particular men or to passing events. This speculative turn of mind rendered him a bad adviser in cases which required celerity. He brought forward, with wonderful readiness and copiousness, arguments, replies to those arguments, rejoinders to those replies, general maxims of policy, and analogous cases from history. But Shaftesbury was the man for a prompt decision. Of the parliamentary eloquence of these celebrated rivals, we can judge only by report; and, so judging, we should be inclined to think that, though Shaftesbury was a distinguished speaker, the superiority belonged to Halifax. Indeed, the readiness of Halifax in debate, the extent of his knowledge, the ingenuity of his reasoning, the liveliness of his expression, and the silver clearness and sweetness of his voice seem to have made the strongest impression on his contemporaries. By Dryden he is described as

Of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies.

His oratory is utterly and irretrievably lost to us, like that of Somers, of Bolingbroke, of Charles Townshend, of many others who were accustomed to rise amidst the breathless expectation of senates, and to sit down amidst reiterated bursts of applause. But old men who lived to admire the eloquence of Pulteney in its meridian, and that of Pitt in its splendid dawn, still murmured that they had heard nothing like the great speeches of Lord Halifax on the Exclusion Bill. The power of Shaftesbury over large masses was unrivaled. Halifax was disqualified by his whole character, moral and intellectual, for the part of a demagogue. It was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that his ascendancy was felt.

Shaftesbury seems to have troubled himself very little about theories of government. Halifax was, in speculation, a strong republican, and did not conceal it. He often made hereditary monarchy and aristocracy the subjects of his keen pleasantry, while he was fighting the battles of the Court, and obtaining for himself step after step in the peerage. In this way, he tried to gratify at once his intellectual vanity and his more vulgar ambition. He shaped his life according to the opinion of the multitude, and indemnified himself by talking according to his own. His colloquial powers were great; his perception

of the ridiculous exquisitely fine; and he seems to have had the rare art of preserving the reputation of good breeding and good nature, while habitually indulging a strong propensity to mockery.



POLITICIANS OF THE POPISH-PLOT TIME.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

(From "Absalom and Achitophel," Part I.)

[JOHN DRYDEN: An English poet; born August 9, 1631; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on the death of Cromwell; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. His "Annus Mirabilis" appeared in 1667, and in 1668 he was made poet laureate. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" is excellent; but as a dramatist, though voluminous, he has left nothing which lives. His satire "Absalom and Achitophel" is famous; and his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is considered the finest in the language.]

SHAFTESBURY.

THIS plot, which failed for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence;
 For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And every hostile humor, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
 So several factions from this first ferment,
 Work up to foam, and threat the government.
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise
 Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence
 Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were raised in power and public office high;
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages cursed:
 For close designs, and crooked counsel fit;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink, and no offense be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

SLINGSBY BETHEL.

Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath, but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray:
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate,

His hand a vane of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And if they cursed the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,)
His business was by writing to persuade
That kings were useless and a clog to trade:
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrivell'd board
The grossness of a city feast abhorred:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.

HALIFAX.

Jotham, of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse a while, then chose the better side;
Nor chose alone, but turned the balance too,
So much the weight of one brave man can do.

SETTLE AND SHADWELL.

BY DRYDEN.

(From "Absalom and Achitophel," Part II.)

DOEG, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody;
 Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And, in one word, heroically mad,
 He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But faggoted his notions as they fell,
 And, if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature;
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot;
 The words for friend and foe ali'ne were made,
 To fetter them in verse is all his trade. . . .
 Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal's below committing treason;
 Shall he be hanged who never could rebel?
 That's a preferment for Achitophel.
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him,
 Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
 For to write verse with him is to *transprose*;
 'Twere pity treason at his door to lay
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key;
 Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
 Have four and twenty letters to abuse,
 Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 Indict him of a capital offense.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
 Og from a treason-tavern rolling home.
 Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue:

A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spewed to make the batter.
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before cursed him;
 And if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for heaven knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell
 That even on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
 He never was a poet of God's making:
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing — *Be thou dull*;
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write.
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity — but for the pen;
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayest live, avoiding pen and ink.
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason, blotched in rhyme, will be thy bane;
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck.
 Why should thy meter good King David blast?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 How darest thou in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foiled in prose?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
 For writing treason and for writing dull;
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.
 Hadst thou the glories of thy King exprest,
 Thy praises had been satires at the best;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlicked, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
 But of King David's foes be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom;
 And for my foes may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg and to write like thee.

THE BETRAYAL.

BY THOMAS OTWAY.

(From "Venice Preserved.")

[THOMAS OTWAY, English dramatist, was born in Sussex, March 3, 1651. He was educated at Winchester, and at Christ Church, Oxford; attempted to become an actor; became a playwright and dissolute bohemian; and died April 14, 1685. His one remembered play is "Venice Preserved" (1682); but he wrote also "The Orphan," "The Soldier's Fortune;" its sequel "The Atheist," etc.]

Scene: The Senate House.

The Duke of VENICE, PRIULI, ANTONIO, and eight other Senators
discovered in session.

Duke —

Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak; why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honor, or its safety?

Priuli —

Could words express the story I've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep; tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more!

All the Senators —

How!

Priuli —

Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fixed;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn even this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning: but, if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world in after ages
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were.

Voices [without] —

Room, room, make room for some prisoners!

Second Senator —

Let's raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Prinli —

Speak there, what disturbance?

Officer —

Two prisoners have the guard seized in the streets,
Who say they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present danger.

All —

Give them entrance. —

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.

Well; who are you?

Jaffier —

A villain.

Antonio —

Short and pithy.
The man speaks well.

Jaffier —

Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title!

Duke —

'Tis rumored that a plot has been contrived
Against this state; that you've a share in't too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honor,
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

Jaffier —

Think not that I, to save my life, come hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice;
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke —

The slave capitulates [proposes conditions]!
Give him the tortures.

Jaffier —

That you dare not do;

Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
 To hear a story which you dread the truth of, —
 Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
 Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are whipped
 Into confessions: but a steady mind
 Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
 Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
 Again, by Heaven, I'll shut these lips forever;
 Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels
 Shall force a groan away that you may guess at.

Antonio — A bloody-minded fellow, I'll warrant; a damned
 bloody-minded fellow.

Duke —

Name your conditions.

Jaffier —

For myself full pardon,
 Besides the lives of two and twenty friends [*Delivers a list*
 Whose names are here enrolled: nay, let their crimes
 Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
 And sacred promise of this reverend council,
 That in a full assembly of the Senate
 The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
 And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All —

We'll swear.

Duke —

Propose the oath.

Jaffier —

By all the hopes
 Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
 Swear.

All —

We all swear.

Jaffier —

To grant me what I've asked,
 Ye swear?

All —

We swear.

Jaffier —

And as ye keep the oath,
 May you and your posterity be blessed,
 Or cursed forever!

All —

Else be cursed forever!

Jaffier —

Then here's the list, and with it the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. Now, fate, thou'st caught me.

[*Delivers another paper.*]

Antonio — Why, what a dreadful catalogue of cutthroats is here!
I'll warrant you, not one of these fellows but has a face like a lion.
I dare not so much as read their names over.

Duke —

Give order that all diligent search be made
To seize these men; their characters are public:
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a famed Grecian courtesan,
Called Aquilina; see that place secured.

Antonio —

What, my Nicky Nacky, hurry durry, Nicky
Nacky in the plot? — I'll make a speech. —
Most noble senators,
What headlong apprehension drives you on,
Right noble, wise, and truly solid senators,
To violate the laws and right of nations?
The lady is a lady of renown.
'Tis true, she holds a house of fair reception,
And though I say it myself, as many more
Can say as well as I —

Second Senator —

My lord, long speeches
Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us.
We all well know your interest in that lady;
The world talks loud on't.

Antonio —

Verily, I have done,
I say no more.

Duke —

But, since he has declared
Himself concerned, pray, captain, take great caution
To treat the fair one as becomes her character,
And let her bedchamber be searched with decency.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.

Jaffier —

Would the chains of death
Had bound me fast ere I had known this minute!
I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The history of my wickedness shall run

Down through the low traditions of the vulgar,
And boys be taught to tell the tale of Jaffier.

Duke —

Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaffier —

Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee!

[*Exeunt JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.*]

Voices [without] —

More traitors; room, room, make room there.

Duke —

How's this! Guards!
Where are our guards? Shut up the gates; the treason's
Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Officer —

My lords, more traitors;
Seized in the very act of consultation;
Furnished with arms and instruments of mischief. —
Bring in the prisoners.

Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, and other
Conspirators, in fetters, guarded.

Pierre —

You, my lords and fathers
(As you are pleased to call yourselves) of Venice,
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labored in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumphs ye bestow
On those that bring you conquests home, and honors?

Duke —

Go on; you shall be heard, sir.

Antonio —

And be hanged, too, I hope.

Pierre —

Are these the trophies I've deserved for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspired to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbors;
When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
And saw your wife, the Adriatic, plowed,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than yours,

Stepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
 The task of honor, and the way to greatness;
 Raised you from your capitulating fears,
 To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
 And this my recompense? If I'm a traitor,
 Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base enough
 And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

Duke —

Know you one Jaffier? [*All the Conspirators murmur.*

Pierre —

Yes, and know his virtue.
 His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
 From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Duke —

See him brought forth.

Reënter JAFFIER, guarded.

Pierre —

My friend too bound! nay, then,
 Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
 Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine,
 They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
 Call us all traitors: art thou one, my brother?

Jaffier —

To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
 That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
 And gave up honor to be sure of ruin.
 All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crowned,
 Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.

Pierre —

So, then, all's over:
 Venice has lost her freedom; I my life.
 No more; farewell.

Duke —

Say, will you make confession
 Of your vile deeds, and trust the Senate's mercy?

Pierre —

Cursed be your Senate; cursed your constitution;
 The curse of growing factions and division
 Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
 And make the robes of government you wear,
 Hateful to you, as these base chains to me!

Duke —

Pardon, or Death?

Pierre —

Death, honorable death !

Renault —

Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.

All Conspirators —

No shameful bonds, but honorable death.

Duke —

Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Exeunt all the Senators*]

Pierre —

Come, where's my dungeon ? lead me to my straw :

It will not be the first time I've lodged hard

To do your Senate service.

Jaffier —

Hold one moment.

Pierre —

Who's he disputes the judgment of the Senate ?

Presumptuous rebel — on ——— [Strikes JAFFIER.]

Jaffier —

By Heaven, you stir not !

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak.

Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow :

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?

But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries ;

Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,

With pity and with charity behold me ;

Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,

But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,

Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierre —

What whining monk art thou ? what holy cheat,

That wouldst enroach upon my credulous ears,

And cant'st thus vilely ? Hence ! I know thee not.

Dissemble and be nasty : leave me, hypocrite.

Jaffier —

Not know me, Pierre ?

Pierre —

No, know thee not : what art thou ?

Jaffier —

Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved, valued friend,

Though now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.

Pierre —

Thou Jaffier ! thou my once loved, valued friend ?

By Heavens, thou liest! The man so called, my friend,
 Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
 Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
 Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:
 But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
 Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
 Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
 Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.

Jaffier —

I have not wronged thee, by these tears I have not,
 But still am honest, true, and hope, too, valiant;
 My mind still full of thee: therefore still noble.
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly: oh, look upon me,
 Look back and see my sad, sincere submission!
 How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst my bosom,
 Fond of its goal, and laboring to be at thee!
 What shall I do — what say to make thee hear me?

Pierre —

Hast thou not wronged me? dar'st thou call thyself
 Jaffier, that once loved, valued friend of mine,
 And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
 Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
 Whence this dishonor, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaffier —

All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierre —

What's that?

Jaffier —

To take thy life on such conditions
 The Council have proposed: thou and thy friends
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierre —

Life! ask my life? confess! record myself
 A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
 And carry up and down this cursèd city
 A discontented and repining spirit,
 Burthensome to itself, a few years longer,
 To lose it, maybe, at last in a lewd quarrel
 For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
 No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
 And cannot part on better terms than now,
 When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaffier —

By all that's just —

Pierre —

Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaffier —

Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself, at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.

Pierre —

Not leave me!

Jaffier —

No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:
Lie at thy feet and kiss them, though they spurn me,
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pierre —

Art thou not ——

Jaffier —

What?

Pierre —

A traitor?

Jaffier —

Yes.

Pierre —

A villain?

Jaffier —

Granted.

Pierre —

A coward, a most scandalous coward,
Spiritless, void of honor, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

Jaffier —

All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless.

Pierre —

And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false ——

Jaffier —

No; 'tis to me that's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pierre —

I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:

And as when first my foolish heart took pity
 On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
 Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from thy state
 Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plunged thee,
 To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
 All I received in surety for thy truth
 Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
 Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen,
 So I restore it back to thee again;
 Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
 Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
 Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.
 Take it — farewell! — for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaffier —

Say thou wilt live then.

Pierre —

For my life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.

Jaffier —

O Pierre!

Pierre —

No more.

Jaffier —

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,

But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pierre —

Leave me! — Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me,
 And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee!

[*Exeunt PIERRE and Conspirators, guarded.*]



EPITAPH ON CHARLES II.

By LORD ROCHESTER.

[1647-1680.]

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
 Whose word no man relies on;
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 Nor ever did a wise one.

[Charles retorted that this was quite natural, as his words were his own and his acts were his ministers'.]

A CHARACTER OF KING CHARLES II.

By LORD HALIFAX.

[GEORGE SAVILE, Marquis of Halifax, a leading English statesman of the later seventeenth century, and one of the ablest pamphleteers of any age, was born about 1630, of two powerful families, Savile and Coventry. For his part in the Restoration he was raised from baronet to viscount; and, though soon alienating the king by his independence, was admitted to the Privy Council because the government dared not leave so formidable a master of debate and of ridicule outside. Though taking part in weighty business and embassies, he was not trusted with the scandalous secrets of the now Catholic government, and was ousted by Danby in 1676; but in 1679 was made an earl, and again admitted after Danby's fall. He was always a moderate, — a "Trimmer," as the name went, — opposed the Test Bill of 1675, and in 1679 the Exclusion Bill to bar out Catholics from the succession, aimed at James II., and alone secured its rejection by a narrow majority. This cost him the good-will of the great middle class, without gaining that of James, whose hands his restrictive measures would tie as king. On James's accession he was first given a powerless office; then, on refusing to vote for the repeal of the Test and Habeas Corpus Acts, dismissed from the Council. He nevertheless disavored William's invasion, and tried to stop it by securing concessions from James; failing, and James fleeing, he joined in placing William on the throne. The ruling orders and High Church class wished a regency, but Halifax voted against it, and thereby alienated the other half of the country, though he did so because William absolutely refused anything short of a complete kingship. He was made a marquis and Lord Privy Seal by William; but the whole nation now distrusted him, his political usefulness was at an end, and he shortly resigned. He died in 1695. His most famous pamphlets were "A Letter to a Dissenter," to keep the Nonconformists from accepting James's offer of joint relief for them and the Catholics; "The Anatomy of an Equivalent" (*i.e.*, for letting the king dispense with the test laws by his own prerogative); and the "Character of a Trimmer." His "Advice to his Daughter" and other papers are also of high quality.]

I. OF HIS RELIGION.

A CHARACTER differeth from a picture only in this; every part of it must be like, but it is not necessary that every feature should be comprehended in it as in a picture, only some of the most remarkable.

This prince at his first entrance into the world had adversity for his introducer; which is generally thought to be no ill one, but in his case it proved so, and laid the foundation of most of those misfortunes or errors that were the causes of the great objections made to him.

The first effect it had was in relation to his religion.

The ill-bred familiarity of the Scotch divines had given him a distaste of that part of the Protestant religion. He was left,

then, to the little remnant of the Church of England on the Fauxbourg St. Germain, which made such a kind of figure as might easily be turned in such a manner as to make him lose his veneration for it. In a refined country, where religion appeared in pomp and splendor, the outward appearance of such unfashionable men was made an argument against their religion, and a young prince not averse to raillery was the more susceptible of a contempt for it.

The company he kept, the men in his pleasures, and the arguments of state that he should not appear too much a Protestant whilst he expected assistance from a Popish prince; all these, together with a habit encouraged by an application to his pleasures, did so loosen and untie him from his first impressions, that I take it for granted after the first year or two he was no more a Protestant. If you ask me what he was, my answer must be that he was of the religion of a young prince in his warm blood, whose inquiries were more applied to find arguments against believing than to lay any settled foundations for acknowledging Providence, mysteries, etc. A general creed, and no very long one, may be presumed to be the utmost religion of one whose age and inclination could not well spare any thoughts that did not tend to his pleasures.

In this kind of indifference or unthinkingness, which is too natural in the beginnings of life to be heavily censured, I will suppose he might pass some considerable part of his youth. I must presume, too, that no occasions were lost during that time to insinuate everything to bend him towards Popery. Great art without intermission against youth and easiness, which are seldom upon their guard, must have its effect. A man is to be admired if he resisteth, and therefore cannot reasonably be blamed if he yieldeth to them. When the critical minute was I'll not undertake to determine, but certainly the inward conviction doth generally precede the outward declarations, at what distances dependeth upon men's several complexions and circumstances; no stated period can be fixed.

It will be said that he had not religion enough to have conviction; that is a vulgar error. Conviction, indeed, is not a proper word but where a man is convinced by reason; but in the common acceptation it is applied to those who cannot tell why they are so. If men can be at least as positive in a mistake as when they are in the right, they may be as clearly convinced when they do not know why as when they do.

I must presume that no man of the King's age and his methods of life could possibly give a good reason for changing the religion in which he was born, let it be what it will. But our passions are much oftener convinced than our reason. He had but little reading, and that tending to his pleasures more than to his instruction. In the library of a young prince the solemn folios are not much rumpled; books of a lighter digestion have the dog's ears.

Some pretend to be very precise in the time of his reconciling—the Cardinal de Retz, etc. I will not enter into it minutely, but whenever it was, it is observable that the government of France did not think it advisable to discover it openly, upon which such obvious reflections may be made that I will not mention them.

Such a secret can never be put into a place which is so closely stopped that there shall be no chinks. Whispers went about; particular men had intimations; Cromwell had his advertisements in other things, and this was as well worth his paying for. There was enough said of it to startle a great many, though not universally diffused; so much, that if the Government here had not crumbled of itself, his right alone, with that and other clogs upon it, would hardly have thrown it down. I conclude that when he came into England he was as certainly a Roman Catholic as that he was a man of pleasure, both very consistent by visible experience.

It is impertinent to give reasons for men's changing their religion. None can give them but themselves, as every man has quite a different way of arguing—a thing which may be very well accounted for. They are different kinds of wit, to be quick to find a fault and to be capable to find out a truth. There must be industry in the last; the first requires only a lively heat that catcheth hold of the weak side of anything, but to choose the strong one is another talent. The reason why men of wit are often the laziest in their inquiries, is that their heat carrieth their thoughts so fast that they are apt to be tired, and they faint in the drudgery of a continued application. Have not men of great wit in all times permitted their understandings to give way to their first impressions? It taketh off from the diminution when a man doth not mind a thing, and the King had then other business. The inferior part of the man was then in possession, and the faculties of the brain, as to serious and painful inquiries, were laid asleep at least, though not

extinguished. Careless men are most subject to superstition. Those who do not study reason enough to make it their guide have more unevenness; as they have neglects, so they have starts and frights; dreams will serve the turn; omens and sicknesses have violent and sudden effects upon them. Nor is the strength of an argument so effectual from the intrinsic force as by its being well suited to the temper of the party.

The genteel part of the Catholic religion might tempt a prince that had more of the fine gentleman than his governing capacity required, and the exercise of indulgence to sinners being more frequent in it than of inflicting penance, might be some recommendation. Mistresses of that faith are stronger specifics in this case than any that are in physic.

The Roman Catholics complained of his breach of promise to them very early. There were broad peepings out, glimpses so often repeated, that to discerning eyes it was flaring; in the very first year there were such suspicions as produced melancholy shakings of the head, which were very significant. His unwillingness to marry a Protestant was remarkable, though both the Catholic and the Christian crown would have adopted her. Very early in his youth, when any German princess was proposed, he put off the discourse with raillery. A thousand little circumstances were a kind of accumulative evidence, which in these cases may be admitted.

Men that were earnest Protestants were under the sharpness of his displeasure, expressed by raillery as well as by other ways. Men near him have made discoveries from sudden breakings out in discourse, etc., which showed there was a root. It was not the least skillful part of his concealing himself to make the world think he leaned towards an indifference in religion.

He had sicknesses before his death, in which he did not trouble any Protestant divines; those who saw him upon his death-bed saw a great deal.

As to his writing those papers,¹ he might do it. Though neither his temper nor education made him very fit to be an author, yet in this case (a known topic, so very often repeated) he might write it all himself, and yet not one word of it his own. That Church's argument doth so agree with men unwilling to take pains, the temptation of putting an end to all the

¹ Two papers in defense of the Roman Catholic religion found in this King's strong box, in his own hand, and published by King James II. afterwards. Ormond believed he had only copied them. Burnet did not think they were his.

trouble of inquiring is so great that it must be very strong reason that can resist. The King had only his mere natural faculties, without any acquisitions to improve them, so that it is no wonder if an argument which gave such ease and relief to his mind made such an impression, that with thinking often of it (as men are apt to do of everything they like) he might, by the effect chiefly of his memory, put together a few lines with his own hand without any help at the time ; in which there was nothing extraordinary, but that one so little inclined to write at all should prevail with himself to do it with the solemnity of a casuist.

II. HIS DISSIMULATION.

One great objection made to him was the concealing himself and disguising his thoughts. In this there ought a latitude to be given : it is a defect not to have it at all, and a fault to have it too much. Human nature will not allow the mean : like all other things, as soon as ever men get to do them well, they cannot easily hold from doing them too much. 'Tis the case even in the least things, as singing, etc.

In France he was to dissemble injuries and neglects from one reason ; in England he was to dissemble, too, though for other causes. A king upon the throne hath as great temptations (though of another kind) to dissemble, as a king in exile. The King of France might have his times of dissembling as much with him as he could have to do it with the King of France ; so he was in school.

No king can be so little inclined to dissemble but he must needs learn it from his subjects, who every day give him such lessons of it. Dissimulation is like most other qualities : it hath two sides ; it is necessary, and yet it is dangerous, too. To have none at all layeth a man open to contempt ; to have too much exposeth him to suspicion, which is only the less dishonorable inconvenience. If a man doth not take very great precautions, he is never so much showed as when he endeavoreth to hide himself. One man cannot take more pains to hide himself than another will do to see into him, especially in the case of kings.

It is none of the exalted faculties of the mind, since there are chambermaids will do it better than any prince in Christendom. Men given to dissembling are like rooks at play — they

will cheat for shillings, they are so used to it. The vulgar definition of dissembling is downright lying; that kind of it which is less ill-bred cometh pretty near it. Only princes and persons of honor must have gentler words given to their faults than the nature of them may in themselves deserve.

Princes dissemble with too many not to have it discovered; no wonder, then, that he carried it so far that it was discovered. Men compared notes and got evidence, so that those whose morality would give them leave, took it for an excuse for serving him ill. Those who knew his face fixed their eyes there, and thought it of more importance to see than to hear what he said. His face was as little a blab as most men's, yet, though it could not be called a prattling face, it would sometimes tell tales to a good observer. When he thought fit to be angry he had a very peevish memory; there was hardly a blot that escaped him. At the same time that this showed the strength of his dissimulation, it gave warning, too; it fitted his present purpose, but it made a discovery that put men more upon their guard against him. Only self-flattery furnisheth perpetual arguments to trust again; the comfortable opinion men have of themselves keepeth up human society, which would be more than half destroyed without it.

III. HIS AMOURS, MISTRESSES, ETC.

It may be said that his inclinations to love were the effects of health and a good constitution, with as little mixture of the seraphic part as ever man had, and though from that foundation men often raise their passions, I am apt to think his stayed as much as any man's ever did in the lower region. This made him like easy mistresses — they were generally resigned to him while he was abroad, with an implied bargain. Heroic, refined lovers place a good deal of their pleasure in the difficulty, both for the vanity of conquest and as a better earnest of their kindness.

After he was restored, mistresses were recommended to him; which is no small matter in a court, and not unworthy the thought even of a party. A mistress either dexterous in herself or well-instructed by those that are so, may be very useful to her friends, not only in the immediate hours of her ministry, but by her influences and insinuations at other times. It was resolved generally by others whom he should have in

his arms, as well as whom he should have in his councils. Of a man who was so capable of choosing, he chose as seldom as any man that ever lived.

He had more properly, at least in the beginning of his time, a good stomach to his mistresses, than any great passion for them. His taking them from others was never learnt in a romance; and indeed fitter for a philosopher than a knight-errant. His patience for their frailties showed him no exact-[ing] lover. It is heresy, according to a true lover's creed, ever to forgive an infidelity, or the appearance of it. Love of ease will not do it where the heart is much engaged; but where mere nature is the motive, it is possible for a man to think righter than the common opinion, and to argue that a rival taketh away nothing but the heart, and leaveth all the rest.

In his latter times he had no love, but insensible engagements that made it harder than most might apprehend to untie them. The politics might have their part; a secret, a commission, a confidence in critical things, though it doth not give a lease for a precise term of years, yet there may be difficulties in dismissing them; there may be no love all the while; perhaps the contrary.

He was said to be as little constant as they were thought to be. Though he had no love, he must have some appetite, or else he could not keep them for mere ease, or for the love of sauntering. Mistresses are frequently apt to be uneasy; they are in all respects craving creatures: so that though the taste of those joys might be flattened; yet a man who loved pleasure so as to be very unwilling to part with it, might (with the assistance of his fancy, which doth not grow old so fast) reserve some supplemental entertainments that might make their personal service be still of use to him. The definition of pleasure is, what pleaseth; and if that which grave men may call a corrupted fancy shall administer any remedies for putting off mourning for the loss of youth, who shall blame it?

The young men seldom apply their censure to these matters; and the elder have an interest to be gentle towards a mistake, that seemeth to make some kind of amends for their decays.

He had wit enough to suspect, and he had wit enough, too, not to care: the ladies got a great deal more than would have been allowed to be an equal bargain in Chancery, for what they did for it, but neither the manner nor the measure of pleasure is to be judged by others.

Little inducements at first grew into strong reasons by degrees. Men do not consider circumstances, but judge at a distance, by a general way of arguing ; conclude if a mistress in some cases is not immediately turned off, it must needs be that the gallant is incurably subjected. This will by no means hold in private men, much less in princes, who are under more entanglements, from which they cannot so easily loosen themselves.

His mistresses were as different in their humors as they were in their looks. They gave matter of very different reflections. The last especially [Duchess of Portland] was quite out of the definition of an ordinary mistress ; the causes and the manner of her being first introduced were very different. A very peculiar distinction was spoken of, some extraordinary solemnities that might dignify, though not sanctify, her function. Her chamber was the true Cabinet Council. The King did always by his councils, as he did sometimes by his meals : he sat down out of form with the Queen, but he supped below stairs. To have the secrets of a king, who happens to have too many, is to have a king in chains : he must not only not part with her, but he must in his own defense dissemble his dislike ; the less kindness he hath, the more he must show. There is great difference between being muffled, and being tied : he was the first, not the last. If he had quarreled at some times, besides other advantages, this mistress had a powerful second (one may suppose a kind of guarantee) ; this to a man that loved his ease, though his age had not helped, was sufficient.

The thing called sauntering is a stronger temptation to princes than it is to others. They being called with importunities, pursued from one room to another with asking faces ; the dismal sound of unreasonable complaints and ill-grounded pretenses ; the deformity of fraud ill disguised — all these would make any man run away from them ; and I used to think it was the motive for making him walk so fast. So it was, more properly taking sanctuary. To get into a room, where all business was to stay at the door, excepting such as he was disposed to admit, might be very acceptable to a younger man than he was, and less given to his ease. He slumbered after dinner, had the noise of the company to divert him, without their solicitations to importune him. In these hours where he was more unguarded, no doubt the cunning men of the court took their times to make their observations, and there is as little

doubt but he made his upon them, too : where men had chinks he would see through them as soon as any man about him. There was much more real business done there in his politic than there was in his personal capacity, *stans pede in uno* ; and there was the French part of the Government, which was not the least.

In short, without endeavoring to find more arguments, he was used to it. Men do not care to put off a habit, nor do often succeed when they go about it. His was not an unthinkingness : but he did not perhaps think so much of his subjects as they might wish ; but he was far from being wanting to think of himself.

IV. HIS CONDUCT TO HIS MINISTERS.

He lived with his ministers as he did with his mistresses ; he used them, but he was not in love with them. He showed his judgment in this, that he cannot properly be said ever to have had a favorite, though some might look so at a distance. The present use he might have of them made him throw favors upon them, which might lead the lookers-on into that mistake ; but he tied himself no more to them than they did to him, which implied a sufficient liberty on either side.

Perhaps he made dear purchases : if he seldom gave profusely but where he expected some unreasonable thing, great rewards were material evidences against those who received them.

He was free of access to them, which was a very gaining quality. He had at least as good a memory for the faults of his ministers as for their services : and whenever they fell, the whole inventory came out ; there was not a slip omitted.

That some of his ministers seemed to have a superiority did not spring from his resignation to them, but to his ease. He chose rather to be eclipsed than to be troubled.

His brother was a minister, and he had his jealousies of him. At the same time that he raised him, he was not displeased to have him lessened. The cunning observers found this out, and at the same time that he reigned in the Cabinet he was very familiarly used at the private supper.

A minister turned off is like a lady's waiting-woman, that knoweth all her washes, and hath a shrewd guess at her strayings : so there is danger in turning them off, as well as in keeping them.

He had back stairs to convey informations to him, as well as for other uses; and though such informations are sometimes dangerous (especially to a prince that will not take the pains necessary to digest them), yet in the main, that humor of hearing everybody against anybody kept those about him in more awe than they would have been without it. I do not believe that he ever trusted any man, or any set of men, so entirely as not to have some secrets in which they had no share: as this might make him less well served, so in some degree it might make him the less imposed upon.

You may reckon under this article his female ministry; for though he had ministers of the council, ministers of the cabinet, and ministers of the ruelle, the ruelle was often the last appeal. Those who were not well there, were used because they were necessary at the time, not because they were liked; so that their tenure was a little uncertain. His ministers were to administer business to him as doctors do physic — wrap it up in something to make it less unpleasant; some skillful digressions were so far from being impertinent, that they could not many times fix him to a fair audience without them. His aversion to formality made him dislike a serious discourse, if very long, except it was mixed with something to entertain him. Some (even of the graver sort, too) used to carry this very far, and, rather than fail, use the coarsest kind of youthful talk.

In general, he was on pretty even terms with his ministers, and could [as] easily bear their being hanged as some of them could his being abused.

V. OF HIS WIT AND CONVERSATION.

His wit consisted chiefly in the quickness of his apprehension. His apprehension made him find faults, and that led him to short sayings upon them, not always equal, but often very good.

By his being abroad, he contracted a habit of conversing familiarly, which, added to his natural genius, made him very apt to talk; perhaps more than a very nice judgment would approve.

He was apter to make broad allusions upon anything that gave the least occasion than was altogether suitable with the very good breeding he showed in most other things. The company he kept whilst abroad had so used him to that sort of

dialect that he was so far from thinking it a fault or an indecency that he made it a matter of raillery upon those who could not prevail upon themselves to join in it. As a man who hath a good stomach loveth generally to talk of meat, so, in the vigor of his age, he began that style, which by degrees grew so natural to him, that after he ceased to do it out of pleasure, he continued to do it out of custom. The hypocrisy of former times inclined men to think they could not show too great an aversion to it, and that helped to encourage this unbounded liberty of talking, without the restraints of decency which were before observed. In his more familiar conversation with the ladies, even they must be passive, if they would not enter into it. How far sounds as well as objects may have their effects to raise inclination, might be an argument to him to use that style; or whether using liberty at its full stretch was not the general inducement without any particular motives to it.

The manner of that time of telling stories, had drawn him into it; being commended at first for the faculty of telling a tale well, he might insensibly be betrayed to exercise it too often. Stories are dangerous in this, that the best expose a man most, by being oftenest repeated. It might pass for an evidence for the moderns against¹ the ancients, that it is now wholly left off by all that have any pretense to be distinguished by their good sense.

He had the improvements of wine, etc., which made him pleasant and easy in company, where he bore his part, and was acceptable even to those who had no other design than to be merry with him.

The thing called wit, a prince may taste, but it is dangerous for him to take too much of it; it hath allurements which, by refining his thoughts, take off from their dignity, in applying them less to the governing part. There is a charm in wit, which a prince must resist: and that to him was no easy matter; it was contesting with nature upon terms of disadvantage.

His wit was not so ill-natured as to put men out of countenance. In the case of a king especially, it is allowable to speak more sharply of them than to them.

His wit was not acquired by reading; that which he had above his original stock by nature, was from company, in which he was very capable to observe. He could not so properly be

¹ See Macaulay on Sir William Temple, page 270.

said to have a wit very much raised, as a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit.

But of all men that ever liked those who had wit, he could the best endure those who had none. This leaneth more towards a satire than a compliment, in this respect, that he could not only suffer impertinence, but at some times seemed to be pleased with it.

He encouraged some to talk a good deal more with him than one would have expected from a man of so good a taste. He should rather have ordered his attorney-general to prosecute them for a misdemeanor in using common-sense so scurvily in his presence. However, if this was a fault, it is arrogant for any of his subjects to object to it, since it would look like defying such a piece of indulgence. He must, in some degree, loosen the strength of his wit by his condescension to talk with men so very unequal to him. Wit must be used to some equality, which may give it exercise, or else it is apt either to languish, or to grow a little vulgar, by reigning amongst men of a lower size, where there is no awe to keep a man upon his guard.

It fell out rather by accident than by choice that his mistresses were such as did not care that wit of the best kind should have the precedence in their apartments. Sharp and strong wit will not always be so held in by good manners, as not to be a little troublesome in a *ruelle* [bedchamber reception]. But wherever impertinence [folly] hath wit enough left to be thankful for being well used, it will not only be admitted, but kindly received; such charms everything hath that setteth us off by comparison.

His affability was a part, and perhaps not the least, of his wit.

It is a quality that must [may] not always spring from the heart; men's pride, as well as their weakness, maketh them ready to be deceived by it. They are more ready to believe it a homage paid to their merit, than a bait thrown out to deceive them. Princes have a particular advantage.

There was at first as much of art as nature in his affability, but by habit it became natural. It is an error of the better hand, but the universality taketh away a good deal of the force of it. A man that hath had a kind look seconded with engaging words, whilst he is chewing the pleasure, if another in his sight should be just received [received just] as kindly,

that equality would presently alter the relish. The pride of mankind will have distinction, till at last it cometh to smile for smile, meaning nothing of either side; without any kind of effect; mere drawing-room compliments; the bow alone would be better without them. He was under some disadvantages of this kind, that grew still in proportion as it came by time to be more known that there was less signification in those things than at first was thought.

The familiarity of his wit must needs have the effect of lessening the distance fit to be kept to him. The freedom used to him whilst abroad was retained by those who used it longer than either they ought to have kept it or he have suffered it, and others by their example learned to use the same. A King of Spain that will say nothing but *Tiendro Cuidado*,¹ will, to the generality, preserve more respect; an engine that will speak but sometimes, at the same time that it will draw the raillery of the few who judge well, it will create respect in the ill-judging generality. Formality is sufficiently revenged upon the world for being so unreasonably laughed at; it is destroyed, it is true, but it hath the spiteful satisfaction of seeing everything destroyed with it.

His fine-gentlemanish did him no good, encouraged in it by being too much applauded.

His wit was better suited to his condition before he was restored than afterwards. The wit of a gentleman, and that of a crowned head, ought to be different things. As there is a Crown Law, there is a Crown wit too. To use it with reserve is very good, and very rare. There is a dignity in doing things seldom, even without any other circumstance. Where wit will run continually, the spring is apt to fail; so that it groweth vulgar, and the more it is practiced, the more it is debased.

He was so good at finding out other men's weak sides, that it made him less intent to cure his own: that generally happeneth. It may be called a treacherous talent, for it betrayeth a man to forget to judge himself, by being so eager to censure others. This doth so misguide men the first part of their lives, that the habit of it is not easily recovered when the greater ripeness of their judgment inclineth them to look more into themselves than into other men.

Men love to see themselves in the false looking-glass of

¹ Query, *Tendre cuidado*, "I will take care."

other men's failings. It maketh a man think well of himself at the time, and by sending his thoughts abroad to get food for laughing, they are less at leisure to see faults at home. Men choose rather to make the war in another country than to keep all well at home.

VI. HIS TALENTS, TEMPER, HABITS, ETC.

He had a mechanical head, which appeared in his inclination to shipping and fortification, etc. This would make one conclude that his thoughts would naturally have been more fixed to business if his pleasures had not drawn them away from it.

He had a very good memory, though he would not always make equal good use of it. So that if he had accustomed himself to direct his faculties to his business, I see no reason why he might not have been a good master of it. His chain of memory was longer than his chain of thought: the first could bear any burden, the other was tired by being carried on too long; it was fit to ride a heat, but it had not wind enough for a long course.

A very great memory often forgetteth how much time is lost by repeating things of no use. It was one reason of his talking so much; since a great memory will always have something to say, and will be discharging itself, whether in or out of season, if a good judgment doth not go along with it to make it stop and turn. One might say of his memory that it was a *Beauté journalière* [handsome scrub-woman]. Sometimes he would make shrewd applications, etc., at others he would bring things out of it that never deserved to be laid in it.

He grew by age into a pretty exact distribution of his hours, both for his business, pleasures, and the exercise for his health, of which he took as much care as could possibly consist with some liberties he was resolved to indulge in himself. He walked by his watch, and when he pulled it out to look upon it, skillful men would make haste with what they had to say to him.

He was often retained in his personal against his politic[al] capacity. He would speak upon those occasions most dexterously against himself. Charles Stuart would be bribed against the King, and in the distinction, he leaned more to his natural self than his character [political functions] would allow. He would not suffer himself to be so much fettered by

his character as was convenient; he was still starting out of it; the power of nature was too strong for the dignity of his calling, which generally yielded as often as there was a contest.

It was not the best use he made of his back stairs to admit men to bribe him against himself, to procure a defalcation, help a lame accountant to get off, or side with the farmers against the improvement of the revenue. The King was made the instrument to defraud the Crown, which is somewhat extraordinary.

That which might tempt him to it probably was his finding that those about him so often took money upon those occasions; so that he thought he might do well at least to be a partner. He did not take the money to hoard it: there were those at court who watched those times, as the Spaniards do for the coming in of the Plate Fleet. The beggars of both sexes helped to empty his cabinet, and to leave room in them for a new lading upon the next occasion. These negotiators played double with him too, when it was for their purpose to do so. He knew it, and went on still: so he gained his present end at the time, he was less solicitous to inquire into the consequences.

He could not properly be said to be either covetous or liberal: his desire to get was not with an intention to be rich; and his spending was rather an easiness in letting money go than any premeditated thought for the distribution of it. He would do as much to throw off the burden of a present importunity as he would to relieve a want.

When once the aversion to bear uneasiness taketh place in a man's mind, it doth so check all the passions that they are damped into a kind of indifference; they grow faint and languishing, and come to be subordinate to that fundamental maxim of not purchasing anything at the price of a difficulty. This made that he had as little eagerness to oblige as he had to hurt men; the motive of his giving bounties was rather to make men less uneasy to him than more easy to themselves; and yet no ill-nature all this while. He would slide from an asking face, and could guess very well. It [the act of giving] was throwing a man off from his shoulder that leaned upon them with his whole weight; so that the party was not gladder to receive than he was to give. It was a kind of implied bargain; though men seldom kept it, being so apt to forget the advantage they had received that they would presume the King would as

little remember the good he had done them, so as to make it an argument against their next request.

This principle of making the love of ease exercise an entire sovereignty in his thoughts, would have been less censured in a private man than might be in a prince. The consequence of it to the public changeth the nature of that quality; or else a philosopher in his private capacity might say a great deal to justify it. The truth is, a king is to be such a distinct creature from a man that their thoughts are to be put in quite a differing shape, and it is such a disquieting task to reconcile them, that princes might rather expect to be lamented than to be envied, for being in a station that exposeth them, if they do not do more to answer men's expectations than human nature will allow.

That men have the less ease for their loving it so much, is so far from a wonder, that it is a natural consequence, especially in the case of a prince. Ease is seldom got without some pains, but it is yet seldomer kept without them. He thought giving would make men more easy to him, whereas he might have known it would make them more troublesome.

When men receive benefits from princes, they attribute less to his generosity than to their own deserts; so that [as] in their own opinion their merit cannot be bounded, by that mistaken rule, it can as little be satisfied. They would take it for a diminution to have it circumscribed. Merit hath a thirst upon it that can never be quenched by golden showers. It is not only still ready, but greedy to receive more. This King Charles found in as many instances as any prince that ever reigned, because the easiness of access introducing the good success of their first request, they were the more encouraged to repeat those importunities, which had been more effectually stopped in the beginning by a short and resolute denial. But his nature did not dispose him to that method; it directed him rather to put off the troublesome minute for the time, and that being his inclination, he did not care to struggle with it.

I am of an opinion, in which I am every day more confirmed by observation, that gratitude is one of those things that cannot be bought. It must be born with men, or else all the obligations in the world will not create it. An outward show may be made to satisfy decency, and to prevent reproach; but a real sense of a kind thing is a gift of nature, and never was, nor can be, acquired.

The love of ease is an opiate; it is pleasing for the time, quieteth the spirits; but it hath its effects that seldom fail to be most fatal. The immoderate love of ease maketh a man's mind pay a passive obedience to anything that happeneth. It reduceth the thoughts from having desire to be content.

It must be allowed that he had a little over-balance on the well-natured side, not vigor enough to be earnest to do a kind thing, much less to do a harsh one; but if a hard thing was done to another man, he did not eat his supper the worse for it. It was rather a deadness than severity of nature, whether it proceeded from dissipation of spirits, or by the habit of living in which he was engaged.

If a king should be born with more tenderness than might suit with his office, he would in time be hardened. The faults of his subjects make severity so necessary that, by the frequent occasions given to use it, it comes to be habitual, and by degrees the resistance that nature made at first groweth fainter, till at last it is in a manner quite extinguished.

In short, this prince might more properly be said to have gifts than virtues, as affability, easiness of living, inclinations to give, and to forgive: qualities that flowed from his nature rather than from his virtue.

He had not more application to anything than to the preservation of his health; it had an entire preference to anything else in his thoughts, and he might be said (without aggravation) to study that with as little intermission as any man in the world. He understood it very well, only in this he failed, that he thought it was more reconcilable with his pleasures than it really was. It is natural to have such a mind to reconcile these, that 'tis the easier for any man that goeth about it to be guilty of that mistake.

This made him overdo in point of nourishment, the better to furnish to those entertainments; and then he thought by great exercise to make amends, and to prevent the ill effects of his blood being too much raised. The success he had in this method, whilst he had youth and vigor to support him in it, encouraged him to continue it longer than nature allowed. Age stealeth so insensibly upon us, that we do not think of suiting our way of reasoning to the several stages of life; so insensibly that, not being able to pitch upon any precise time when we cease to be young, we either flatter ourselves that we always continue to be so, or at least forget how much we are mistaken in it.

VII. CONCLUSION.

After all this, when some rough strokes of the pencil have made several parts of the picture a little hard, it is a justice that would be due to every man, much more to a prince, to make some amends, and to reconcile men as much as may be to it by the last finishing.

He had as good a claim to a kind interpretation as most men. First as a prince—living and dead, generous and well-bred men will be gentle to them; next as an unfortunate prince in the beginning of his time, and a gentle one in the rest.

A prince neither sharpened [soured] by his misfortunes whilst abroad, nor by his power when restored, is such a shining character that it is a reproach not to be so dazzled with it as not to be able to see it a fault in its full light. It would be a scandal in this case to have an exact memory. And if all who are akin to his vices should mourn for him, never prince would be better attended to his grave. He is under the protection of common frailty, that must engage men for their own sakes not to be too severe where they themselves have so much to answer.

What therefore an angry philosopher would call lewdness, let frailer men call a warmth and sweetness of the blood, that would not be confined in the communicating itself; an overflowing of good nature, of which he had such a stream that it would not be restrained within the banks of a crabbed and unsociable virtue.

If he had sometimes less firmness than might have been wished, let the kindest reason be given, and if that should be wanting, the best excuse. I would assign the cause of it to be his loving, at any rate, to be easy, and his deserving the more to be indulged in it by his desiring that everybody else should be so.

If he sometimes let a servant fall, let it be examined whether he did not weigh so much upon his master as to give him a fair excuse. That yieldingness, whatever foundations it might lay to the disadvantage of posterity, was a specific to preserve us in peace for his own time. If he loved too much to lie upon his own down-bed of ease, his subjects had the pleasure, during his reign, of lolling and stretching upon theirs. As a sword is sooner broken upon a feather-bed than upon a table, so his pliantness broke the blow of a present mischief much better than a more immediate resistance would perhaps have done.

Ruin saw this, and therefore removed him first to make way for further overturnings.

If he dissembled, let us remember, first, that he was a king, and that dissimulation is a jewel of the Crown; next, that it is very hard for a man not to do sometimes too much of that which he concludeth necessary for him to practice. Men should consider that, as there would be no false dice if there were no true ones, so if dissembling is grown universal, it ceaseth to be foul play, having an implied allowance by the general practice. He that was so often forced to dissemble in his own defense, might the better have the privilege sometimes to be the aggressor, and to deal with men at their own weapon.

Subjects are apt to be as arbitrary in their censure as the most assuming kings can be in their power. If there might be matter for objections, there is not less reason for excuses; the defects laid to his charge are such as may claim indulgence from mankind.

Should nobody throw a stone at his faults but those who are free from them, there would be but a slender shower.

What private man will throw stones at him because he loved? Or what prince because he dissembled?

If he either trusted or forgave his enemies, or in some cases neglected his friends, more than could in strictness be allowed, let not those errors be so arraigned as to take away the privilege that seemeth to be due to princely frailties. If princes are under the misfortune of being accused to govern ill, their subjects have the less right to fall hard upon them, since they generally so little deserve to be governed well.

The truth is, the calling of a king, with all its glittering, hath such an unreasonable weight upon it that they may rather expect to be lamented than to be envied for being set upon a pinnacle, where they are exposed to censure if they do not do more to answer men's expectations than corrupt nature will allow.

It is but justice therefore to this prince, to give all due softnings to the less shining parts of his life; to offer flowers and leaves to hide, instead of using aggravations to expose them.

Let his royal ashes then lie soft upon him, and cover him from harsh and unkind censures; which though they should not be unjust, can never clear themselves from being indecent.

PROVIDENCE AND HUMAN FORTUNES.

By ROBERT SOUTH.

[ROBERT SOUTH, whose sermons are still valued for their sound English style and piquant energy, was born near London in 1633 ; and going to Christ Church, Oxford, was made public orator of the university in 1660, and canon of the college in 1670. He became chaplain to Lord Clarendon, and 1676 to the embassy to Poland, of which he wrote an account. In 1693 he held a debate with Dr. Sherlock on the Trinity, with the odd result that both were charged with heresy. He died 1716, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His sermons, in whole or part, have been often reprinted.]

PREACHED AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FEBRUARY 22, 1685.

PROV. XIV. 33. — The lot is cast into the lap ; but the whole disposing of it is of the Lord.

I CANNOT think myself engaged from these words to discourse of lots, as to their nature, use, and allowableness : and that not only in matters of moment and business, but also of recreation ; which latter is indeed impugned by some, though better defended by others : but I shall fix only upon the design of the words, which seems to be a declaration of a divine perfection by a signal instance ; a proof of the exactness and universality of God's providence from its influence upon a thing of all others, the most casual and fortuitous, such as is the casting of lots.

A lot is properly a casual event, purposely applied to the determination of some doubtful thing.

Some there are who utterly proscribe the name of *chance*, as a word of impious and profane signification ; and indeed, if it be taken by us in that sense in which it was used by the heathen, so as to make anything casual in respect of God himself, their exception ought justly to be admitted. But to say a thing is a chance, or casualty, as it relates to second causes, is not profaneness, but a great truth ; as signifying no more than that there are some events beside the knowledge, purpose, expectation, and power of second agents. And for this very reason, because they are so, it is the royal prerogative of God himself to have all these loose, uneven, fickle uncertainties under his disposal.

The subject, therefore, that from hence we are naturally carried to the consideration of, is the admirable extent of the

divine Providence, in managing the most contingent passages of human affairs ; which that we may the better treat of, we will consider the result of a lot : —

I. In reference to men.

II. In reference to God.

I. For the first of these, if we consider it as relating to men, who suspend the decision of some dubious case upon it, so we shall find that it naturally implies in it these two things : —

1. Something future. 2. Something contingent.

From which two qualifications these two things also follow :

1. That it is absolutely out of the reach of man's knowledge.

2. That it is equally out of his power.

This is most clear ; for otherwise, why are men in such cases doubtful, and concerned, what the issue and result should be ? for no man doubts of what he sees and knows ; nor is solicitous about the event of that which he has in his power to dispose of to what event he pleases.

The light of man's understanding is but a short, diminutive, contracted light, and looks not beyond the present : he knows nothing future, but as it has some kind of presence in the stable, constant manner of operation belonging to its cause ; by virtue of which we know, that if the fire continues for twenty years, it will certainly burn so long ; and that there will be summer, winter, and harvest, in their respective seasons : but whether God will continue the world till to-morrow or no, we cannot know by any certain argument, either from the nature of God or of the world.

But when we look upon such things as relate to their immediate causes with a perfect indifference, so that in respect of them they equally may or may not be, human reason can then, at the best, but conjecture what will be. And in some things, as here in the casting of lots, a man cannot, upon any ground of reason, bring the event of them so much as under conjecture.

The choice of man's will is indeed uncertain, because in many things free : but yet there are certain habits and principles in the soul that have some kind of sway upon it, apt to bias it more one way than another ; so that, upon the proposal of an agreeable object, it may rationally be conjectured that a man's choice will rather incline him to accept than to refuse it. But when lots are shuffled together in a lap, urn, or pitcher, or a man blindfold casts a die, what reason in the world can he have to presume that he shall draw a white stone rather than a

black, or throw an ace rather than a six? Now, if these things are thus out of the compass of a man's knowledge, it will unavoidably follow that they are also out of his power. For no man can govern or command that which he cannot possibly know; since to dispose of a thing implies both a knowledge of the thing to be disposed of, and the end that it is to be disposed of to.

And thus we have seen how a contingent even baffles man's knowledge, and evades his power. Let us now consider the same in respect of God; and so we shall find that it falls under—

1. A certain knowledge. And

2. A determining providence.

1. First of all then, the most casual event of things, as it stands related to God, is comprehended by a certain knowledge. God, by reason of his eternal, infinite, and indivisible nature, is, by one single act of duration, present to all the successive portions of time; and, consequently, to all things successively existing in them: which eternal, indivisible act of his existence makes all futures actually present to him; and it is the presentiality of the object which founds the unerring certainty of his knowledge. For whatsoever is known, is some way or other present; and that which is present cannot but be known by him who is omniscient.

But I shall not insist upon these speculations; which when they are most refined serve only to show how impossible it is for us to have a clear and explicit notion of that which is infinite. Let it suffice us in general to acknowledge and adore the vast compass of God's omniscience. That it is a light shining into every dark corner, ripping up all secrets, and steadfastly grasping the greatest and most slippery uncertainties. As when we see the sun shine upon a river, though the waves of it move and roll this way and that way by the wind; yet for all their unsettledness, the sun strikes them with a direct and a certain beam. Look upon things of the most accidental and mutable nature, accidental in their production, and mutable in their continuance; yet God's prescience of them is as certain in him as the memory of them is or can be in us. He knows which way the lot and the die shall fall, as perfectly as if they were already cast. All futurities are naked before that all-seeing eye, the sight of which is no more hindered by distance of time than the sight of an angel can be determined by distance of place.

2. As all contingencies are comprehended by a certain divine knowledge, so they are governed by as certain and steady a providence.

There is no wandering out of the reach of this, no slipping through the hands of omnipotence. God's hand is as steady as his eye; and certainly thus to reduce contingency to method, instability and chance itself to an unfailing rule and order, argues such a mind as is fit to govern the world; and I am sure nothing less than such an one can.

Now God may be said to bring the greatest casualties under his providence upon a twofold account:

(1.) That he directs them to a certain end.

(2.) Oftentimes to very weighty and great ends.

(1.) And first of all, he directs them to a certain end.

Providence never shoots at rovers. There is an arrow that flies by night as well as by day, and God is the person that shoots it, who can aim then as well as in the day. Things are not left to an *equilibrium*, to hover under an indifference whether they shall come to pass or not come to pass; but the whole train of events is laid beforehand, and all proceed by the rule and limit of an antecedent decree: for otherwise, who could manage the affairs of the world, and govern the dependence of one event upon another, if that event happened at random, and was not cast into a certain method and relation to some foregoing purpose to direct it?

The reason why men are so short and weak in governing is, because most things fall out to them accidentally, and come not into any compliance with their preconceived ends, but they are forced to comply subsequently, and to strike in with things as they fall out, by postliminious after-applications of them to their purposes, or by framing their purposes to them.

But now there is not the least thing that falls within the cognizance of man, but is directed by the counsel of God. *Not an hair can fall from our head, nor a sparrow to the ground, without the will of our heavenly Father.* Such an universal superintendency has the eye and hand of Providence over all, even the most minute and inconsiderable things.

Nay, and sinful actions too are overruled to a certain issue; even that horrid villainy of the crucifixion of our Saviour was not a thing left to the disposal of chance and uncertainty; but in Acts ii. 23 it is said of him, that *he was delivered to the wicked hands of his murderers, by the determinate counsel and*

foreknowledge of God; for surely the Son of God could not die by chance, nor the greatest thing that ever came to pass in nature be left to an undeterminate event. Is it imaginable that the great means of the world's redemption should rest only in the number of possibilities, and hang so loose in respect of its futurity as to leave the event in an equal poise, whether ever there should be such a thing or no? Certainly the actions and proceedings of wise men run in a much greater closeness and coherence with one another than thus to derive at a casual issue, brought under no forecast or design. The pilot must intend some port before he steers his course, or he had as good leave his vessel to the direction of the winds and the government of the waves.

Those that suspend the purposes of God and the resolves of an eternal mind upon the actions of the creature, and make God first wait and expect what the creature will do (and then frame his decrees and counsels accordingly), forget that he is the first cause of all things, and discourse most unphilosophically, absurdly, and unsuitably to the nature of an infinite being; whose influence in every motion must set the first wheel agoing. He must still be the first agent, and what he does he must will and intend to do before he does it, and what he wills and intends once, he willed and intended from all eternity; it being grossly contrary to the very first notions we have of the infinite perfection of the divine nature, to state or suppose any new immanent act in God. . . .

In a word, if we allow God to be the governor of the world, we cannot but grant that he orders and disposes of all inferior events; and if we allow him to be a wise and a rational governor, he cannot but direct them to a certain end.

(2.) In the next place, he directs all these appearing casualties, not only to certain, but also to very great ends.

He that created something out of nothing, surely can raise great things out of small, and bring all the scattered and disordered passages of affairs into a great, beautiful, and exact frame. Now this overruling, directing power of God may be considered, —

First, In reference to societies, or united bodies of men.

Secondly, In reference to particular persons.

First. And first for societies. God and nature do not principally concern themselves in the preservation of particulars, but of kinds and companies. Accordingly, we must allow

Providence to be more intent and solicitous about nations and governments than about any private interest whatsoever. Upon which account it must needs have a peculiar influence upon the erection, continuance, and dissolution of every society. Which great effects it is strange to consider, by what small, inconsiderable means they are oftentimes brought about, and those so wholly undesigned by such as are the immediate visible actors in them. Examples of this we have both in Holy Writ, and also in other stories.

And first for those of the former sort.

Let us reflect upon that strange and unparalleled story of Joseph and his brethren; a story that seems to be made up of nothing else but chances and little contingencies, all directed to mighty ends. For was it not a mere chance that his father Jacob should send him to visit his brethren, just at that time the Ishmaelites were to pass by that way, and so his unnatural brethren take occasion to sell him to them, and they to carry him into Egypt? and then that he should be cast into prison, and thereby brought at length to the knowledge of Pharaoh in that unlikely manner that he was? Yet by a joint connection of every one of these casual events, Providence served itself in the preservation of a kingdom from famine, and of the church, then circumscribed within the family of Jacob. Likewise, by their sojourning in Egypt, he made way for their bondage there, and their bondage for a glorious deliverance through those prodigious manifestations of the divine power, in the several plagues inflicted upon the Egyptians. It was hugely accidental that Joash king of Israel, being commanded by the prophet to *strike upon the ground*, 2 Kings xiii., should strike no oftener than just three times; and yet we find there that the fate of a kingdom depended upon it, and that his victories over Syria were concluded by that number. It was very casual that the Levite and his concubine should linger so long as to be forced to take up their lodging at Gibeah, as we read in Judges xix.; what a civil war that drew after it, almost to the destruction of a whole tribe.

And then, for examples out of other histories, to hint a few of them.

Perhaps there is none more remarkable than that passage about Alexander the Great, in his famed expedition against Darius. When in his march towards him, chancing to bathe himself in the river Cydnus, through the excessive coldness fo

those waters he fell sick near unto death for three days ; during which short space the Persian army had advanced itself into the strait passages of Cilicia ; by which means Alexander with his small army was able to equal them under those disadvantages, and to fight and conquer them. Whereas had not this stop been given him by that accidental sickness, his great courage and promptness of mind would, beyond all doubt, have carried him directly forward to the enemy, till he had met him in the vast open plains of Persia, where his paucity and small numbers would have been contemptible, and the Persian multitudes formidable ; and, in all likelihood of reason, victorious. So that this one little accident of that prince's taking a fancy to bathe himself at that time, caused the interruption of his march, and that interruption gave occasion to that great victory that founded the third monarchy of the world.

In like manner, how much of casualty was there in the preservation of Romulus, as soon as born exposed by his uncle, and took up and nourished by a shepherd ! (For the story of the she-wolf is a fable.) And yet in that one accident was laid the foundation of the fourth universal monarchy.

How doubtful a case was it, whether Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ, should march directly to Rome, or divert into Campania ! Certain it is, that there was more reason for the former ; and he was a person that had sometimes the command of reason, as well as regiments : yet his reason deserted his conduct at that time ; and by not going to Rome he gave occasion to those recruits of the Roman strength that prevailed to the conquest of his country, and at length to the destruction of Carthage itself, one of the most puissant cities in the world.

And to descend to occurrences within our own nation. How many strange accidents occurred in the whole business of King Henry the Eighth's divorce ! yet we see Providence directed it and them to an entire change of the affairs and state of the whole kingdom. And surely, there could not be a greater chance than that which brought to light the powder treason, when Providence, as it were, snatched a king and kingdom out of the very jaws of death, only by the mistake of a word in the direction of a letter.

But of all cases in which little casualties produce great and strange effects, the chief is in war ; upon the issues of which hangs the fortune of states and kingdoms.

Cæsar, I am sure, whose great sagacity and conduct put his success as much out of the power of chance as human reason could well do, yet upon occasion of a notable experiment that had like to have lost him his whole army at Dyrrachium, tells us the power of it in the third book of his Commentaries *De Bello Civili*: “Fortuna quæ plurimum potest, cum in aliis rebus, tum præcipue in bello, in parvis momentis magnas rerum mutationes efficit.” Nay, and a greater than Cæsar, even the Spirit of God himself, in Eccles. vi. 11, expressly declares, *that the battle is not always to the strong*. So that upon this account every warrior may in some sense be said to be a soldier of fortune; and the best commanders to have a kind of lottery for their work, as, amongst us, they have for their reward. For how often have whole armies been routed by a little mistake, or a sudden fear raised in the soldiers’ minds, upon some trivial ground or occasion!

Sometimes the misunderstanding of a word has scattered and destroyed those who have been even in possession of victory, and wholly turned the fortune of the day. A spark of fire or an unexpected gust of wind may ruin a navy. And sometimes a false, senseless report has spread so far, and sunk so deep into the people’s minds, as to cause a tumult, and that tumult a rebellion, and that rebellion has ended in the subversion of a government.

And in the late war between the king and some of his rebel subjects, has it not sometimes been at an even cast, whether his army should march this way or that way? Whereas had it took that way, which actually it did not, things afterwards so fell out, that in very high probability of reason, it must have met with such success as would have put an happy issue to that wretched war, and thereby have continued the crown upon that blessed prince’s head, and his head upon his shoulders. Upon supposal of which event, most of those sad and strange alterations that have since happened would have been prevented; the ruin of many honest men hindered, the punishment of many great villains hastened, and the preferment of greater spoiled.

Many passages happen in the world, much like that little cloud in 1 Kings xviii., that appeared at first to Elijah’s servant, *no bigger than a man’s hand*, but presently after grew and spread, and blackened the face of the whole heaven, and then discharged itself in thunder and rain, and a mighty tempest. So these accidents, when they first happen, seem but small and

contemptible; but by degrees they branch out, and widen themselves into such a numerous train of mischievous consequences, one drawing after it another, by a continued dependence and multiplication, that the plague becomes victorious and universal, and personal miscarriage determines in a national calamity.

For who that should view the small, despicable beginnings of some things and persons at first, could imagine or prognosticate those vast and stupendous increases of fortune that have afterwards followed them?

Who, that had looked upon Agathocles first handling the clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought that from such a condition he should come to be king of Sicily?

Who, that had seen Masaniello, a poor fisherman, with his red cap and his angle, could have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiable thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples?

And who, that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the parliament house with a threadbare torn cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?

It is, as it were, the sport of the Almighty thus to baffle and confound the sons of men by such events as both cross the methods of their actings, and surpass the measure of their expectations. For according to both these, men still suppose a gradual natural progress of things; as that from great, things and persons should grow greater, till at length, by many steps and ascents, they come to be at greatest; not considering that when Providence designs strange and mighty changes, it gives men wings instead of legs; and instead of climbing leisurely, makes them at once fly to the top and height of greatness and power. So that the world about them (looking up to those illustrious upstarts) scarce knows who or whence they were, nor they themselves where they are.

It were infinite to insist upon particular instances; histories are full of them, and experience seals to the truth of history.

MONMOUTH'S REBELLION AND THE BLOODY
ASSIZES.

(From "Micah Clarke.")

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

[ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Scotch novelist, was born in Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He is the son of Charles Doyle, an artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch*. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and in Germany; studied medicine at Edinburgh four years; and practiced at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, when he gave his whole attention to literature. He first became popular with the detective stories, "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His other works include: the historical novels "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Rodney Stone," and "Uncle Bernac"; "The Captain of the Polestar"; "Stark Munro Letters"; "Round the Red Lamp"; "Tragedy of the Korosko." He is also the author of the one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," produced by Sir Henry Irving in 1894.]

MONMOUTH'S VOLUNTEERS FIGHT WITH THE REGULARS.

JUST at the brow of the rising ground there stood a thick bristle of trees, amid the trunks of which there came and went a bright shimmer of sparkling steel which proclaimed the presence of armed men. Farther back, where the road took a sudden turn and ran along the ridge of the hill, several horsemen could be plainly seen outlined against the evening sky.

The fugitives from the west gave a yell of consternation, and ran wildly down the road or whipped up their beasts of burden in the endeavor to place as safe a distance as possible between themselves and the threatened attack. The chorus of shrill cries and shouts, and the cracking of whips, creaking of wheels, and the occasional crash when some cart-load of goods came to grief, made up a most deafening uproar, above which our leader's voice resounded in sharp, eager exhortation and command. When, however, the loud brazen shriek from a bugle broke from the wood, and the head of a troop of horse began to descend the slope, the panic became greater still, and it was difficult for us to preserve any order at all amid the wild rush of the terrified fugitives.

"Stop that cart, Clarke," cried Saxon, vehemently, pointing with his sword to an old wagon, piled high with furniture and bedding, which was lumbering along drawn by two raw-boned colts. At the same moment I saw him drive his horse

into the crowd and catch at the reins of another similar one. Giving Covenant's bridle a shake, I was soon abreast of the cart which he had indicated, and managed to bring the furious young horses to a standstill.

"Bring it up!" cried our leader, working with the coolness which only a long apprenticeship to war can give. "Now, friends, cut the traces!" A dozen knives were at work in a moment, and the kicking, struggling animals scampered off, leaving their burdens behind them. Saxon sprang off his horse and set the example in dragging the wagon across the roadway, while some of the peasants, under the direction of Reuben Lockarby and of Master Joshua Pettigrue, arranged a couple of other carts to block the way fifty yards farther down. The latter precaution was to guard against the chance of the royal horse riding through the fields and attacking us from behind. So speedily was the scheme conceived and carried out, that within a very few minutes of the first alarm we found ourselves protected front and rear by a lofty barricade, while within this improvised fortress was a garrison of a hundred and fifty men.

"What firearms have we among us?" asked Saxon, hurriedly.

"A dozen pistols at the most," replied the elderly Puritan, who was addressed by his companions as Hope-above Williams. "John Rodway, the coachman, hath his blunderbuss. There are also two godly men from Hungerford, who are keepers of game, and who have brought their pieces with them."

"They are here, sir," cried another, pointing to two stout, bearded fellows, who were ramming charges into their long-barreled muskets. "Their names are Wat and Nat Millman."

"Two who can hit their mark are worth a battalion who shoot wide," our leader remarked. "Get under the wagon, my friends, and rest your pieces upon the spokes. Never draw trigger until the sons of Belial are within three pikes' length of ye."

"My brother and I," quoth one of them, "can hit a running doe at two hundred paces. Our lives are in the hands of the Lord, but two, at least, of these hired butchers we shall send before us."

"As gladly as ever we slew stoat or wild cat," cried the other, slipping under the wagon. "We are keeping the Lord's

preserves now, brother Wat, and truly these are some of the vermin that infest them."

"Let all who have pistols line the wagon," said Saxon, tying his mare to the hedge—an example which we all followed. "Clarke, do you take charge upon the right with Sir Gervas, while Lockarby assists Master Pettigrue upon the left. Ye others shall stand behind with stones. Should they break through our barricade, slash at the horses with your scythes. Once down, the riders are no match for ye."

A low, sullen murmur of determined resolution rose from the peasants, mingled with pious ejaculations and little scraps of hymn or of prayer. They had all produced from under their smocks rustic weapons of some sort. Ten or twelve had petronels, which, from their antique look and rusty condition, threatened to be more dangerous to their possessors than to the enemy. Others had sickles, scythe blades, flails, half-pikes, or hammers, while the remainder carried long knives and oaken clubs. Simple as were these weapons, history has proved that in the hands of men who are deeply stirred by religious fanaticism they are by no means to be despised. One had but to look at the stern, set faces of our followers, and the gleam of exultation and expectancy which shone from their eyes, to see that they were not the men to quail, either from superior numbers or equipment.

"By the mass!" whispered Sir Gervas, "it is magnificent! An hour of this is worth a year in the Mall. The old Puritan bull is fairly at bay. Let us see what sort of sport the bull pups make in the baiting of him! I'll lay five pieces to four on the chaw bacons!"

"Nay, it's no matter for idle betting," said I, shortly, for his light-hearted chatter annoyed me at so solemn a moment.

"Five to four on the soldiers, then!" he persisted. "It is too good a match not to have a stake on it one way or the other."

"Our lives are the stake," said I.

"Faith, I had forgot it!" he replied, still mumbling his toothpick. "'To be or not to be?' as Will of Stratford says. Kynaston was great on the passage. But here is the bell that rings the curtain up."

While we had been making our dispositions, the troop of horse—for there appeared to be but one—had trotted down the crossroad, and had drawn up across the main highway.

They numbered, as far as I could judge, about ninety troopers, and it was evident from their three-cornered hats, steel plates, red sleeves, and bandoliers that they were dragoons of the regular army. The main body halted a quarter of a mile from us, while their officers rode to the front and held a short consultation, which ended in one of them setting spurs to his horse and cantering down in our direction. A bugler followed a few paces behind him, waving a white kerchief and blowing an occasional blast upon his trumpet.

"Here comes an envoy," cried Saxon, who was standing up in the wagon. "Now, my brethren, we have neither kettledrum nor tinkling brass, but we have the instrument wherewith Providence hath endowed us. Let us show the redcoats that we know how to use it.

"Who, then, dreads the violent,
Or fears the man of pride?
Or shall I flee from two or three
If He be by my side?"

Sevenscore voices broke in, in a hoarse roar, upon the chorus.

"Who, then, fears to draw the sword,
And fight the battle of the Lord?"

I could well believe at that moment that the Spartans had found the lame singer Tyrtaeus the most successful of their generals, for the sound of their own voices increased the confidence of the country folk, while the martial words of the old hymn roused the dogged spirit in their breasts. So high did their courage run that they broke off their song with a loud warlike shout, waving their weapons above their heads, and ready, I verily believe, to march out from their barricades and make straight for the horsemen. In the midst of this clamor and turmoil the young dragoon officer, a handsome olive-faced lad, rode fearlessly up to the barrier, and pulling up his beautiful roan steed, held up his hand with an imperious gesture which demanded silence.

"Who is the leader of this conventicle?" he asked.

"Address your message to me, sir," said our leader, from the top of the wagon, "but understand that your white flag will only protect you while you use such language as may come from one courteous adversary to another. Say your say or retire."

"Courtesy and honor," said the officer, with a sneer, "are not extended to rebels who are in arms against their lawful sovereign. If you are the leader of this rabble, I warn you if they are not dispersed within five minutes by this watch" — he pulled out an elegant gold timepiece — "we shall ride down upon them and cut them to pieces."

"The Lord can protect His own," Saxon answered, amid a fierce hum of approval from the crowd. "Is this all thy message?"

"It is all, and you will find it enough, you Presbyterian traitor," cried the dragoon cornet. "Listen to me, misguided fools," he continued, standing up upon his stirrups and speaking to the peasants at the other side of the wagon. "What chance have ye with your whittles and cheese scrapers? Ye may yet save your skins if ye will but deliver up your leaders, throw down what ye are pleased to call your arms, and trust to the King's mercy."

"This exceedeth the limitations of your privileges," said Saxon, drawing a pistol from his belt and cocking it. "If you say another word to seduce these people from their allegiance, I fire."

"Hope not to benefit Monmouth," cried the young officer, disregarding the threat and still addressing his words to the peasants. "The whole royal army is drawing round him, and ——"

"Have a care!" shouted our leader, in a deep, harsh voice.

"His head within a month shall roll upon the scaffold."

"But you shall never live to see it," said Saxon, and stooping over he fired straight at the cornet's head. At the flash of the pistol the trumpeter wheeled round and galloped for his life, while the roan horse turned and followed, with its master still seated firmly in the saddle.

"Verily you have missed the Midianite!" cried Hope-above Williams.

"He is dead," said our leader, pouring a fresh charge into his pistol. "It is the law of war, Clarke," he added, looking round at me. "He hath chosen to break it and he must pay forfeit."

As he spoke I saw the young officer lean gradually over in his saddle, until, when about halfway back to his friends, he lost his balance, and fell heavily in the roadway, turning over two or three times with the force of his fall, and lying at last

still and motionless, a dust-colored heap. A loud yell of rage broke from the troopers at the sight, which was answered by a shout of defiance from the Puritan peasantry.

"Down on your faces!" cried Saxon. "They are about to fire."

The crackle of musketry and a storm of bullets, pinging on the hard ground, or cutting twigs from the hedges on either side of us, lent emphasis to our leader's order. Many of the peasants crouched behind the feather beds and tables which had been pulled out of the cart. Some lay in the wagon itself, and some sheltered themselves behind or underneath it. Others again lined the ditches on either side or lay flat upon the roadway, while a few showed their belief in the workings of Providence by standing upright without flinching from the bullets. Among these latter were Saxon and Sir Gervas, the former to set an example to his raw troops, and the latter out of pure laziness and indifference. Reuben and I sat together in the ditch, and I can assure you, my dear grandchildren, that we felt very much inclined to bob our heads when we heard the bullets piping all around them. If any soldier ever told you that he did not the first time that he was under fire, then that soldier is not a man to trust. After sitting rigid and silent, however, as if we both had stiff necks, for a very few minutes, the feeling passed completely away, and from that day to this it has never returned to me. You see familiarity breeds contempt with bullets as with other things, and though it is no easy matter to come to like them, like the King of Sweden or my Lord Cutts, it is not so very hard to become indifferent to them.

The cornet's death did not remain long unavenged. A little old man with a sickle, who had been standing near Sir Gervas, gave a sudden sharp cry, and springing up into the air with a loud "Glory to God!" fell flat upon his face dead. A bullet had struck him just over the right eye. Almost at the same moment one of the peasants in the wagon was shot through the chest, and set up coughing blood all over the wheel. I saw Master Joshua Pettigruce catch him in his long arms and settle some bedding under his head, so that he lay breathing heavily and pattering forth prayers. The minister showed himself a man that day, for amid the fierce carbine fire he walked boldly up and down, with a drawn rapier in his left hand — for he was a left-handed man — and his Bible in the

other. "This is what you are dying for, dear brothers," he cried continually, holding the brown volume up in the air; "are ye not ready to die for this?" And every time he asked the question a low eager murmur of assent rose from the ditches, the wagon, and the road.

"They aim like yokels at a wappin-schaw," said Saxon, seating himself on the side of the wagon. "Like all young soldiers, they fire too high. When I was an adjutant, it was my custom to press down the barrels of the muskets until my eye told me they were level. These rogues think that they have done their part if they do but let the gun off, though they are as like to hit the plovers above us as ourselves."

"Five of the faithful have fallen," said Hope-above Williams. "Shall we not sally forth and do battle with the children of Antichrist? Are we to lie here like so many popinjays at a fair for the troopers to practice upon?"

"There is a stone barn over yonder on the hillside," I remarked. "If we who have horses, and a few others, were to keep the dragoons in play, the people might be able to reach it, and so be sheltered from the fire."

"At least let my brother and me have a shot or two back at them," cried one of the marksmen beside the wheel.

To all our entreaties and suggestions, however, our leader only replied by a shake of the head, and continued to swing his long legs over the side of the wagon, with his eyes fixed intently upon the horsemen, many of whom had dismounted and were leaning their carbines over the cruppers of their chargers.

"This cannot go on, sir," said the pastor, in a low, earnest voice; "two more men have just been hit."

"If fifty more men are hit we must wait until they charge," Saxon answered. "What would you do, man? If you leave this shelter, you will be cut off and utterly destroyed. When you have seen as much of war as I have done, you will learn to put up quietly with what is not to be avoided. I remember on such another occasion when the rear guard or nachhut of the Imperial troops was followed by Croats, who were in the pay of the Grand Turk, I lost half my company before the mercenary renegades came to close fighting. Ha, my brave boys, they are mounting! We shall not have to wait long now."

The dragoons were indeed climbing into their saddles again, and forming across the road, with the evident intention of charging down upon us. At the same time, about thirty

men detached themselves from the main body, and trotted away into the fields upon our right. Saxon growled a hearty oath under his breath as he observed them.

"They have some knowledge of warfare after all," said he. "They mean to charge us flank and front. Master Joshua, see that your scythesmen line the quickset hedge upon the right. Stand well up, my brothers, and flinch not from the horses. You men with the sickles, lie in the ditch there, and cut at the legs of the brutes. A line of stone-throwers behind that. A heavy stone is as sure as a bullet at close quarters. If ye would see your wives and children, make that hedge good against the horsemen. Now for the front attack. Let the men who carry petronels come into the wagon. Two of yours, Clarke, and two of yours, Lockarby. I can spare one also. That makes five. Now here are ten others of a sort and three muskets. Twenty shots in all. Have you no pistols, Sir Gervas?"

"No, but I can get a pair," said our companion, and springing upon his horse he forced his way through the ditch, past the barrier, and so down the road in the direction of the dragoons.

The movement was so sudden and so unexpected that there was a dead silence for a few seconds, which was broken by a general howl of hatred and execration from the peasants. "Shoot upon him! Shoot down the false Amalekite!" they shrieked. "He hath gone to join his kind! He hath delivered us up into the hands of the enemy! Judas! Judas!" As to the horsemen, who were still forming up for a charge and waiting for the flanking party to get into position, they sat still and silent, not knowing what to make of the gayly dressed cavalier who was speeding towards them.

We were not left long in doubt, however. He had no sooner reached the spot where the cornet had fallen, than he sprang from his horse and helped himself to the dead man's pistols, and to the belt which contained his powder and ball. Mounting at his leisure, amid a shower of bullets which puffed up the white dust all around him, he rode onward towards the dragoons and discharged one of his pistols at them. Wheeling round, he politely raised his cap, and galloped back to us, none the worse for his adventure, though a ball had grazed his horse's fetlock and another had left a hole in the skirt of his riding coat. The peasants raised a shout of jubilation as he rode in, and from

that day forward our friend was permitted to wear his gay trappings and to bear himself as he would, without being suspected of having mounted the livery of Satan or of being wanting in zeal for the cause of the saints.

"They are coming," cried Saxon. "Let no man draw trigger until he sees me shoot. If any does, I shall send a bullet through him, though it were my last shot and the troopers were among us."

As our leader uttered this threat, and looked grimly round upon us with an evident intention of executing it, a shrill blare of a bugle burst from the horsemen in front of us, and was answered by those upon our flank. At the signal both bodies set spurs to their horses and dashed down upon us at the top of their speed. Those in the field were delayed for a few moments, and thrown into some disorder, by finding that the ground immediately in front of them was soft and boggy; but having made their way through it, they reformed upon the other side and rode gallantly at the hedge. Our own opponents, having a clear course before them, never slackened for an instant, but came thundering down with a jingling of harness and a tempest of oaths upon our rude barricade.

Ah, my children! when a man in his age tries to describe such things as these, and to make others see what he has seen, it is only then that he understands what a small stock of language a plain man keeps by him for his ordinary use in the world, and how unfit it is to meet any call upon it. For though at this very moment I can myself see that white Somersetshire road, with the wild whirling charge of the horsemen, the red angry faces of the men, and the gaping nostrils of the horses all wreathed and framed in clouds of dust, I cannot hope to make it clear to your young eyes, which never have looked, and, I trust, never shall look, upon such a scene. When, too, I think of the sound, a mere rattle and jingle at first, but growing in strength and volume with every step, until it came upon us with a thunderous rush and roar which gave the impression of irresistible power, I feel that that too is beyond the power of my feeble words to express. To inexperienced soldiers like ourselves, it seemed impossible that our frail defense and our feeble weapons could check for an instant the impetus and weight of the dragoons. To right and left I saw white set faces, open-eyed and rigid, unflinching, with a stubbornness which rose less

from hope than from despair. All round rose exclamations and prayers. "Lord, save Thy people!" "Mercy, Lord, mercy!" "Be with us this day!" "Receive our souls, O merciful Father!" Saxon lay across the wagon with his eyes glinting like diamonds and his petronel presented at the full length of his rigid arm. Following his example, we all took aim as steadily as possible at the first rank of the enemy. Our only hope of safety lay in making that one discharge so deadly that our opponents should be too much shaken to continue their attack.

Would the man never fire? They could not be more than ten paces from us. I could see the buckles of the men's plates and the powder charges in their bandoliers. One more stride yet, and at last our leader's pistol flashed and we poured in a close volley, supported by a shower of heavy stones from the sturdy peasants behind. I could hear them splintering against casque and cuirass like hail upon a casement. The cloud of smoke veiling for an instant the line of galloping steeds and gallant riders drifted slowly aside to show a very different scene. A dozen men and horses were rolling in one wild blood-spurting heap, the unwounded falling over those whom our balls and stones had just brought down. Struggling, snorting chargers, iron-shod feet, staggering figures rising and falling, wild, hatless, bewildered men half stunned by a fall and not knowing which way to turn. That was the foreground of the picture, while behind them the remainder of the troop were riding furiously back, wounded and hale, all driven by the one desire of getting to a place of safety where they might rally their shattered formation. A great shout of praise and thanksgiving rose from the delighted peasants, and surging over the barricade, they struck down or secured the few uninjured troopers who had been unable or unwilling to join their companions in their flight. The carbines, swords, and bandoliers were eagerly pounced upon by the victors, some of whom had served in the militia and knew well how to handle the different weapons which they had won.

The victory, however, was by no means completed. The flanking squadron had ridden boldly at the hedge, and a dozen or more had forced their way through, in spite of the showers of stones and the desperate thrusts of the pikemen and scythesmen. Once among the peasants, the long swords and the

armor of the dragoons gave them a great advantage, and though the sickles brought several of the horses to the ground, the soldiers continued to lay about them freely, and to beat back the fierce but ill-armed resistance of their opponents. A dragoon sergeant, a man of great resolution and of prodigious strength, appeared to be the leader of the party, and encouraged his followers both by word and example. A stab from a half-pike brought his horse to the ground, but he sprang from the saddle as it fell, and avenged its death by a sweeping back-handed cut from his broadsword. Waving his hat in his left hand, he continued to rally his men, and to strike down every Puritan who came against him, until a blow from a hatchet brought him on his knees, and a flail stroke broke his sword close by the hilt. At the fall of their leader his comrades turned and fled through the hedge, but the gallant fellow, wounded and bleeding, still showed fight, and would assuredly have been knocked upon the head for his pains had I not picked him up and thrown him into a wagon, where he had the good sense to lie quiet until the skirmish was at an end. Of the dozen who broke through, not more than four escaped, and several others lay dead or wounded upon the other side of the hedge, impaled by scythe blades or knocked off their horses by stones. Altogether, nine of the dragoons were slain and fourteen wounded, while we retained seven unscathed prisoners, ten horses fit for service, and a score or so of carbines, with good store of match, powder, and ball. The remainder of the troop fired a single, straggling, irregular volley, and then galloped away down the crossroad, disappearing among the trees from which they had emerged.

All this, however, had not been accomplished without severe loss upon our side. Three men had been killed and six wounded, one of them very seriously, by the musketry fire. Five had been cut down when the flanking party broke their way in, and only one of these could be expected to recover. In addition to this, one man had lost his life through the bursting of an ancient petronel, and another had his arm broken by the kick of a horse. Our total losses, therefore, were eight killed and the same wounded, which could not but be regarded as a very moderate number, when we consider the fierceness of the skirmish, and the superiority of our enemy both in discipline and in equipment.

So elated were the peasants by their victory that those who had secured horses were clamorous to be allowed to follow the dragoons, the more so as Sir Gervas Jerome and Reuben were both eager to lead them. Decimus Saxon refused, however, to listen to any such scheme, nor did he show more favor to the Rev. Joshua Pettigrue's proposal that he should, in his capacity as pastor, mount immediately upon the wagon, and improve the occasion by a few words of healing and unction.

"It is true, good Master Pettigrue, that we owe much praise and much outpouring, and much sweet and holy contending, for this blessing which hath come upon Israel," said he, "but the time hath not yet arrived. There is an hour for prayer and an hour for labor. Hark ye, friend," — to one of the prisoners, — "to what regiment do you belong?"

"It is not for me to reply to your questions," the man answered sulkily.

"Nay, then, we'll try if a string round your scalp and a few twists of a drumstick will make you find your tongue," said Saxon, pushing his face up to that of the prisoner, and staring into his eyes with so savage an expression that the man shrank away affrighted.

"It is a troop of the second dragoon regiment," he said.

"Where is the regiment itself?"

"We left it on the Ilchester and Langport road."

"You hear," said our leader. "We have not a moment to spare, or we may have the whole crew about our ears. Put our dead and wounded in the carts, and we can harness two of these chargers to them. We shall not be in safety until we are in Taunton town."

Even Master Joshua saw that the matter was too pressing to permit of any spiritual exercises. The wounded men were lifted into the wagon and laid upon the bedding, while our dead were placed in the cart which had defended our rear. The peasants who owned these, far from making any objection to this disposal of their property, assisted us in every way, tightening girths and buckling traces. Within an hour of the ending of the skirmish we found ourselves pursuing our way once more, and looking back through the twilight at the scattered black dots upon the white road, where the bodies of the dragoons marked the scene of our victory.

CHIEF JUSTICE JEFFREYS.

Late in August the judges started from London upon that wicked journey which blighted the lives and the homes of so many, and hath left a memory in the counties through which they passed which shall never fade while a father can speak to a son. We heard reports of them from day to day, for the guards took pleasure in detailing them with many coarse and foul jests, that we might know what was in store for us, and lose none of what they called the pleasures of anticipation. At Winchester the sainted and honored Lady Alice Lisle was sentenced by Chief Justice Jeffreys to be burned alive, and the exertions and prayers of her friends could scarce prevail upon him to allow her the small boon of the ax instead of the fagot. Her graceful head was hewn from her body amid the groans and the cries of a weeping multitude in the market place of the town. At Dorchester the slaughter was wholesale. Three hundred were condemned to death, and seventy-four were actually executed, until the most loyal and Tory of the country squires had to complain of the universal presence of the dangling bodies. Thence the judges proceeded to Exeter, and thence to Taunton, which they reached in the first week of September, more like furious and ravenous beasts which have tasted blood, and cannot quench their cravings for slaughter, than just-minded men, trained to distinguish the various degrees of guilt, or to pick out the innocent and screen him from injustice. A rare field was open for their cruelty, for in Taunton alone there lay a thousand hapless prisoners, many of whom were so little trained to express their thoughts, and so hampered by the strange dialect in which they spoke, that they might have been born dumb for all the chance they had of making either judge or counsel understand the pleadings which they wished to lay before them.

It was on Monday evening that the Lord Chief Justice made his entry. From one of the windows of the room in which we were confined I saw him pass. First rode the dragoons with their standards and kettledrums, then the javelin men with their halberds, and behind them the line of coaches full of the high dignitaries of the law. Last of all, drawn by six long-tailed Flemish mares, came a great open coach, thickly crusted with gold, in which, reclining amid velvet cushions, sat the infamous judge, wrapped in a cloak of crimson plush,

with a heavy white periwig upon his head, which was so long that it dropped down over his shoulders. They say that he wore scarlet in order to strike terror into the hearts of the people, and that his courts were, for the same reason, draped in the color of blood. As for himself, it hath ever been the custom, since his wickedness hath come to be known to all men, to picture him as a man whose expression and features were as monstrous and as hideous as was the mind behind them. This is by no means the case. On the contrary, he was a man who, in his younger days, must have been remarkable for his extreme beauty. He was not, it is true, very old, as years go, when I saw him, but debauchery and low living had left their traces upon his countenance, without, however, entirely destroying the regularity and the beauty of his features. He was dark, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman, with black eyes and olive complexion. His expression was lofty and noble, but his temper was so easily aflame that the slightest cross or annoyance would set him raving like a madman, with blazing eyes and foaming mouth. I have seen him myself with the froth upon his lips and his whole face twitching with passion, like one who hath the falling sickness. Yet his other emotions were under as little control, for I have heard say that a very little would cause him to sob and to weep, more especially when he had himself been slighted by those who were above him. He was, I believe, a man who had great powers either for good or for evil, but by pandering to the darker side of his nature, and neglecting the other, he brought himself to be as near a fiend as it is possible for a man to be. It must indeed have been an evil government where so vile and foul-mouthed a wretch was chosen out to hold the scales of justice. As he drove past, a Tory gentleman riding by the side of his coach drew his attention to the faces of the prisoners looking out at him. He glanced up at them with a quick malicious gleam of his white teeth, then settled down again among the cushions. I observed that as he passed not a hat was raised among the crowd, and that even the rude soldiers appeared to look upon him half in terror, half in disgust, as a lion might look upon some foul blood-sucking bat, which battened upon the prey which he had himself struck down.

MICAH'S TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

There was no delay in the work of slaughter. That very night the great gallows was erected outside the White Hart Inn. Hour after hour we could hear the blows of mallets and the sawing of beams, mingled with the shoutings and the ribald choruses of the Chief Justice's suite, who were carousing with the officers of the Tangiers regiment in the front room, which overlooked the gibbet. Among the prisoners the night was passed in prayer and meditation, the stout-hearted holding forth to their weaker brethren, and exhorting them to play the man, and to go to their death in a fashion which should be an example to true Protestants throughout the world. The Puritan divines had been mostly strung up offhand immediately after the battle, but a few were left to sustain the courage of their flocks, and to show them the way upon the scaffold. Never have I seen anything so admirable as the cool and cheerful bravery wherewith these poor clowns faced their fate. Their courage on the battlefield paled before that which they showed in the shambles of the law. So, amid the low murmur of prayer, and appeals for mercy to God from tongues which never yet asked mercy from man, the morning broke, the last morning which many of us were to spend upon earth.

The court should have opened at nine, but my Lord Chief Justice was indisposed, having sat up somewhat late with Colonel Kirke. It was nearly eleven before the trumpeters and criers announced that he had taken his seat. One by one my fellow-prisoners were called out by name, the more prominent being chosen first. They went out from among us amid hand shakings and blessings, but we saw and heard no more of them, save that a sudden fierce rattle of kettledrums would rise up now and again, which was, as our guards told us, to drown any dying words which might fall from the sufferers and bear fruit in the breasts of those who heard them. With firm steps and smiling faces, the roll of martyrs went forth to their fate, during the whole of that long autumn day, until the rough soldiers of the guard stood silent and awed in the presence of a courage which they could not but recognize as higher and nobler than their own. Folk may call it a trial that they received, and a trial it really was, but not in the sense that we Englishmen use it. It was but being haled before a judge, and insulted before being dragged to the gibbet. The courthouse

was the thorny path which led to the scaffold. What use to put a witness up, when he was shouted down, cursed at, and threatened by the Chief Justice, who bellowed and swore until the frightened burghers in Fore Street could hear him? I have heard from those who were there that day that he raved like a demoniac, and that his black eyes shone with a vivid vindictive brightness which was scarce human. The jury shrank from him as from a venomous thing, when he turned his baleful glance upon him. At times, as I have been told, his sternness gave place to a still more terrible merriment, and he would lean back in his seat of justice and laugh until the tears hopped down upon his ermine. Nearly a hundred were either executed or condemned to death upon that opening day.

I had expected to be among the first of those called, and no doubt I should have been so but for the exertions of Major Ogilvy. As it was, the second day passed, but I still found myself overlooked. On the third and fourth days the slaughter was slackened, not on account of any awakening grace on the part of the judge, but because the great Tory landowners, and the chief supporters of the Government, had still some bowels of compassion, which revolted at this butchery of defenseless men. Had it not been for the influence which these gentlemen brought to bear upon the judge, I have no doubt at all that Jeffreys would have hung the whole eleven hundred prisoners then confined in Taunton. As it was, two hundred and fifty fell victims to this accursed monster's thirst for human blood.

On the eighth day of the assizes there were but fifty of us left in the wool warehouse. For the last few days, prisoners had been tried in batches of ten and twenty, but now the whole of us were taken in a drove, under escort, to the courthouse, where as many as could be squeezed in were ranged in the dock, while the rest were penned, like calves in the market, in the body of the hall. The judge reclined in a high chair, with a scarlet dais above him, while two other judges, in less elevated seats, were stationed on either side of him. On the righthand was the jury box, containing twelve carefully picked men — Tories of the old school — firm upholders of the doctrines of non-resistance and the divine right of kings. Much care had been taken by the Crown in the choice of these men, and there was not one of them but would have sentenced his own father had there been so much as a suspicion that he leaned to Presbyterianism or to Whiggery. Just under the judge was a

broad table, covered with green cloth and strewn with papers. On the right hand of this were a long array of Crown lawyers, grim, ferret-faced men, each with a sheaf of papers in his hands, which they sniffed through again and again as though they were so many bloodhounds picking up the trail along which they were to hunt us down. On the other side of the table sat a single fresh-faced young man, in silk gown and wig, with a nervous, shuffling manner. This was the barrister, Master Helstrop, whom the Crown in its clemency had allowed us for our defense, lest any should be bold enough to say that we had not had every fairness in our trial. The remainder of the court was filled with the servants of the justices' retinue and the soldiers of the garrison, who used the place as their common lounge, looking on the whole thing as a mighty cheap form of sport, and roaring with laughter at the rude banter and coarse pleasantries of his Lordship.

The clerk having gabbled through the usual form that we, the prisoners at the bar, having shaken off the fear of God, had unlawfully and traitorously assembled, and so onward, the Lord Justice proceeded to take matters into his own hands, as was his wont.

"I trust that we shall come well out of this!" he broke out. "I trust that no judgment will fall upon this building! Was ever so much wickedness fitted into one courthouse before? Who ever saw such an array of villainous faces? Ah, rogues, I see a rope ready for every one of ye! Art not afraid of judgment? Art not afraid of hell fire? You gray-bearded rascal in the corner, how comes it that you have not had more of the grace of God in you than to take up arms against your most gracious and loving sovereign?"

"I have followed the guidance of my conscience, my Lord," said the venerable cloth worker of Wellington, to whom he spoke.

"Ha, your conscience!" howled Jeffreys. "A ranter with a conscience! Where has your conscience been these two months back, you villain and rogue? Your conscience will stand you in little stead, sirrah, when you are dancing on nothing with a rope round your neck. Was there ever such wickedness? Who ever heard such effrontery? And you, you great hulking rebel, have you not grace enough to cast your eyes down, but must needs look justice in the face as though you were an honest man? Are you not afeard, sirrah? Do you not see death close upon you?"

"I have seen that before now, my Lord, and I was not afeard," I answered.

"Generation of vipers!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "The best of fathers! The kindest of kings! See that my words are placed upon the record, clerk! The most indulgent of parents! But wayward children must, with all kindness, be flogged into obedience." Here he broke into a savage grin. "The king will save your own natural parents all further care on your account. If they had wished to keep ye they should have brought ye up in better principles. Rogues, we shall be merciful to ye — oh, merciful, merciful! How many are here, recorder?"

"Fifty and one, my Lord."

"Oh, sink of villainy! Fifty and one as arrant knaves as ever lay on a hurdle! Oh, what a mass of corruption have we here! Who defends the villains?"

"I defend the prisoners, your Lordship," replied the young lawyer.

"Master Helstrop, Master Helstrop!" cried Jeffreys, shaking his great wig until the powder flew out of it, "you are in all these dirty cases, Master Helstrop. You might find yourself in a parlous condition, Master Helstrop. I think sometimes that I see you yourself in the dock, Master Helstrop. You may yourself soon need the help of gentlemen of the long robe, Master Helstrop. Oh, have a care! Have a care!"

"The brief is from the Crown, your Lordship," the lawyer answered, in a quavering voice.

"Must I be answered back, then?" roared Jeffreys, his black eyes blazing with the rage of a demon. "Am I to be insulted in my own court? Is every five-groat piece of a pleader, because he chance to have a wig and a gown, to brow-beat the Lord Justice, and to fly in the face of the ruling of the Court? Oh, Master Helstrop, I fear that I shall live to see some evil come upon you!"

"I crave your Lordship's pardon!" cried the faint-hearted barrister, with his face the color of his brief.

"Keep a guard upon your words and upon your actions!" Jeffreys answered, in a menacing voice. "See that you are not too zealous in the cause of the scum of the earth. How now, then? What do these one and fifty villains desire to say for themselves? What is their lie? Gentlemen of the jury, I beg that ye will take particular notice of the cutthroat faces of

these men. 'Tis well that Colonel Kirke hath afforded the Court a sufficient guard, for neither justice nor the Church is safe at their hands."

"Forty of them desire to plead guilty to the charge of taking up arms against the king," replied our barrister.

"Ah!" roared the judge. "Was ever such unparalleled impudence? Was there ever such brazen effrontery? Guilty, quotha! Have they expressed their repentance for this sin against a most kind and long-suffering monarch? Put down those words on the record, clerk!"

"They have refused to express repentance, your Lordship!" replied the counsel for the defense.

"Oh, the parricides! Oh, the shameless rogues!" cried the judge. "Put the forty together on this side of the inclosure. Oh, gentlemen, have ye ever seen such a concentration of vice? See how baseness and wickedness can stand with head erect! Oh, hardened monsters! But the other eleven, how can they expect us to believe this transparent falsehood—this palpable device? How can they foist it upon the Court?"

"My Lord, their defense hath not yet been advanced!" stammered Master Helstrop.

"I can sniff a lie before it is uttered," roared the judge, by no means abashed. "I can read it as quick as ye can think it. Come, come, the Court's time is precious. Put forward a defense, or seat yourself, and let judgment be passed."

"These men, my Lord," said the counsel, who was trembling until the parchment rattled in his hand, "these eleven men, my Lord——"

"Eleven devils, my Lord," interrupted Jeffreys.

"They are innocent peasants, my Lord, who love God and the king, and have in no wise mingled themselves in this recent business. They have been dragged from their homes, my Lord, not because there was suspicion against them, but because they could not satisfy the greed of certain common soldiers who were balked of plunder in——"

"Oh, shame, shame!" cried Jeffreys, in a voice of thunder. "Oh, threefold shame, Master Helstrop! Are you not content with bolstering up rebels, but you must go out of your way to slander the king's troops? What is the world coming to? What, in a word, is the defense of these rogues?"

"An alibi, your Lordship."

"Ha! The common plea of every scoundrel. Have they witnesses?"

"We have here a list of forty witnesses, your Lordship. They are waiting below, many of them having come great distances and with much toil and trouble."

"Who are they? What are they?" cried Jeffreys.

"They are country folk, your Lordship. Cottagers and farmers, the neighbors of these poor men, who knew them well, and can speak as to their doings."

"Cottagers and farmers!" the judge shouted. "Why, then, they are drawn from the very class from which these men come. Would you have us believe the oath of those who are themselves Whigs, Presbyterians, Somersetshire ranters, the pothouse companions of the men whom we are trying? I warrant they have arranged it all snugly over their beer—snugly, snugly, the rogues!"

"Will you not hear the witnesses, your Lordship?" cried our counsel, shamed into some little sense of manhood by this outrage.

"Not a word from them, sirrah," said Jeffreys. "It is a question whether my duty towards my kind master the king—write down 'kind master,' clerk—doth not warrant me in placing all your witnesses in the dock as the aiders and abettors of treason."

"If it please your Lordship," cried one of the prisoners, "I have for witnesses Mr. Johnson, of Nether Stowey, who is a good Tory, and also Mr. Shepperton, the clergyman."

"The more shame to them to appear in such a cause," replied Jeffreys. "What are we to say, gentlemen of the jury, when we see county gentry and the clergy of the Established Church supporting treason and rebellion in this fashion? Surely the last days are at hand! You are a most malignant and dangerous Whig to have so far drawn them from their duty."

"But hear me, my Lord!" cried one of the prisoners.

"Hear you, you bellowing calf!" shouted the judge. "We can hear naught else. Do you think that you are back in your conventicle, that you should dare to raise your voice in such a fashion? Hear you, quotha! We shall hear you at the end of a rope ere many days."

"We scarce think, your Lordship," said one of the Crown lawyers, springing to his feet amid a great rustling of papers, "we scarce think that it is necessary for the Crown to state

any case. We have already heard the whole tale of this most damnable and execrable attempt many times over. The men in the dock before your Lordship have for the most part confessed to their guilt, and of those who hold out, there is not one who has given us any reason to believe that he is innocent of the foul crime laid to his charge. The gentlemen of the long robe are therefore unanimously of opinion that the jury may at once be required to pronounce a single verdict upon the whole of the prisoners."

"Which is ——?" asked Jeffreys, glancing round at the foreman.

"Guilty, your Lordship," said he, with a grin, while his brother jurymen nodded their heads and laughed to one another.

"Of course, of course! guilty as Judas Iscariot!" cried the judge, looking down with exultant eyes at the throng of peasants and burghers before him. "Move them a little forward, ushers, that I may see them to more advantage. Oh, ye cunning ones! Are ye not taken? Are ye not compassed around? Where now can ye fly? Do ye not see hell opening at your feet? Eh? Are ye not afraid? Oh, short, short shall be your shrift!" The very devil seemed to be in the man, for as he spoke he writhed with unholy laughter, and drummed his hand upon the red cushion in front of him. I glanced round at my companions, but their faces were all as though they had been chiseled out of marble. If he had hoped to see a moist eye or a quivering lip, the satisfaction was denied him.

"Had I my way," said he, "there is not one of ye but should swing for it. Ay, and if I had my way, some of those whose stomachs are too nice for this work, and who profess to serve the king with their lips while they intercede for his worst enemies, should themselves have cause to remember Taunton assizes. Oh, most ungrateful rebels! Have ye not heard how your most soft-hearted and compassionate monarch, the best of men — put it down in the record, clerk — on the intercession of that great and charitable statesman, Lord Sunderland — mark it down, clerk — hath had pity on ye? Hath it not melted ye? Hath it not made ye loathe yourselves? I declare, when I think of it" — here, with a sudden catching of the breath, he burst out a sobbing, the tears running down his cheeks — "when I think of it, the Christian forbearance, the ineffable mercy, it doth bring forcibly to my mind that great

Judge before whom all of us — even I — shall one day have to render an account. Shall I repeat it, clerk, or have you it down?"

"I have it down, your Lordship."

"Then write 'sobs' in the margin. 'Tis well that the king should know our opinion on such matters. Know, then, you most traitorous and unnatural rebels, that this good father whom ye have spurned has stepped in between yourselves and the laws which ye have offended. At his command we withhold from ye the chastisement which ye have merited. If ye can indeed pray, and if your soul-cursing conventicles have not driven all grace out of ye, drop on your knees and offer up thanks when I tell ye that he hath ordained that ye shall all have a free pardon." Here the judge rose from his seat, as though about to descend from the tribunal, and we gazed upon each other in the utmost astonishment at this most unlooked-for end to the trial. The soldiers and lawyers were equally amazed, while a hum of joy and applause rose up from the few country folk who had dared to venture within the accursed precincts.

"This pardon, however," continued Jeffreys, turning round with a malicious smile upon his face, "is coupled with certain conditions and limitations. Ye shall all be removed from here to Poole, in chains, where ye shall find a vessel awaiting ye. With others, ye shall be stowed away in the hold of the said vessel, and conveyed at the king's expense to the Plantations, there to be sold as slaves. God send ye masters who will know by the free use of wood and leather to soften your stubborn thoughts and incline your mind to better things!" He was again about to withdraw, when one of the Crown lawyers whispered something across to him.

"Well thought of, coz," cried the judge. "I had forgot. Bring back the prisoners, ushers! Perhaps ye think that by the Plantations I mean his Majesty's American dominions. Unhappily, there are too many of your breed in that part already. Ye would fall among friends who might strengthen ye in your evil courses, and so risk your salvation. To send ye there would be to add one brand to another, and yet hope to put out the fire. By the Plantations, therefore, I mean Barbadoes and the Indies, where ye shall live with the other slaves, whose skins may be blacker than yours, but I dare warrant that their souls are more white." With this conclud-

ing speech the trial ended, and we were led back through the crowded streets to the prison from which we had been brought. On either side of the streets, as we passed, we could see the limbs of former companions dangling in the wind, and their heads grinning at us from the tops of poles and pikes. No savage country in the heart of heathen Africa could have presented a more dreadful sight than did the old English town of Taunton when Jeffreys and Kirke had the ordering of it. There was death in the air, and the townfolk crept silently about, scarcely daring to wear black for those whom they had loved and lost, lest it should be twisted into an act of treason.



THE CATHOLIC HIND.

(From "The Hind and the Panther.")

By DRYDEN.

[For biographical sketch see page 156.]

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed. . . .

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained,
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight;
For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen. . . .

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thyself revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom, Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguised in mortal mold and infancy,
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And, after that, trust my imperfect sense
Which calls in question His omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel,
And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they, who say the Host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified,
Impassible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before His train confessed in open sight.
For since thus wondrously He passed, 'tis plain
One single place two bodies did contain,
And sure the same omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.

Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity ?

'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine
As means or ends of some more deep design ?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the Eternal Son.
God thus asserted : man is to believe
Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit ;
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand ;
The game is played into another hand.
Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep ?
In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could He His Godhead veil with flesh and blood
And not veil these again to be our food ?
His grace in both is equal in extent ;
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if He can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what His clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what He made so plain ?
To take up half on trust and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call
To pay great sums and to compound the small,
For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all ?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed :
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss ;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[FRANÇOISE D'AUBIGNE DE MAINTENON was born in 1635, in the prison where her father was confined; he died later in Martinique, and this daughter was sent to a Protestant aunt in France, forcibly removed by a Catholic relative, and so ill-used to convert her that she married the crippled rake (and crippled by raking) and buffoon Scarron, their salon being the resort of the Paris wits. On his death in 1660 Mme. de Montespan made her governess of her own children by Louis XIV., who made her his mistress and secretly married her in 1650. She was a religious bigot, with a great dislike for indecorum, and desired to efface her personal peccadillos by extra zeal; she deeply influenced the King in both ways, made the court atmosphere one of Puritan sanctimoniousness instead of licentiousness, and is believed to have inspired Louis to institute the Dragonnades. She founded the religious society of St. Cyr at Versailles. She died in 1719.]

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF CAYLUS, AT ESTERNAY.

FONTAINEBLEAU, this 19th, of October, 1687.

I HARDLY venture to say, Madam, that I have not yet found leisure for answering the letter you did me the honor of writing from Esternay, for that would give the impression of a person of great industry. But I earnestly hope you will believe that I would have done so had I been able, and that you will not suspect me of neglecting you. It is true, Madam, I have reminded the King of what he had promised to the Countess of Caylus, and that this sum will be paid this year. Your son shall have lodgings provided on our return. I would gladly do more for them, were it possible, and I shall never lose an opportunity of proving my friendship for them.

I have never considered my niece's journey with Madame de Beuvron as being necessary to her interests nor as a thing to be prevented. It seemed to me that by going with your sister we kept within the family circle, and that seeing Made-moiselle de Genlis would give her great pleasure. You have seen fit to judge otherwise, and have been so kind as to fear for her the maladies now prevalent in Normandy; 'tis as well thus, and if you are only pleased with her, the rest matters little. I pray you, Madam, have no concern regarding me, and count on my sincerity. I have already told you that I had no desires concerning your daughter-in-law, and that if perchance I should change my mind, I should apply to you directly, thinking I need take no other means of obtaining from her what I might

desire. I believe not a word of what I have been told; I would beg of you to do the same for your own part, and to believe me with all possible affection your very humble and very obedient servant.

TO THE DAUPHIN.

FONTAINEBLEAU, October 23d, 1688.

I am delighted, Monseigneur, with the letters you have done me the honor of writing; they convey to me a pleasing evidence of your kindness for me, or a desire to convince me of it, and either thing is most welcome. You are accomplishing wonders, and there come to me no reports other than favorable. The King himself praises you, and your tutor admires you; but having reduced him to the part he plays since you are in the army, it will scarcely trouble you. You cannot show too great a deference to his opinions; he will advise you in secret, and you will profit by it in public. Continue, Monseigneur, as you have begun: you will find all things propitious on your return, and you will see the truth of what I have often had the honor of telling you; namely, that your birth will command respect, but that merit alone wins esteem, and true esteem is what you should seek; other advantages you will never lack. Pardon my zeal for the too great liberty I am taking. There is no greater service one can render you, and I remain none the less respectfully and humbly

Your Highness's most obedient servant,

MAINTENON.

M. de Chamlay has done you good service; by no means neglect anything that may lead to his continuing so to do.

TO M. JASSAULT, MISSIONARY AT VERSAILLES.

FONTAINEBLEAU, 27th October, 1688.

Had you told me in the confessional what you write me to-day, I should consider it my duty to listen in silence, and endure in penitential mood whatever I might consider unjust; but as you have put it in the form of a letter, I think you desire an answer, and one expressed with all the freedom we habitually use towards one another.

I saw clearly that Madame de Brinon had persuaded you, on the Thursday before Easter, and I listened with considerable astonishment when you told me that she would not yield to my favor and my power, and that her conscience would always overrule any deference she might owe me. I thought you knew well enough that I am not the one to cause any disturbance at St. Cyr; that on the contrary I am always first to favor a greater regularity; that I can only reproach myself with being a little too impatient with the faults already prevailing there, and with having taken too much to heart Madame de Brinon's laxness. She has spoiled the ladies to such a degree that they themselves have told me they had extreme difficulty now in obeying their subprioress, who directs them during the superior's absence, because they are now so unused to obey. It would take a volume to explain all the petty differences of the last three years. I have used every possible means to make her alter her course, and have only applied for aid when at my wits' end. When I consulted you, you condemned her; I consulted M. Joly through you, and he took my part; I consulted the reverend père de la Chaise, he does not consider her truly religious; I have taken counsel of M. l'abbé des Marais, who believes her to be in the wrong. Confirmed in my views by all this good advice, I was firmer in having carried out whatever plans these gentlemen found good, and this Madame de Brinon could not endure. During her travels and while I was ill, all went well; but on her return from Bourbon all the troubles began again. Thereupon I came to a decision, of which I notified Madame de Brinon: this was to send her a final dismissal or to let her go on in her own way. I have submitted this decision to worthy people, whose answer I await with confidence, resolved to submit to their decree, in spite of all the strong reasons I believe to be in my favor. If they advise me to remove Madame de Brinon I shall do so immediately on my arrival at Versailles, and I shall bear the brunt of all the storms I raise.

TO M. L'ABBÉ GOBELIN.

February 20th, 1689.

Madame de Montchevreuil told me yesterday that you had business in Paris, and that you were to go there at the end of

this month. If this is something that cannot be postponed, there is nothing to be said; but if not, it would be much better for our dear household that you should not leave it at the same time with me. My work there cannot be compared with yours, yet I find I am not quite useless there. Our ladies are charmed with your lectures and enjoy your addresses greatly. There is one subject on which I should be glad to have you preach to them, and that is arrogance, haughtiness, pride. I am sure that my example has greatly contributed towards introducing this spirit into the household. Still, with the same frankness with which I confess myself most guilty, I will tell you that I myself have never carried it so far. I might, if prudence would allow, enter into some details which would greatly astonish all the pride within the palace of Versailles. I have refused to appoint a canoness, so greatly do I deplore the pride inherent to that position, and I have done worse than that: not even in Germany must one observe more restrictions than with certain ladies of Saint Louis. May God forgive those who have spread abroad this spirit, and may He graciously allow me to put an end to it by my example! Your teachings will be of great aid in this matter.

I am sure you will not have forgotten that you are to hold a consultation for me in Paris.

TO MADAME DE BRINON.

July 11th, 1689.

Pray do not discontinue your benevolence towards Mademoiselle de Chanteloup, Madam, and endeavor to make her listen to reason. I write thus not out of kindness to her, but because if she continues she will be the most wretched creature in the world. M. de Cantiers will marry her, I have his word of honor for it, and whatever he may hear of the girl's disposition, he would not dare fail me; after that she will just have to live with them and depend on them. If she continues to show them the spirit of opposition and scorn which she makes evident here on every occasion, I have grave doubts of her acquitting herself worthily. The other day we were at Marly together, standing at the window in my room from which there is a view of the beautiful gardens, and I said, "Soon a garden path at Rosay will interest you more than all this view." She answered very

curtly, "I hardly think so!" I remained silent, as is my habit, whatever she may do or say; but she behaves as if she had 20,000 francs income, and we were trying to make her marry a wretch, whereas, between you and me, he is her superior from every point of view. In a word, I am not able to keep her, nor desirous of so doing. If she wants to withdraw, well and good; but I consider it a good match for her, and nothing but my desire to see her happy makes me wish she might behave with propriety and good sense. If she goes on as she has begun, I can hardly believe that a husband's good humor could be proof against boxing her ears when she assumes those contemptuous airs she is sure to indulge in, unless you can influence her. She has a great friendship for you, and no one but yourself can exercise control over her mind.

TO MADAME DE VEILHANT.

DINANT, May 28th, 1692.

Imagine our surprise, Madame, when yesterday, after driving for six hours on a fairly good road, we saw a castle built upon a rock which did not seem to us a habitable place, even if we could have been hoisted up there. We came very near to it without passing any houses on the way. Then we finally spied out, at the foot of the castle, down in the depths, almost as if in a deep well, the roofs of quite a number of tiny buildings which looked to us like dolls' houses, surrounded on all sides by rocks frightful in height and color, apparently of iron, and terribly steep. The road down to this horrible place is rougher than I can describe; all the carriage springs threatened to break, and the ladies held in as best they could. After a quarter-hour of this torture we got down, and found ourselves in a town consisting of one street, called the Broad, where two carriages cannot go abreast, and there are lesser ones where two sedan chairs could not pass. It is as dark as pitch, the houses are something frightful, and Madame de la Villeneuve would surely have the vapors there. The water is bad, and the bakers have orders to bake only for the army, so that the servants can buy no bread. Undressed fowl sell for thirty cents, meat is eight cents a pound, and bad at that; everything goes to the camp. It has poured ever since we have been here, and they assure us that when the heat comes the reflection from the

rocks makes it unendurable. I have as yet seen only two churches, both on the ground floor, and such that one could only enter them from a sense of duty. The benediction is given with very bad music, and the incense is so strong, so abundant, and so continuous, that one cannot see through the smoke, and few heads could stand the fumes. Besides all this, the town is so dirty that one literally sticks in the mud, the paving-stones are so sharp that they cut one's feet, and the narrow streets where carriages cannot pass serve, I verily believe, as all things to all men! Suzon says the King makes a great mistake in taking such towns, and that we should not grudge them to our enemies.

The siege of Namur goes on well; they are steadily moving forward, and up to this time there are very few deaths. They hope to take the city about the fourth or fifth of this month, but the castle will apparently hold out longer. The Prince of Orange promises to come to relieve the town, but there is reason to believe he will come too late. The King has the gout in both feet, and I assure you I am not sorry for it. A red hot ball from the enemy fell in M. de Boufflers' quarter and blew up seven thousand; this fine town trembled with the explosion, for in addition to all the other delights we hear the firing of the siege. But do not worry about me after this beautiful account of our life here! I am very well — well lodged and well served — and glad to be where God has placed me. I embrace you, my dear daughters, together and individually.

Four hundred steps lead from the town up to the castle I spoke of.

MADAME DE MAINTENON'S PRAYER.

My Lord God, you have seen fit to invest me with my present rank. I will adore all my life your providential care of me, and give myself up to it without reserve. Grant me, my God, the sanctity of the estate unto which you have called me, that I may humbly endure its sadness, that I may sanctify its pleasures, that I may seek in all things your glory, that I may bear it before the princes in whose midst you have placed me, that I may be instrumental in the King's salvation. Preserve me from the agitations and excitements of an uneasy mind, which is wearied or grows faint in the performance of the duties of its position, and which envies the happi-

ness imagined to exist in other lives. May your will be done, O Lord, not mine ! The sole good in this life or the next is to be submissive unto it without reserve. Fill me with the wisdom and all the gifts of the spirit which I have need of in the lofty position to which you have called me ; make fruitful the talents with which you have graciously endowed me. You who hold within the hollow of your hand the hearts of kings, open the King's heart, that I may help enter there all the good which you desire. Grant me the power of making his heart glad, of consoling him, of encouraging him, and also of making him sad, when it is necessary for your glory. May I conceal naught of the things he should learn of through me, and which no one else would have the courage to tell him. And may I save my own soul through his, may I love him in you and for you, and may he love me in like manner. Grant us that we may walk together justified by you and without reproof until the day of your coming.



SENTIMENTS BY JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

[JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE, French moralist and satirist, was born at Paris in 1645, studied law, and for some years filled an administrative position in Normandy. Through Bossuet's influence he was appointed tutor to the young Duke of Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé, and remained attached to the house of Condé until his death at Versailles in May, 1696. In 1693 he was admitted to the French Academy. His "Caractères de Théophraste" (1688) was written in imitation of Theophrastus, and consisted of maxims, reflections, and character portraits of men and women of his own day. The ninth edition, containing over eleven hundred "caractères," was in press at the time of La Bruyère's death. In the "Dialogues on Quietism," a severe attack is made on Fénelon.]

MEN and women rarely agree as to the merits of a woman : their interests are too diverse. It does not please a woman to find in another the very perfections which captivate a man. The many charms which awake in us the tender passion cause in them mutual antipathy and dislike.

Friendship may exist between a man and a woman, quite apart from any influence of sex. Yet a woman always looks upon a man, and so a man regards a woman. This intimacy is neither pure friendship nor pure love. It is a sentiment which stands alone.

Love is born suddenly, without deliberation, either through temperament or weakness: some grace or beauty attracts, determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, grows by degrees through time and long familiar acquaintance. How many years of affection, kindness, and good service it takes to do what a lovely face or a beautiful hand will often do in a moment!

Time, which strengthens friendship, weakens love.

Perfect friendship is more rare than excessive love.

Love and friendship exclude each other.

He who loves so passionately that he wishes he could love a thousand times more than he loves already, yields only to him who loves more than he would love.

Granted that in the intensity of a great passion it is possible to love another more than one's self, who has the truest pleasure — he who loves, or he who is beloved?

He who loves deeply finds a sweet revenge in acting so that his beloved one shall appear ungrateful.

Hatred is not so remote from friendship as antipathy.

In friendship we confide our secrets: in love they escape us.

In friendship we perceive only those faults which may be prejudicial to our friends; in those we love we see no faults, except those from which we suffer ourselves.

Friendship does not cool without cause; love diminishes for no other reason than that we have been too well beloved.

The beginning, as the end, of love is manifested by our anxiety to be alone.

Our desire is that all the good fortune of those we love, or, if that is impossible, all their evil fortune, should come to them from our hands.

It is happier by comparison to mourn one we love than to live with one we hate.

However disinterested we may be with regard to those we love, we must sometimes force ourselves to give them pleasure by accepting their gifts. He who is capable of receiving a gift delicately displays as much generosity as he who gives.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving appropriately.

If it is true that pity and compassion are drawn from us by a kind of selfish fear lest we should ever be in the same circumstances, how does it happen that the unfortunate extract so little help from us in their misery ?

However unpleasant it may be to feel ourselves responsible for the maintenance of an indigent person, we seldom relish the better fortune which at last withdraws him from our patronage. In the same way, the pleasure which we feel in the exaltation of a friend is counterbalanced by the slight annoyance of seeing him become our equal or superior. He does not suit us so well thus, for we like to have dependents who do not cost us anything. We wish good fortune for our friends ; but when it comes, our first feeling is not one of pure delight.

To live with our enemies as if they might one day be our friends, and with our friends as if they might be our enemies, is neither in accordance with the nature of hatred or the rules of friendship. It may be a good political maxim, but it is a bad moral one.

We ought not to make enemies of those who, if better known, might rank among our friends. We ought to choose as friends persons of such honor and probity that, should they ever cease to be our friends, they would never abuse our confidence, nor give us cause to fear them as enemies.

He who knows how to wait for what he desires will not despair if he happens to have to do without it. On the other hand, he who impatiently longs for a thing has been too much engrossed with the thought of it to feel that success rewards him for all his anxiety.

The things most wished for never happen ; or if they do, they come at such a time or in such circumstances as spoil the enjoyment of them.

We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we should die before we have ever laughed at all.

It is hard for a proud man to forgive one who has found him out in some fault and who has good reason to complain of him : his resentment is never healed till he has regained his advantage by putting the other in the wrong.

It is as difficult to stifle the resentment of an injury at first, as it is to preserve the feeling after a certain length of time.

It is weakness which makes us hate an enemy and wish to be revenged, and it is laziness which pacifies us and makes us not pursue revenge.

A man will allow himself to be governed as much through indolence as from weakness.

There is no use attempting suddenly to control a man, and especially in matters of importance to him and his. It requires some address to prevent him feeling that you are trying to gain a moral power over him; shame or caprice would move him to resist the restraint. Let him first be guided in little things, and from thence the progress to greater things is certain. Even if at first your influence is only such as will persuade him to go to the country, or to return to town, it will end in your dictating the terms of the will by which his son is disinherited.

The best and most agreeable conversation is that in which the heart has more influence than the head.

There are certain sublime sentiments, certain grand and noble acts, which are called forth more by our moral strength than by innate goodness.

He must be a dull person indeed whom neither love, hate, nor necessity can inspire with wit.

An honorable man is repaid for his strict application to duty by the pleasure it gives him to perform it.

Short-sighted people — that is to say, people with so little imagination that it cannot reach beyond their own sphere — cannot understand that universality of genius which is sometimes observable in the same individual. Where they see amiability, they exclude solidity; and where they find personal grace, activity, and dexterity, they will not grant mental endowments, judgment, wisdom. They ignore that history relates of Socrates that he danced.

The wise man is cured of ambition by ambition itself.

It is a very sad thing to have neither wisdom enough to speak well, nor sense enough to be silent. This is the origin of all impertinence.

If anything can justify a foolish man's ambition, it is the trouble he takes, after he has made his fortune, to discover some imaginary merit great enough to give him the importance he considers himself worthy of.

How many men are like well-grown trees transplanted into a beautiful garden. It surprises us to see them there, as we never saw them growing; so we have no knowledge of their beginning or their progress.

Nothing will more readily make us comprehend how valueless in God's eyes are wealth and grandeur, and the other advantages he bestows on mankind, than the dispensation he makes of them, and the kind of men who are best provided.

Men display their goods every morning to cheat the public; and pack them up at night after having cheated all day.

What one wastes he steals from his heir; what one sordidly saves he steals from himself.



ATHALIAH.

BY RACINE.

[JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE, French dramatist, was born in Dept. Aisne, December 21, 1639; studied the classics with the Jansenists at Port Royal; and finished his education at the Collège d'Harcourt. After composing an ode entitled "Nymphes de la Seine," in honor of Louis XIV.'s marriage, he made the acquaintance of Boileau, Molière, and La Fontaine, and began to write for the stage. His first play, "La Thébaïde," was produced by Molière's troupe; "Andromaque" (1667) established his reputation; then followed his one comedy, "Les Plaideurs," and a brilliant series of tragedies: "Britannicus," "Bérénice," "Bajazet," "Mithridate," "Iphigénie," and "Phèdre." He withdrew from the theater after the production of "Phèdre," partly on account of envious intrigues and malicious criticisms, and settled down to a peaceful married life. After a silence of twelve years he wrote, at the solicitation of Madame de Maintenon, "Esther" and "Athalie," biblical tragedies. His death (in 1699) is said to have been hastened by grief at losing the king's favor.]

ATHALIAH, with her Attendants ABNER and MATTAN.

Mattan — Great Queen, is this a place for thee?
 What trouble stirs, what terror chills thine heart?
 What dost thou in the midst of enemies?
 Darest thou this unhallowed fane approach?
 Hast thou that bitter hatred cast away —

Athaliah—

Both of you lend me an attentive ear.
 I do not wish now to recall the past,
 Nor give account to you for blood I shed:
 A sense of duty prompted all my acts.
 Nor will I take for judge a hasty crowd;
 Whate'er they may presume to spread abroad,
 My vindication Heaven has made its care.
 My power, established on renowned success,
 Has magnified my name from sea to sea;
 Jerusalem enjoys profoundest peace;
 The wandering Arab Jordan sees no more
 Ravage his borders with continual raids;
 Nor boasts Philistia over Judah now,
 And Syria owns me for a sister Queen.

Lastly the traitor who destroyed my House,
 And e'en to me thought to extend his rage,
 Jehu, fierce Jehu, in Samaria quails
 Before a mighty rival's rapid strokes,
 Whom I incited to attack my foe;
 And thus th' assassin leaves me mistress here,
 To reap the fruits of policy in peace.

But for some days a gnawing care has come,
 To check the flood of my prosperity.
 A dream (why should a dream disquiet me?)
 Preys on my heart, and keeps it ill at ease;
 I try to banish it; it haunts me still.

'Twas deepest night, when horror falls on man,
 My mother Jezebel before me stood,
 Richly attired as on the day she died,
 Her pride undaunted by misfortune's touch.
 That borrowed brightness still her features wore,
 Which she would paint upon her withered face,
 To hide the ravages of ruthless age:

"Tremble," she said, "child worthy of myself;
 O'er thee too triumphs Judah's cruel god,
 And thou must fall into his dreadful hands,
 Whereat I grieve." With these alarming words,
 Her specter o'er my bed appeared to bend;
 I stretched my hands to clasp her; but I found
 Only a hideous mass of flesh and bones,
 Horribly bruised and mangled, dragged thro' mire,
 Bleeding and torn, whose limbs the dogs of prey
 Were growling over with devouring greed.

Abner—

Great God!

Athaliah — While thus disturbed, before me rose
 The vision of a boy in shining robe,
 Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.
 My drooping spirits at his sight revived:
 But while my troubled eyes, to peace restored,
 Admired his noble air and modest grace,
 I felt the sudden stroke of murderous steel
 Plunged deeply by the traitor in my breast.
 Perhaps to you this dream, so strangely mixed,
 May seem a work of chance, and I myself,
 For long ashamed to let my fears prevail,
 Referred it to a melancholy mood;
 But while its memory lingered in my soul,
 Twice in my sleep I saw that form again,
 Twice the same child before my eyes appeared,
 Always about to stab me to the heart.

Worn out at last by horror's close pursuit,
 I went to claim Baal's protecting care,
 And, kneeling at his altars, find repose.
 How strangely fear may sway our mortal minds!
 And instinct seemed to drive me to these courts,
 To pacify the god whom Jews adore;
 I thought that offerings might appease his wrath,
 That this their god might grow more merciful.
 Baal's High Priest, my feebleness forgive!
 I entered; and the sacrifice was stayed,
 The people fled, Jehoiada in wrath
 Advanced to meet me. As he spake, I saw
 With terror and surprise that selfsame boy
 Who haunts me in my dreams. I saw him there;
 His mien the same, the same his linen stole,
 His gait, his eyes, each feature of his face;
 It was himself; beside th' High Priest he walked,
 Till quickly they removed him from my sight.

That is the trouble which detains me here,
 And thereon would I fain consult you both.
 Mattan, what means this omen marvelous?

Mattan —

Coincidence so strange fills me with dread.

Athaliah —

But, Abner, hast thou seen this fatal child?
 Who is he? What his family, his tribe?

Abner —

Two children at the altar lend their aid,
 One is the High Priest's son, the other is
 To me unknown.

Abner —

I fear —

Athaliah — What! Can they fail to grant me this?

What reason could they have to say me no?

'Twould rouse suspicion. Bid Jehosheba,

Or else her husband, bring the children here;

I can at pleasure use a monarch's tone.

Abner, I tell thee candidly, your priests

Have cause to bless my kindness hitherto;

I know how far they freely have discussed

My conduct, and abused my sovereign power;

And yet they live, and yet their temple stands.

But soon, I feel, the limit may be passed;

Jehoiada must curb his savage zeal,

And not provoke my wrath a second time.

Go.

[*Exit ABNER.*]

Mattan — I may now at last in freedom speak,

And clearly set the truth before thine eyes.

A growing monster in this temple lurks;

A tempest threatens, wait not till it breaks.

Ere daylight Abner with th' High Priest conferred;

Thou knowest well his love for David's line.

What if Jehoiada should in their ranks

Foist this young child with whom Heaven threatens thee,

His son or not —

Athaliah —

Thou hast unsealed mine eyes,

And Heaven's warning vision grows distinct.

But I would fain be free from every doubt:

Children will readily betray their thoughts,

One word will oft disclose some deep design.

Let me, dear Mattan, see him, question him.

Go thou, meanwhile, and secret orders give

That all my Tyrians quickly arm themselves.

JOASH, ATHALIAH, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, ABNER, SALOME, TWO
LEVITES, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH.

Jehosheba [to the TWO LEVITES] —

Keep constant watch, ye servants of the Lord,

Over these children, precious and beloved.

Abner [to JEHOSEBA] —

Take courage, Princess; they shall be my charge.

Athaliah —

Heavens! the more closely I examine him, —

'Tis he! And horror seizes me again.

[*Pointing to JOASH.*]

Wife of Jehoiada, is this thy son?

Jehosheba —

He, Madam?

Athaliah — He.

Jehosheba — His mother? No, not I.

[*Pointing to ZACHARIAH.*]

There is my son.

Athaliah [*to JOASH*] — Who is thy father, child?

Answer, thyself.

Jehosheba — Heaven till this very day —

Athaliah —

Why in such haste to answer for the boy?

It is for him to speak.

Jehosheba — From one so young

What revelation canst thou hope to gain?

Athaliah —

The young are innocent; and simple truth

Their honest frankness knows not to disguise:

Let him explain all that concerns himself.

Jehosheba [*aside*] —

Great God, put now Thy wisdom in his mouth!

Athaliah —

What is thy name?

Joash — My name's Eliakim.

Athaliah —

Thy father?

Joash — Fatherless, they say, I am,
Cast since my birth upon the arms of God;
I never knew my parents, who they were.

Athaliah —

Hast thou no parents?

Joash — They abandoned me.

Athaliah —

How? and how long ago?

Joash — When I was born.

Athaliah —

Where is thy home? This can at least be told.

Joash —

This Temple is my home; none else I know.

Athaliah —

Where wast thou found? Hast thou been told of that?

Joash —

'Midst cruel wolves, ready to eat me up.

Athaliah —

Who placed thee in this temple?

Joash —

One unknown,

She gave no name, nor was she seen again.

Athaliah —

Whose guardian hands preserved thine infant years?

Joash —

When did God e'er neglect His children's needs?

The feathered nestlings He provides with food,

And o'er all nature spreads His bounty wide.

Daily I pray; and with a Father's care

He feeds me from the sacred offerings.

Athaliah —

New wonder comes to trouble and perplex!

The sweetness of his voice, his infant grace

Unconsciously make enmity give way

To — can it be compassion that I feel!

Abner —

Madam, is this thy dreaded enemy?

'Tis evident thy dreams have played thee false;

Unless thy pity, which now seems to vex,

Should be the fatal blow that terrified.

Athaliah [*to JOASH and JEHOSEBA*] —

Why are ye leaving?

Jehosheba —

Thou hast heard his tale:

His presence longer might be troublesome.

Athaliah [*to JOASH*] —

Nay, child, come back. What dost thou all the day?

Joash —

I worship God, and hear His Law explained;

His holy volume I am taught to read,

And now to write it has my hand begun.

Athaliah —

What says that Law?

Joash —

That God requires our love,

Avenges, soon or late, His Name blasphemed,

Is the protector of the fatherless,

Resists the proud, the murderer punishes.

Athaliah —

I understand. But all within these walls,

How are they occupied?

Joash —

In praising God.

Athaliah —

Does God claim constant service here and prayer?

Joash —

All else is banished from His holy courts.

Athaliah —

What pleasures hast thou?

Joash —

Where God's altar stands,

I sometimes help th' High Priest to offer salt

Or incense, hear His lofty praises sung,
And see His stately ritual performed.

Athaliah —

What! Hast thou pastime none more sweet than that?
Sad lot for one so young; but come with me,
And see my palace and my splendor there.

Joash —

God's goodness then would from my memory fade.

Athaliah —

I would not force thee to forget Him, child.

Joash —

Thou dost not pray to Him.

Athaliah —

But thou shalt pray.

Joash —

There I should hear another's name invoked.

Athaliah —

I serve my god: and thou shalt worship thine.
There are two powerful gods.

Joash —

Thou must fear mine;
He only is the Lord, and thine is naught.

Athaliah —

Pleasures untold will I provide for thee.

Joash —

The happiness of sinners melts away.

Athaliah —

Of sinners, who are they?

Jehosheba —

Madam, excuse

A child —

Athaliah —

I like to see how ye have taught him;
And thou hast pleased me well, Eliakim,
Being, and that past doubt, no common child.
See thou, I am a queen, and have no heir;
Forsake this humble service, doff this garb,
And I will let thee share in all my wealth;
Make trial of my promise from this day;
Beside me at my table, everywhere,
Thou shalt receive the treatment of a son.

Joash —

A son!

Athaliah —

Yes, speak.

Joash —

And such a Father leave
For —

Athaliah —

Well, what?

Joash —

Such a mother as thyself!

Athaliah [*to JEHOSEBA*] —

His memory is good; in all he says

I recognize the lessons ye have given.
 Yes, this is how, corrupting guileless youth,
 Ye both improve the freedom ye enjoy,
 Inciting them to hatred and wild rage,
 Until they shudder but to hear my name.

Jehosheba —

Can our misfortunes be concealed from them?
 All the world knows them; are they not thy boast?

Athaliah —

Yea; with just wrath, that I am proud to own,
 My parents on my offspring I avenged.
 Could I see sire and brother massacred,
 My mother from the palace roof cast down,
 And the same day beheaded all at once
 (Oh, horror!) fourscore princes of the blood;
 And all to avenge a pack of prophets slain,
 Whose dangerous frenzies Jezebel had curbed?
 Have queens no heart, daughters no filial love,
 That I should act the coward and the slave,
 Too pitiful to cope with savages,
 By rendering death for death, and blow for blow?
 David's posterity from me received
 Treatment no worse than had my father's sons!
 Where should I be to-day, had I not quelled
 All weakness and a mother's tenderness,
 Had not this hand of mine like water shed
 My own heart's blood, and boldly checked your plots?
 Your god has vowed implacable revenge;
 Snapt is the link between thine house and mine,
 David and all his offspring I abhor,
 Tho' born of mine own blood I own them not.

Jehosheba —

Thy plans have prospered. Let God see, and judge!

Athaliah —

Your god, forsooth, your only refuge left,
 What will become of his predictions now?
 Let him present you with that promised King,
 That Son of David, waited for so long, —
 We meet again. Farewell. I go content:
 I wished to see, and I have seen.

[*Exit.*

Abner [*to JEHOSEBA*] —

The trust

I undertook to keep, I thus resign.

Jehosheba [*to JEHOIADA*] —

My lord, didst hear the Queen's presumptuous words?

Jehoiada —

I heard them all, and felt for thee the while.

These Levites were with me ready to aid
Or perish with you, such was our resolve.

[*To JOASH, embracing him*

May God watch o'er thee, child, whose courage bore,
Just now, such noble witness to His Name.
Thy service, Abner, has been well discharged:
I shall expect thee at th' appointed hour.
I must return, this impious murderess
Has stained my vision, and disturbed my prayers;
The very pavement that her feet have trod
My hands shall sprinkle o'er with cleansing blood.



THE TRIAL OF DELIVERANCE WENTWORTH.¹

By PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

(From "Ye Lyttle Salem Maide.")

[PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE was born in Fairfield, Connecticut, 1873; resides in Toledo, Ohio. She has written "Mademoiselle de Berny" and "Ye Little Salem Maide."]

AT LAST one fair June day brought her trial.

Her irons were removed, and she was conducted by the constable with a guard of four soldiers to the meeting-house. In the crowd that parted at the great door to make way for them were many familiar faces, but all were stern and sad. In all eyes she read her accusation. The grim silence of this general condemnation made it terrible; the whispered comments and the looks cast upon her expressed stern pity mingled with abhorrence.

On the outskirts of the throng she observed a young man of ascetic face and austere bearing, clothed in black velvet with neckbands and tabs of fine linen. He wore a flowing white periwig, and was mounted on a magnificent white horse. In one hand he held the reins, in the other, a Bible.

Upon entering the meeting-house, Deliverance was conducted by the Beadle to a platform and seated upon a stool, above the level of the audience and in plain sight.

In front of the pulpit, the seven judges seated in a row

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faced the people. Clothed in all the dignity of their office of crimson velvet gowns and curled white horsehair wigs, they were an imposing array. One judge, however, wore a black skullcap, from beneath which his brown locks, streaked with gray, fell to his shoulders, around a countenance at once benevolent and firm, but which now wore an expression revealing much anguish of mind. This was the great Judge Samuel Sewall, who, in later years, was crushed by sorrow and mortification that at these trials he had been made guilty of shedding innocent blood, so that he rose in his pew in the Old South Church in Boston Town, acknowledging and bewailing his great offense, and asking the prayers of the congregation "that God would not visit the sin of him or of any other upon himself, or any of his, nor upon the land."

In the center of the group sat Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, chosen to be chief justice, in that he was a renowned scholar, rather than a great soldier. Hard and narrow as he was said to be, he yet possessed that stubbornness in carrying out his convictions of what was right, which exercised in a better cause might have won him reputation for wisdom rather than obstinacy.

To the end of his days he insisted that the witch trials had been meet and proper, and that the only mistakes made had been in checking the prosecutions. It was currently reported that when the panic subsided, and the reprieve for several convicted prisoners came from Governor Phipps to Salem, he left the bench in anger and went no more into that court.

"For," said he, "we were in a fair way to clear the land of witches. Who it is that obstructs the cause of justice, I know not. The Lord be merciful unto the country!"

On the left of the prisoner was the jury.

After Deliverance had been duly sworn to tell the truth, she sat quietly, her hands folded in her lap. Now and then she raised her eyes and glanced over the faces upturned to hers. She observed her father not far distant from her. But he held one hand over his eyes and she could not meet his gaze. Beside him sat Goodwife Higgins, weeping.

There was one other who should have been present, her brother Ronald, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The authorities had not deemed it wise to send for him, as it was known he had to a certain extent fallen in with dissenters and freethinkers in Boston Town, and it was

feared that, in the hot-blooded impetuosity of youth, he might by some disturbance hinder the trial.

The first witness called to the stand was Goodwife Higgins.

Deliverance, too dazed with trouble to feel any active grief, watched her with dull eyes.

Weeping, the good dame related the episode of finding the prisoner's bed empty one morning, and the yellow bird on the window ledge. Groans and hisses greeted her testimony. There was no reason to doubt her word. It was plainly observed that she was suffering, and that she walked over her own heart in telling the truth. It was not simply terror and superstition that actuated Goodwife Higgins, but rather the stern determination bred in the very bone and blood of all Puritans to meet Satan face to face and drive him from the land, even though those dearest and best beloved were sacrificed.

The next witness was the prisoner's father. The heart-broken man had nothing to say which would lead to her conviction. Save the childish naughtiness with which all parents were obliged to contend, the prisoner had been his dear and dutiful daughter, and God would force them to judge her righteously.

"She has bewitched him. She has not even spared her father. See how blind he is to her sinfulness," the whisper passed from mouth to mouth. And hearts hardened still more toward the prisoner.

Master Wentworth was then dismissed. While on the stand he had not glanced at his daughter. Doubtless the sight of her wan little face would have been more than he could have endured.

Sir Jonathan Jamieson was then called upon to give his testimony. As his name was cried by the constable, Deliverance showed the first signs of animation since she had been taken from the jail. Surely, she thought, he who understood better than she the meaning of her words to him, would explain them and save her from hanging. Her eyes brightened, and she watched him intently as he advanced up the aisle. A general stir and greater attention on the part of the people was apparent at his appearance. A chair was placed for him in the witness box, for he was allowed to sit, being of the gentry. As usual he was clothed in somber velvet. He seated himself, took off his hat and laid it on

the floor beside his chair. Deliverance then saw that the hair on his head was quite as red as his beard, and that he wore it cropped short, uncovered by a wig. Deliberately, while the judges and people waited, he drew off his leathern gauntlets that he might lay his bare hand upon the Bible when he took the oath.

Deliverance for once forgot her fear of him. She leant forward eagerly. So near was he that she could almost have touched him with her hand.

"Oh, sir," she cried, using strong old Puritan language, "tell the truth and mortify Satan and his members, for he has gotten me in sore straits."

"Hush," said one of the judges, sternly, "let the prisoner keep silent."

"Methinks that I be the only one not allowed to speak," said Deliverance to herself, "which be not right, seeing I be most concerned." And she shook her head, very greatly perplexed and troubled.

Sir Jonathan was then asked to relate what he knew about the prisoner. With much confidence he addressed the court. Deliverance was astonished at the mild accents of his voice which had formerly rung so harshly in her ears.

"I have had but short acquaintance with her," he said, "though I may have passed her often on the street, not observing her in preference to any other maid; but some several weeks ago as I did chance to stop at the town pump for a draught o' cold water, the day being warm and my throat dry, I paused as is meet and right before drinking to give thanks, when suddenly something moved me to glance up, and I saw the prisoner standing on a block near by, laughing irreverently, which was exceeding ill mannered."

At this Deliverance's cheeks flushed scarlet, for she knew his complaint was quite just. "I did not mean to laugh," she exclaimed humbly, "but some naughty boys had pinned a placard o' the edge o' your cape, and 'twas a fair comical sight."

At this interruption, the seven judges all frowned upon her so severely that she did not dare say another word.

"Now, while I did not suspicion her at the time," continued Sir Jonathan, "I was moved to think there was a spell cast upon the water, for after drinking I had great pain and needs must strengthen myself with a little rum. Later I met our

godly magistrate and chanced to mention the incident. He told me the prisoner's name, and how her vanities and backslidings were a sore torment to her father, and that he knew neither peace nor happiness on her account."

At these words Master Wentworth started to his feet. "I protest against the scandalous words uttered by our magistrate," he cried; "ne'er has my daughter brought me aught save peace and comfort. She has been my sole consolation, since her mother went to God."

He sat down again with his hand over his eyes, while many pitying glances were cast upon him.

"Mind him not," said one of the judges to Sir Jonathan; "he is sorely afflicted and weighs not his utterances. Oh, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child,'" and he glanced sternly at Deliverance.

At these words, she could no longer contain herself, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud, remembering all her willfulness in the past.

"What I have to say," continued Sir Jonathan, "is not much. But straws show the drift of the current, and little acts the soul's bent. The night of the same day on which I saw the prisoner standing on the block near the town pump, I went with a recipe to Master Wentworth's home to have him brew me a concoction of herbs. The recipe I brought from England. Knowing he was very learned in the art of simpling, I took it to him. I found him in his stillroom, working. Having transacted my business, I seated myself and we lapsed into pleasant converse. While thus talking, he opened the door, called his daughter from the kitchen, and gave her a small task. At last, as it drew near the ninth hour, when the night watchman would make his rounds, I rose and said farewell to Master Wentworth, he scarce hearing me, absorbed in his simples. As I was about to pass the prisoner, my heart not being hardened toward her for all her vanities, I paused, and put my hand in my doublet pocket, thinking to pleasure her by giving her a piece of silver, and also to admonish her with a few well-chosen words. But as my fingers clasped the silver piece, my attention was arrested by the expression of the prisoner's face. So full of malice was it that I recoiled. And at this she uttered a terrible imprecation, the words of which I did not fully understand, but at the instant of her uttering them a most excruciating pain

seized upon me. It racked my bones so that I tossed sleepless all that night."

He paused and looked around solemnly over the people. "And since then," he added, "I have not had one hour free from pain and dread."

As Sir Jonathan finished his testimony, he glanced at Deliverance, whose head had sunk on her breast and from whose heart all hope had departed. If he would say naught in explanation, what proof could she give that she was no witch? Her good and loyal word had been given not to betray her meeting with the mysterious stranger.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "have you aught to say to the charge brought against you by this godly gentleman?"

As she glanced up to reply, she encountered the malevolent glance of Sir Jonathan defying her to speak, and she shook with fear. With an effort she looked away from him to the judges.

"I be innocent o' any witchery," she said in her tremulous, sweet voice. The words of the woman who had been in jail with her returned to her memory: "There is another judgment, dear child." So now the little maid's spirits revived. "I be innocent o' any witchery, your Lordships," she repeated bravely, "and there be another judgment than that which ye shall put upon me."

Strange to say, the sound of her own voice calmed and assured her, much as if the comforting words had been again spoken to her by some one else. Surely, she believed, being innocent, that God would not let her be hanged.

The fourth witness, Bartholomew Stiles, a yeoman, bald and bent nearly double by age, was then cried by the Beadle.

Leaning on his stick he pattered up the aisle, and stumblingly ascended the steps of the platform.

"Ye do me great honor, worships," he cackled, "to call on my poor wit."

"Give him a stool, for he is feeble," said the chief justice; "a stool for the old man, good Beadle."

So a stool was brought and old Bartholomew seated upon it. He looked over the audience and at the row of judges. Then he spied Deliverance. "Ay, there her be, worships, there be the witch." He pointed his trembling finger at her. "Ay, witch, the old man kens ye."

"When did you last see the prisoner?" asked the chief justice.

"There her be, worships," repeated the witness, "there be the witch, wi' a white neck for stretching. Best be an old throat wi' free breath, than a lassie's neck wi' a rope around it."

Deliverance shuddered.

"Methinks no hag o' the Evil One," said she to herself, "be more given o'er to malice than this old fule, Lord forgive me for the calling o' him by that name."

Now the judge in the black silk cap was moved to pity by the prisoner's shudder, and spoke out sharply. "Let the witness keep to his story and answer the questions put to him in due order, or else he shall be put in the stocks."

"Up with your pate, goody," admonished the Beadle, "and speak out that their worships may hear, or into the stocks ye go to sweat in the sun while the boys tickle the soles o' your feet."

The witness wriggled uneasily as having had experience.

"A week ago, or it be twa or three or four past, your worships, the day afore this time, 'twixt noon an' set o' sun, there had been thunder an' crook'd lightning, an' hags rode by i' the wind on branches. All the milk clabbered, if that will helpen ye to 'membrance o' the day, worships."

"Ay, reverend judges," called out a woman's voice from the audience, "sour milk the old silly brought me, four weeks come next Thursday. Good pence took he for his clabbered milk, and I was like to cuff ——"

"The ducking stool awaits scolding wives," interrupted the chief justice, with a menacing look, and the woman subsided.

"That day at set o' sun I was going into toone wi' my buckets o' milk when I spied a bramble rose. 'Blushets,' says I to them, 'ye must be picked;' for I thought to carry them to the toone an' let them gae for summat gude to eat. So I set doone my pails to pull a handful o' the pretty blushets. O' raising my old een, my heart was like to jump out my throat, for there adoon the forest path, 'twixt the green, I saw the naughty maid i' amiable converse wi' Satan."

"Dear Lord," interrupted the little maid, sharply, "he was a very pleasant gentleman."

"Silence!" cried the Beadle, tapping her head with his staff, on the end of which was a pewter ball.

"As ye ken," continued the old yeoman, "the Devil be most often a black man, but this time he was o' fair color, attired in most ungodly fashion in a gay velvet dooblet wi' high boots. So ta'en up wi' watching o' the wickedness o' Deliverance Wentworth was I, that I clean forgot myself——"

The speaker, shuddering, paused.

"Lose not precious time," admonished the chief justice, sternly.

"O' a sudden I near died o' fright," moaned the old yeoman.

A tremor as at something supernatural passed over the people.

"Ay," continued the witness, "wi' mine very een, I beheld the prisoner turn an' run towards her hame, whilst the Devil rose an' come doone the path towards me, Bartholomew Stiles!"

"And then?" queried the chief justice, impatiently.

"It was too late to hide, an' I be no spry a' running. Plump o' my marrow boones I dropped, an' closed my een an' prayed wi' a loud voice. I heard Satan draw near. He stopped aside me. 'Ye old silly,' says he, 'be ye gane daffy?' Ne'er word answered I, but prayed the louder. I heard the vision take a lang draught o' milk from the bucket wi' a smackin' o' his lips. Then did Satan deal me an ungentle kick an' went on doon the path."

"Said he naught further?" asked one of the judges.

"Nae word more, worships," replied the yeoman. "I ha' the caution not to open my een for a lang bit o' time. Then I saw that what milk remained i' the bucket out o' which Satan drank had turned black, an' I ha' some o' it here, to testify to the sinfu' company kept by Deliverance Wentworth."

From his pocket the old yeoman carefully drew a small bottle filled with a black liquid, and, in his shaking hand, extended it to the judge nearest him.

Solemnly the judge took it and drew out the cork.

"It has the smell of milk," he said, "but milk which has elabbered;" and he passed it to his neighbor.

"It has the look of elabbered milk," assented the second judge.

"Beshrew me, but it is elabbered milk," asserted the third judge; "methinks 'twould be wisdom to keep the bottle corked, lest the once good milk, now a malignant fluid, be spilled on one of us and a tiny drop do great evil."

Thus the bottle was passed from one judicial nose to the other, and then given to the Beadle, who set it carefully on the table.

There may be seen to this day in Salem a bottle containing the pins which were drawn from the bodies of those who were victims of witches. But the bottle which stood beside it for over a century was at last thrown away, as it was empty save for a few grains of some powder or dust. Little did they who flung it away realize that that pinch of grayish dust was the remains of the milk which Satan, according to Bartholomew Stiles, had bewitched, and which was a large factor in securing the condemnation of Deliverance Wentworth.

The next witness was the minister who had conducted the services on the afternoon of that late memorable Sabbath, when the Devil had sought to destroy the meetinghouse during a thunderstorm.

He testified to having seen the prisoner raise her eyes, as she entered the church in disgrace ahead of the tithing man, and instantly an invisible demon, obeying her summons, tore down that part of the roof whereon her glance rested.

This evidence, further testified to by other witnesses, was in itself sufficient to condemn her.

The little maid heard the minister sadly. In the past he had been kind to her, and was her father's friend, and his young daughter had attended the Dame School with her.

Later, this very minister was driven from the town by his indignant parishioners, who blamed him not that he had shared in the general delusion, but that many of his persecutions had been actuated by personal malice.

And by a formal and public act, the repentant people canceled their excommunication of one blameless woman who had been his especial victim.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "the supreme test of witchery will now be put to you. Pray God discover you if you be guilty. Let Ebenezer Gibbs appear."

"Ebenezer Gibbs," cried the Beadle, loudly.

At this there was a great stir and confusion in the rear of the meetinghouse.

Deliverance saw the stern faces turn from her, and necks craned to see the next witness. There entered the young man whom she had noticed, mounted on a white horse, at the out-

skirts of the crowd. A buzz of admiration greeted him, as he advanced slowly up the aisle, with a pomposity unusual in so young a man. His expression was austere. His right hand was spread upon a Bible, which he held against his breast. His hand, large, of a dimpled plumpness, with tapering fingers, was oddly at variance with his handsome face, which was thin, and marked by lines of hard study; a fiery zeal smoldered beneath the self-contained expression, ready to flame forth at a word. He ascended the platform reserved for the judges, and seated himself. Then he laid the Bible on his knees, and folded his arms across his breast.

A pitiful wailing arose in the back of the house, and the sound of a woman's voice hushing some one.

A man's voice in the audience cried out, "Let the witch be hanged. She be tormenting her victim."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance, shrilly. "Dear Lord, give them a sign I be no witch."

The Beadle pounded his staff for silence.

"Let Ebenezer Gibbs come into court."

In answer to these summons, a child came slowly up the aisle, clinging to his mother's skirts. His thin little legs tottered under him; his face was peaked and wan, and he hid it in his mother's dress. When the Beadle sought to lift him, he wept bitterly, and had to be taken by force, and placed upon the platform where the accused was seated. The poor baby gasped for breath. His face grew rigid, his lips purple. His tiny hands, which were like bird's claws, so thin and emaciated were they, clinched, and he fell in convulsions.

An angry murmur from the people was instantly succeeded by the deepest silence.

The magistrates and people breathlessly awaited the result of the coming experiment.

The supreme test in all cases of witchery was to bring the victim into court, when he would generally fall into convulsions, or scream with agony on beholding the accused.

The Beadle and his assistants would then conduct or carry the sufferer to the prisoner, who was bidden by the judge to put forth his hand and touch the flesh of the afflicted one. Instantly the convulsions and supposed diabolical effects would cease, the malignant fluid passing back, like a magnetic current, into the body of the witch.

Tenderly the Beadle lifted the small convulsed form of Ebenezer Gibbs and laid it at the prisoner's feet.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "you are bidden by the court to touch the body of your victim, that the malignant fluid, with which you have so diabolically afflicted him, may return into your own body. Again I pray God in His justice discover you if you be guilty."

Despite the severity of her rule, the little assistant teacher of the Dame School had a most tender heart for her tiny scholars. She bent now and lifted this youngest of her pupils into her lap.

"Oh, Ebenezer," she cried, stricken with remorse, "I no meant to rap your pate so hard as to make ye go daffy."

Doubtless the familiar voice pierced to the child's benumbed faculties, for he was seen to stir in her arms.

"Ebenezer," murmured the little maid, "do ye no love me, that ye will no open your eyes and look at me? Why, I be no witch, Ebenezer. Open your eyes and see. I will give ye a big sugarplum and ye will."

The beloved voice touched the estranged child heart. Perhaps the poor, stricken baby believed himself again at his knitting and primer lesson at the Dame School. In the awed silence he was seen to raise himself in the prisoner's arms and smile. With an inarticulate, cooing sound, he stroked her cheek with his little hand. The little maid spoke in playful chiding. Suddenly a weak gurgle of laughter smote the strained hearing of the people.

"Ye see, ye see I be no witch," cried Deliverance, raising her head, "ye see he be no afeared o' me."

But as soon as the words left her lips, she shrank and cowered, for she realized that the test of witchery had succeeded, that she was condemned. From her suddenly limp and helpless arms the Beadle took the child and returned it to its mother. And from that hour it was observed that little Ebenezer Gibbs regained strength.

The prisoner's arms were then bound behind her that she might not touch any one else.

After quiet had been restored, and the excitement at this direct proof of the prisoner's guilt had been quelled, the young minister, who had entered at a late hour of the trial, rose and addressed the jury. He was none other than the famous Cotton Mather, of Boston Town, being then about thirty years old and

in the height of his power. He had journeyed thither, he said, especially to be present at this trial, inasmuch as he had heard that some doubters had protested that the prisoner being young and a maiden, it was a cruel deed to bring her to trial, as if it had not been proven unto the people, yea, unto these very doubters, that the Devil, in his serpent cunning, o'ten takes possession of seemingly innocent persons.

"Atheism," he said, tapping his Bible, "is begun in Sadduceism, and those that dare not openly say, 'There is no God,' content themselves for a fair step and introduction thereto by denying there are witches. You have seen how this poor child had his grievous torment relieved as soon as the prisoner touched him. Yet you are wrought upon in your weak hearts by her round cheek and tender years, whereas if the prisoner had been an hag, you would have cried out upon her. Have you not been told this present assault of evil spirits is a particular defiance unto you and your ministers? Especially against New England is Satan waging war, because of its greater godliness. For the same reason it has been observed that demons, having much spite against God's house, do seek to demolish churches during thunderstorms. Of this you have had terrible experience in the incident of this prisoner. You know how hundreds of poor people have been seized with supernatural torture, many scalded with invisible brimstone, some with pins stuck in them, which have been withdrawn and placed in a bottle, that you all may have witness thereof. Yea, with mine own eyes have I seen poor children made to fly like geese, but just their toes touching now and then upon the ground, sometimes not once in twenty feet, their arms flapping like wings!"

The courthouse was very warm this June morning. Cotton Mather paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow. As he returned his kerchief to his pocket his glance rested momentarily on the prisoner.

For the first time he realized her youth. He noted her hair had a golden and innocent shining like the hair of a little child.

"Surely," he spoke aloud, yet more to himself than to the people, "the Devil does indeed take on at times the appearance of a very angel of light!"

He felt a sudden stirring of sympathy for those weak natures wrought upon by "a round cheek and tender years." The consciousness of this leaning in himself inspired him to greater vehemence.

“The conviction is most earnestly forced upon me that God has made of this especial case a very trial of faith, lest we embrace Satan when he appears to us in goodly disguise, and persecute him only when he puts on the semblance of an old hag or a middle-aged person. Yet, while God has thus far accorded the most exquisite success to our endeavor to defeat these horrid witchcrafts, there is need of much caution lest the Devil outwit us, so that we most miserably convict the innocent and set the guilty free. Now, the prisoner being young, meseemeth she was, perchance, more foolish than wicked. And when I reflect that men of much strength and hearty women have confessed that the Black man did tender a book unto them, soliciting them to enter into a league with his Master, and when they refused this abominable specter did summon his demons to torture these poor people, until by reason of their weak flesh, but against their real desires, they signed themselves to be the servants of the Devil forever,—and, I repeat, that when I reflect on this, that they who were hearty and of mature age could not withstand the torture of being twisted and pricked and pulled, and scalded with burning brimstone, how much less could a weak, tender maid resist their evil assaults? And I trust that my poor prayers for her salvation will not be refused, but that she will confess and save her soul.”

He turned his earnest gaze upon Deliverance, and, perceiving she was in great fear, he spoke to her gently, bidding her cast off all dread of the Devil, abiding rather in the love of God, and thus strong in the armor of light, make her confession.

But the little maid was too stupefied by terror to gather much intelligent meaning from his words, and she stared helplessly at him as if stricken dumb.

At her continued, and to him, stubborn, silence, his patience vanished.

“Then you are indeed obstinate and of hard heart, and the Lord has cast you off,” he cried. He turned to the judges with an impassioned gesture. “What better proof could you have that the Devil would indeed beguile the court itself by a fair outward show? Behold a very Sallucee! See in what dire need we stand to permit no false compassion to move us, lest by not proceeding with unwavering justice in this witchery business we work against the very cause of Christ. Still, while I would thus caution you not to let one witch go free, meseemeth it is yet worth while to consider other punishment than by halter

or burning. I have lately been impressed by a Vision from the Invisible World, that it would be pleasing to the Lord to have the lesser criminals punished in a mortifying public fashion until they renounce the Devil. I am apt to think there is some substantial merit in this peculiar recommendation."

A ray of hope was in these last words for the prisoner.

Deliverance raised her head eagerly. A lesser punishment! Then she would not be hanged. Oh, what a blessed salvation that she would be placed only in the stocks, or made to stand in a public place until she should confess! And it flashed through her mind that she could delay her confession from day to day until the Cavalier should return.

Cotton Mather caught her sudden changed expression.

The wan little face with its wide, uplifted eyes and half-parted lips acquired a fearful significance. That transfiguring illumination of hope upon her face was to him the phosphorescent playing of diabolical lights.

His compassion vanished. He now saw her only as a subtle instrument of the Devil's to defeat the ministers and the Church. He shuddered at the train of miserable consequences to which his pity might have opened the door, had not the mercy of God showed him his error in time.

"But when you have caught a witch of more than ordinary devilment," he cried, striking the palm of one hand with his clinched fist, "and who, by a fair and most subtle showing, would betray the cause of Christ to her Master, let no weak pity unnerve you, but have at her and hang her, lest but one such witch left in the land acquire power to wreak untold evil and undo all we have done."

Still once again did his deeply concerned gaze seek the prisoner's face, hoping to behold therein some sign of softening.

Beholding it not, he sighed heavily. He would willingly have given his life to save her soul to the good of God and to the glory of his own self-immolation.

"I become more and more convinced that my failure to bring this miserable maid to confession, and indeed the whole assault of the Evil Angels upon the country," he continued, using those words which have been generally accepted as a revelation of his marvelous credulity and self-righteousness, "were intended by Hell as a particular defiance unto my poor endeavors to bring the souls of men unto heaven. Yet will I wage personal war with Satan to drive him from the land."

He raised his eyes, a light of exaltation sweeping over his face.

"And in God's own appointed time," he cried in a voice that quivered with emotion, "His Peace will again descend upon this fair and gracious land, and we shall be at rest from persecution."

Whatever of overweening vanity his words expressed, none present seeing his enraptured face might have judged him harshly.

No infatuated self-complacency alone prompted his words, but rather his earnest conviction that he was indeed the instrument of God, and believed himself by reason of his long fastings and prayer, more than any person he knew, in direct communion with the invisible world.

And if his vanity and self-sufficiency held many from loving him, there were few who did not involuntarily do him honor.

Having finished, he sat down, laid his Bible on his knee, and folded his arms across his breast as heretofore. None, looking at him then as he sat facing the people, his chest puffed out with incomparable pride, young, with every sign of piety, withal a famous scholar, and possessed of exceptional personal comeliness, saw how the shadow of the future already touched him, when for his honest zeal in persecuting witches he should be an object of insult and ridicule in Boston Town, people naming their negroes Cotton Mather after him.

During his speech, Deliverance had at first listened eagerly, but, as he continued, her head sank on her breast and hope vanished. Dimly, as in a dream, she heard the judges' voices, the whispering of the people. At last, as a voice speaking a great distance off, she heard her name spoken.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "you are acquaint with the law. If any man or woman be a witch and hath a familiar spirit, or hath consulted with one, he or she shall be put to death. You have by full and fair trial been proven a witch and found guilty in the extreme. Yet the court will show mercy unto you, if you will heartily, and with a contrite heart, confess that you sinned through weakness, and repent that you did transfer allegiance from God to the Devil."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance, huskily, "I be no witch. There be another judgment."

The tears dropped from her eyes into her lap and the sweat

rolled down her face. But she could not wipe them away, her arms being bound behind her.

The judge nearest her, he who wore his natural hair and the black cap, was moved to compassion. He leant forward, and with his kerchief wiped the tears and sweat from her face.

"You poor and pitiful child," he said, "estranged from God by reason of your great sin, confess, confess, while there is yet time, lest you be hanged in sin and your soul condemned to eternal burning."

Deliverance comprehended but the merciful act and not the exhortation. She looked at him with the terror and entreaty of a last appeal in her eyes, but was powerless to speak.

Thus because she would not confess to the crime of which she had been proven guilty in the eyes of the law, she was sentenced to be hanged within five days, on Saturday, not later than the tenth nor earlier than the eighth hour. Also, owing to the fact of the confusion and almost ungovernable excitement among the people, it was forbidden any one to visit her, excepting of course the officers of the law, or the ministers to exhort her to confession.

At noon the court adjourned.

First, the judges in their velvet gowns went out of the meeting-house. With the chief justice walked Cotton Mather, conversing learnedly.

Following their departure, two soldiers entered and bade Deliverance rise and go out with them. So, amidst a great silence, she passed down the aisle.



THE WISE WOMAN.

By MME. DARMESTETER (MARY ROBINSON).

[MARY ROBINSON: Born at Leamington, Feb. 27, 1857. An English poet. In 1888 she married M. Darmesteter, the French Orientalist. She has written: "A Handful of Honeysuckles" (1878), "The Crowned Hippolytus" (1880), a translation of Euripides (1881), "The End of the Middle Ages" (1889: a historical work), etc. Died in February, 1921.]

In the last low cottage in Blackthorn Lane
 The Wise Woman lives alone;
 The broken thatch lets in the rain,
 And the glass is shattered in every pane
 With stones the boys have thrown.

For who would not throw stones at a witch,
Take any safe revenge
For the father's lameness, the mother's stitch,
The sheep that died on its back in a ditch,
And the mildewed corn in the grange?

Only be sure to be out of sight
Of the witch's baleful eye!
So the stones, for the most, are thrown at night,
Then a scuffle of feet, a hurry of fright —
How fast those urchins fly!

And a shattered glass is gaping sore
In the ragged window frame,
Or a horseshoe nailed against the door,
Whereunder the witch should pass no more.
Were sayings and doings the same.

The witch's garden is run to weeds,
Never a phlox or a rose,
But infamous growths her brewing needs,
Or slimy mosses the rank soil breeds,
Or tares such as no man sows.

This is the house. Lift up the latch —
Faugh, the smoke and the smell!
A broken bench, some rags that catch
The drip of the rain from the broken thatch —
Are these the wages of Hell?

Is it for this she earns the fear
And the shuddering hate of her kind?
To molder and ache in the hovel here,
With the horror of death ever brooding near,
And the terror of what is behind?

The witch — who wonders? — is bent with cramp,
Satan himself cannot cure her,
For the beaten floor is oozing damp,
And the moon, through the roof, might serve for a lamp,
Only a rushlight's surer.

And here some night she will die alone,
When the cramp clutches tight at her heart.
Let her cry in her anguish, and sob, and moan,
The tenderest woman the village has known
Would shudder — but keep apart.

Should she die in her bed! A likelier chance
Were the dog's death, drowned in the pond.
The witch when she passes it looks askance:
They ducked her once, when the horse bit Nance;
She remembers, and looks beyond.

For then she had perished in very truth,
But the Squire's son, home from college,
Rushed to the rescue, himself forsooth
Plunged after the witch. — Yes, I like the youth
For all his new-fangled knowledge.

How he stormed at the cowards! What a rage
Heroic flashed in his eyes!
But many a struggle and many an age
Must pass ere the same broad heritage
Be given the fools and the wise.

“Cowards!” he cried. He was lord of the land,
He was mighty to them, and rich.
They let him rant; but on either hand
They shrank from the devil's unseen brand
On the sallow face of the witch.

They let him rant; but deep in each heart
Each thought of something of his own
Wounded or hurt by the Wise Woman's art;
Some friend estranged, or some lover apart.
Each heart grew cold as stone.

And the Heir spoke on, in his eager youth,
His blue eyes full of flame;
And he held the witch, as he spoke of the Truth;
And the dead, cold Past; and of Love and of Ruth —
But their hearts were still the same.

Till at last — “For the sake of Christ who died,
Mother, forgive them,” he said.
“Come, let us kneel, let us pray!” he cried.
But horror-stricken, aghast, from his side
The witch broke loose and fled!

Fled right fast from the brave amends
He would make her then and there,
From the chance that Heaven so seldom sends
To turn our bitterest foes to friends, —
Fled at the name of a prayer.

Poor lad, he stared so ; amazed and grieved.
He had argued nearly an hour ;
And yet the beldam herself believed,
No less than the villagers she deceived,
In her own unholy power !

Though surely a witch should know very well
'Tis the lie for which she will burn,
She surely has learned that the deepest spell
Her art includes could never compel
A quart of cream to turn.

And why, knowing this, should one sell one's soul
To gain such a life as hers, —
The life of the bat and the burrowing mole, —
To gain no vision and no control,
Not even the power to curse ?

'Tis strange, and a riddle still in my mind
To-day as well as then.
There's never an answer I could find
Unless — O folly of humankind !
O vanity born with men !

Rather it may be than merely remain
A woman poor and old,
No longer like to be courted again
For the sallow face deep lined with pain,
Or the heart grown sad and cold.

Such bitter souls may there be, I think,
So craving the power that slips,
Rather than lose it, they would drink
The waters of Hell, and lie at the brink
Of the grave, with eager lips.

Who sooner would, than slip from sight,
Meet every eye askance ;
Whom threatened murder can scarce affright ;
Who sooner would live as a plague and a blight
Than just be forgotten : perchance.

INNATE PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES NON-EXISTENT.

BY JOHN LOCKE.

(From the "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding.")

[JOHN LOCKE, one of the most celebrated of English philosophers, was a native of Wrington, Somerset, where he was born August 29, 1632. After several years of study at Oxford, he engaged in medical practice, and in this capacity made the acquaintance of Lord Ashley (later Earl of Shaftesbury), who appointed him confidential agent and secretary to the council of trade. In 1669 he drew up a constitution for the colonists of Carolina, of which Shaftesbury was one of the lords proprietors. After the fall of his patron Locke found it necessary to escape to Holland, and here he remained for several years, an object of suspicion to the government and a supposed accomplice in Monmouth's rebellion. After the Restoration he held various civil offices, and died at the residence of Sir Francis Masham in Essex, October 28, 1704. His "Essay concerning Human Understanding" (1690), met with rapid and extensive celebrity both in England and on the Continent. Also noteworthy are his letters "Concerning Toleration," "Thoughts on Education," and "The Reasonableness of Christianity."]

No MORAL principles so clear and so generally received as [some speculative maxims which yet are not assented to by all]. — It will be hard to instance any moral rule which can pretend to so general and ready an assent as "What is, is"; or to be so manifest a truth as this, "that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be." Whereby it is evident that they are farther removed from the title to be innate; and the doubt of their being native impressions on the mind is stronger against those moral principles than the other. Not that it brings their truth at all in question: they are equally true, though not equally evident. Those speculative maxims carry their own evidence with them: but moral principles require reasoning and discourse, and some exercise of the mind, to discover the certainty of their truth. They lie not open as natural characters engraven on the mind; which, if any such were, they must needs be visible by themselves, and by their own light be certain and known to everybody.

But this is no derogation to truth and certainty; no more than it is to the truth or certainty of the three angles of a triangle being equal to two right ones, because it is not so evident as "the whole is bigger than a part," nor so apt to be assented to at first hearing. It may suffice, that these moral rules are capable of demonstration; and therefore it is

our own fault if we come not to a certain knowledge of them. But the ignorance wherein many men are of them, and the slowness of assent wherewith others receive them, are manifest proofs that they are not innate, and such as offer themselves to their view without searching.

Faith and justice not owned as principles by all men.—Whether there be any such moral principles, wherein all men do agree, I appeal to any who have been but moderately conversant in the history of mankind, and looked abroad beyond the smoke of their own chimneys. Where is that practical truth, that is universally received without doubt or question, as it must be if innate? Justice, and keeping of contracts, is that which most men seem to agree in. This is a principle which is thought to extend itself to the dens of thieves, and the confederacies of the greatest villains; and they who have gone farthest towards the putting off of humanity itself, keep faith and rules of justice one with another. I grant that outlaws themselves do this one amongst another; but it is without receiving these as the innate laws of nature. They practice them as rules of convenience within their own communities; but it is impossible to conceive, that he embraces justice as a practical principle, who acts fairly with his fellow-highwayman, and the same time plunders or kills the next honest man he meets with. Justice and truth are the common ties of society; and, therefore, even outlaws and robbers, who break with all the world besides, must keep faith and rules of equity among themselves, or else they cannot hold together. But will any one say, that those that live by fraud or rapine have innate principles of truth and justice which they allow and assent to?

Objection, [that] though men deny them in their practice, yet they admit them in their thoughts, answered.—Perhaps it will be urged, that the tacit assent of their minds agrees to what their practice contradicts. I answer, first, I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts. But since it is certain that most men's practices, and some men's open professions, have either questioned or denied these principles, it is impossible to establish an universal consent (though we should look for it only amongst grown men), without which it is impossible to conclude them innate. Secondly, it is very strange and unreasonable to suppose innate practical principles that terminate only in contemplation. Practical principles derived from nature are there for operation,

and must produce conformity of action, not barely speculative assent to their truth, or else they are in vain distinguished from speculative maxims. Nature, I confess, has put into man a desire of happiness, and an aversion to misery: these indeed are innate practical principles, which (as practical principles ought) do continue constantly to operate and influence all our actions without ceasing; these may be observed, in all persons and all ages, steady and universal: but these are inclinations of the appetite to good, not impressions of truth on the understanding. I deny not that there are natural tendencies imprinted on the minds of men; and that, from the very first instances of sense and perception, there are some things that are grateful, and others unwelcome to them; some things that they incline to, and others that they fly: but this makes nothing for innate characters on the mind, which are to be the principles of knowledge, regulating our practice. Such natural impressions on the understanding are so far from being confirmed hereby, that this is an argument against them; since, if there were certain characters imprinted by nature on the understanding, as the principles of knowledge, we could not but perceive them constantly operate in us, and influence our knowledge, as we do those others on the will and appetite; which never cease to be the constant springs and motives of all our actions, to which we perpetually feel them strongly impelling us.

Moral rules need a proof, ergo not innate. — Another reason that makes me doubt of any innate practical principles, is, that I think there cannot any one moral rule be proposed, whereof a man may not justly demand a reason: which would be perfectly ridiculous and absurd, if they were innate, or so much as self-evident; which every innate principle must needs be, and not need any proof to ascertain its truth, nor want any reason to gain it approbation. He would be thought void of common sense, who asked on the one side, or on the other side went to give a reason, why “it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be.” It carries its own light and evidence with it, and needs no other proof: he that understands the terms, assents to it for its own sake, or else nothing will ever be able to prevail with him to do it. But should that most unshaken rule of morality, and foundation of all social virtue, “that one should do as he would be done unto,” be proposed to one who never heard it before, but yet is of capacity to under-

stand its meaning, might he not, without any absurdity, ask a reason why? And were not he that proposed it bound to make out the truth and reasonableness of it to him? which plainly shows it not to be innate: for if it were, it could neither want nor receive any proof; but must needs (at least as soon as heard and understood) be received and assented to, as an unquestionable truth, which a man can by no means doubt of. So that the truth of all these moral rules plainly depends upon some other antecedent to them, and from which they must be deduced; which could not be, if either they were innate, or so much as self-evident.

Instance in keeping compacts. — That men should keep their compacts is certainly a great and undeniable rule in morality. But yet, if a Christian, who has the view of happiness and misery in another life, be asked why a man must keep his word? he will give this as a reason: Because God, who has the power of eternal life and death, requires it of us. But if a Hobbist be asked why, he will answer, Because the public requires it, and the leviathan will punish you if you do not. And if one of the old philosophers had been asked, he would have answered, Because it was dishonest, below the dignity of a man, and opposite to virtue, the highest perfection of human nature, to do otherwise.

Virtue generally approved, not because innate, but because profitable. — Hence naturally flows the great variety of opinions concerning moral rules which are to be found among men, according to the different sorts of happiness they have a prospect of, or propose to themselves: which could not be, if practical principles were innate, and imprinted in our minds immediately by the hand of God. I grant the existence of God is so many ways manifest, and the obedience we owe Him so congruous to the light of reason, that a great part of mankind give testimony to the law of nature: but yet I think it must be allowed, that several moral rules may receive from mankind a very general approbation, without either knowing or admitting the true ground of morality; which can only be the will and law of a God, who sees men in the dark, has in His hand rewards and punishments, and power enough to call to account the proudest offender: for God having, by an inseparable connection, joined virtue and public happiness together, and made the practice thereof necessary to the preservation of society, and visibly beneficial to all with whom the virtuous

man has to do, it is no wonder that every one should not only allow, but recommend and magnify, those rules to others, from whose observance of them he is sure to reap advantage to himself. He may, out of interest as well as conviction, cry up that for sacred, which if once trampled on and profaned, he himself cannot be safe nor secure. This, though it takes nothing from the moral and eternal obligation which these rules evidently have, yet it shows that the outward acknowledgment men pay to them in their words, proves not that they are innate principles; nay, it proves not so much as that men assent to them inwardly in their own minds, as the inviolable rules of their practice: since we find that self-interest, and the conveniences of this life, make many men own an outward profession and approbation of them, whose actions sufficiently prove that they very little consider the lawgiver that prescribed these rules, nor the hell that he has ordained for the punishment of those that transgress them.

Men's actions convince us that the rule of virtue is not their internal principle. — For if we will not in civility allow too much sincerity to professions of most men, but think their actions to be the interpreters of their thoughts, we shall find that they have no such internal veneration for these rules, nor so full a persuasion of their certainty and obligation. The great principle of morality, “to do as one would be done to,” is more commended than practiced. But the breach of this rule cannot be a greater vice than to teach others that it is no moral rule, nor obligatory, [which] would be thought madness, and contrary to that interest men sacrifice to when they break it themselves.

Conscience no proof of any innate moral rule. — Perhaps conscience will be urged as checking us for such breaches, and so the internal obligation and establishment of the rule be preserved. To which I answer, that I doubt not but, without being written on their hearts, many men may, by the same way that they come to the knowledge of other things, come to assent to several moral rules, and be convinced of their obligation. Others also may come to be of the same mind, from their education, company, and customs of their country; which persuasion, however got, will serve to set conscience on work, which is nothing else but our own opinion or judgment of the moral rectitude or pravity of our own actions. And if conscience be a proof of innate principles, contraries may be innate principles; since

some men, with the same bent of conscience, prosecute what others avoid.

Instances of enormities practiced without remorse. — But I cannot see how any men should ever transgress those moral rules, with confidence and serenity, were they innate, and stamped upon their minds. View but an army at the sacking of a town, and see what observation or sense of moral principles, or what touch of conscience for all the outrages they do. Robberies, murders, rapes, are the sports of men set at liberty from punishment and censure. Have there not been whole nations, and those of the most civilized people, amongst whom the exposing their children, and leaving them in the fields to perish by want or wild beasts, has been the practice, as little condemned or scrupled as the begetting them? Do they not still, in some countries, put them into the same graves with their mothers, if they die in childbirth; or dispatch them, if a pretended astrologer declares them to have unhappy stars? And are there not places where, at a certain age, they kill or expose their parents without any remorse at all? In a part of Asia, the sick, when their case comes to be thought desperate, are carried out and laid on the earth before they are dead; and left there, exposed to wind and weather, to perish without assistance or pity. It is familiar among the Mingrelians, a people professing Christianity, to bury their children alive without scruple. There are places where they geld their children. The Caribbees were wont to geld their children on purpose to fat and eat them. And Garcilasso de la Vega tells us of a people in Peru which were wont to fat and eat the children they got on their female captives, whom they kept as concubines for that purpose; and when they were past breeding, the mothers themselves were killed, too, and eaten. The virtues whereby the Tououpinambos believed they merited paradise were revenge, and eating abundance of their enemies. They have not so much as the name of God, and have no religion, no worship. The saints who are canonized amongst the Turks led lives which one cannot with modesty relate. . . . Where then are those innate principles of justice, piety, gratitude, equity, chastity? Or where is that universal consent, that assures us there are such inbred rules? Murders in duels, when fashion has made them honorable, are committed without remorse of conscience; nay, in many places, innocence in this case is the greatest ignominy. And if we look abroad, to

take a view of men as they are, we shall find that they have remorse in one place for doing or omitting that which others, in another place, think they merit by.

Men have contrary practical principles. — He that will carefully peruse the history of mankind, and look abroad into the several tribes of men, and with indifference survey their actions, will be able to satisfy himself that there is scarce that principle of morality to be named, or rule of virtue to be thought on, (those only excepted that are absolutely necessary to hold society together, which commonly, too, are neglected betwixt distinct societies,) which is not, somewhere or other, slighted and condemned by the general fashion of whole societies of men, governed by practical opinions and rules of living quite opposite to others.

Whole nations reject several moral rules. — Here, perhaps, it will be objected, that it is no argument that the rule is not known, because it is broken. I grant the objection good where men, though they transgress, yet disown not the law ; where fear of shame, censure, or punishment, carries the mark of some awe it has upon them. But it is impossible to conceive that a whole nation of men should all publicly reject and renounce what every one of them, certainly and infallibly, knew to be a law ; for so they must, who have it naturally imprinted on their minds. It is possible men may sometimes own rules of morality, which, in their private thoughts, they do not believe to be true, only to keep themselves in reputation and esteem among those who are persuaded of their obligation. But it is not to be imagined that a whole society of men should publicly and professedly disown and cast off a rule, which they could not, in their own minds, but be infallibly certain was a law : nor be ignorant that all men they should have to do with knew it to be such : and therefore must every one of them apprehend from others all the contempt and abhorrence due to one who professes himself void of humanity : and one who, confounding the known and natural measures of right and wrong, cannot but be looked on as the professed enemy of their peace and happiness. Whatever practical principle is innate, cannot but be known to every one to be just and good. It is therefore little less than a contradiction to suppose that whole nations of men should, both in their professions and practice, unanimously and universally give the lie to what, by the most invincible evidence, every one of them knew to be true, right, and

good. This is enough to satisfy us that no practical rule, which is anywhere universally, and with approbation or allowance, transgressed, can be supposed innate. But I have something further to add, in answer to this objection.

The breaking of a rule, say you, is no argument that it is unknown. I grant it: but the generally allowed breach of it anywhere, I say, is a proof that it is not innate. For example, let us take any of these rules which, being the most obvious deductions of human reason, and conformable to the natural inclination of the greatest part of men, fewest people have had the impudence to deny or inconsideration to doubt of. If any can be thought to be naturally imprinted, none, I think, can have a fairer pretense to be innate than this: "Parents, preserve and cherish your children." When, therefore, you say that this is an innate rule, what do you mean? Either that it is an innate principle, which upon all occasions excites and directs the actions of all men; or else, that it is a truth which all men have imprinted on their minds, and which therefore they know and assent to. But in neither of these senses is it innate. First, that it is not a principle which influences all men's actions, is what I have proved by the examples before cited: nor need we seek so far as Mingrelia or Peru to find instances of such as neglect, abuse, nay, and destroy their children; or look on it only as the more than brutality of some savage and barbarous nations, when we remember that it was a familiar and uncondemned practice among the Greeks and Romans to expose, without pity or remorse, their innocent infants. Secondly, that it is an innate truth, known to all men, is also false. For "Parents, preserve your children," is so far from an innate truth, that it is no truth at all: it being a command, and not a proposition, and so not capable of truth or falsehood. To make it capable of being assented to as true, it must be reduced to some such proposition as this: "It is the duty of parents to preserve their children." But what duty is, cannot be understood without a law; nor a law be known, or supposed, without a lawmaker, or without reward and punishment: so that it is impossible that this, or any other practical principle, should be innate, *i.e.* be imprinted on the mind as a duty, without supposing the ideas of God, of law, of obligation, of punishment, of a life after this, innate. For that punishment follows not, in this life, the breach of this rule, and consequently, that it has not the force of a law in countries where the generally allowed practice runs counter to it, is in itself evident.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE AND THE PHALARIS
LETTERS.

By LORD MACAULAY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 149.]

THE chief amusement of Temple's declining years was literature. After his final retreat from business he wrote his very agreeable *Memoirs*, corrected and transcribed many of his letters, and published several miscellaneous treatises, the best of which, we think, is that on Gardening. The style of his essays is, on the whole, excellent, almost always pleasing, and now and then stately and splendid. The matter is generally of much less value; as our readers will readily believe when we inform them that Mr. Courtenay, a biographer, — that is to say, a literary vassal, bound by the immemorial law of his tenure to render homage, aids, reliefs, and all other customary services to his lord, avows that he cannot give an opinion about the essay on Heroic Virtue, because he cannot read it without skipping; a circumstance which strikes us as peculiarly strange, when we consider how long Mr. Courtenay was at the India Board, and how many thousand paragraphs of the copious official eloquence of the East he must have perused.

One of Sir William's pieces, however, deserves notice; not, indeed, on account of its intrinsic merit, but on account of the light which it throws on some curious weaknesses of his character, and on account of the extraordinary effects which it produced in the republic of letters. A most idle and contemptible controversy had arisen in France touching the comparative merit of the ancient and modern writers. It was certainly not to be expected that, in that age, the question would be tried according to those large and philosophical principles of criticism which guided the judgments of Lessing and of Herder. But it might have been expected that those who undertook to decide the point would at least take the trouble to read and understand the authors on whose merits they were to pronounce. Now it is no exaggeration to say that, among the disputants who clamored, some for the ancients and some for the moderns, very few were decently acquainted with either ancient or modern literature, and hardly one was well acquainted with both. In Racine's amusing preface to the *Iphigénie* the reader

may find noticed a most ridiculous mistake into which one of the champions of the moderns fell about a passage in the *Alcestis* of Euripides. Another writer is so inconceivably ignorant as to blame Homer for mixing the four Greek dialects, Doric, Ionic, Æolic, and Attic; just, says he, as if a French poet were to put Gascon phrases and Picard phrases into the midst of his pure Parisian writing. On the other hand, it is no exaggeration to say that the defenders of the ancients were entirely unacquainted with the greatest productions of later times; nor, indeed, were the defenders of the moderns better informed. The parallels which were instituted in the course of this dispute are inexpressibly ridiculous. Balzac was selected as the rival of Cicero. Corneille was said to unite the merits of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. We should like to see a Prometheus after Corneille's fashion. The Provincial Letters, masterpieces undoubtedly of reasoning, wit, and eloquence, were pronounced to be superior to all the writings of Plato, Cicero, and Lucian together; particularly in the art of dialogue—an art in which, as it happens, Plato far excelled all men, and in which Pascal, great and admirable in other respects, is notoriously very deficient.

This childish controversy spread to England; and some mischievous dæmon suggested to Temple the thought of undertaking the defense of the ancients. As to his qualifications for the task, it is sufficient to say, that he knew not a word of Greek. But his vanity, which, when he was engaged in the conflicts of active life and surrounded by rivals, had been kept in tolerable order by his discretion, now, when he had long lived in seclusion, and had become accustomed to regard himself as by far the first man of his circle, rendered him blind to his own deficiencies. In an evil hour he published an *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning*. The style of this treatise is very good, the matter ludicrous and contemptible to the last degree. There we read how Lyeurgus traveled into India, and brought the Spartan laws from that country; how Orpheus made voyages in search of knowledge, and attained to a depth of learning which has made him renowned in all succeeding ages; how Pythagoras passed twenty-two years in Egypt, and, after graduating there, spent twelve years more at Babylon, where the Magi admitted him *ad eundem*; how the ancient Brahmins lived two hundred years; how the earliest Greek philosophers foretold earthquakes and plagues, and put down riots by magic; and how much Ninus surpassed in abilities any

of his successors on the throne of Assyria. The moderns, Sir William owns, have found out the circulation of the blood : but, on the other hand, they have quite lost the art of conjuring ; nor can any modern fiddler enchant fishes, fowls, and serpents, by his performance. He tells us that “Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Epicurus made greater progresses in the several empires of science than any of their successors have since been able to reach ;” which is just as absurd as if he had said that the greatest names in British science are Merlin, Michael Scott, Dr. Sydenham, and Lord Bacon. Indeed, the manner in which Temple mixes the historical and the fabulous reminds us of those classical dictionaries, intended for the use of schools, in which Narcissus the lover of himself and Narcissus the freedman of Claudius, Pollux the son of Jupiter and Leda and Pollux the author of the *Onomasticon*, are ranged under the same headings, and treated as personages equally real. The effect of this arrangement resembles that which would be produced by a dictionary of modern names, consisting of such articles as the following : “Jones, William, an eminent Orientalist, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal — Davy, a fiend, who destroys ships — Thomas, a foundling, brought up by Mr. Allworthy.” It is from such sources as these that Temple seems to have learned all that he knew about the ancients. He puts the story of Orpheus between the Olympic games and the battle of Arbela ; as if we had exactly the same reasons for believing that Orpheus led beasts with his lyre, which we have for believing that there were races at Pisa, or that Alexander conquered Darius.

He manages little better when he comes to the moderns. He gives us a catalogue of those whom he regards as the greatest writers of later times. It is sufficient to say that, in his list of Italians, he has omitted Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso ; in his list of Spaniards, Lope and Calderon ; in his list of French, Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, Corneille, Racine, and Boileau ; and in his list of English, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton.

In the midst of all this vast mass of absurdity one paragraph stands out preëminent. The doctrine of Temple, not a very comfortable doctrine, is that the human race is constantly degenerating, and that the oldest books in every kind are the best. In confirmation of this notion, he remarks that the

Fables of *Æsop* are the best Fables, and the letters of *Phalaris* the best Letters, in the world. On the merit of the Letters of *Phalaris* he dwells with great warmth and with extraordinary felicity of language. Indeed we could hardly select a more favorable specimen of the graceful and easy majesty to which his style sometimes rises than this unlucky passage. He knows, he says, that some learned men, or men who pass for learned, such as *Politian*, have doubted the genuineness of these letters: but of such doubts he speaks with the greatest contempt. Now it is perfectly certain, first, that the letters are very bad; secondly, that they are spurious; and thirdly, that, whether they be bad or good, spurious or genuine, Temple could know nothing of the matter; inasmuch as he was no more able to construe a line of them than to decipher an Egyptian obelisk.

This Essay, silly as it is, was exceedingly well received, both in England and on the Continent. And the reason is evident. The classical scholars who saw its absurdity were generally on the side of the ancients, and were inclined rather to veil than to expose the blunders of an ally; the champions of the moderns were generally as ignorant as Temple himself; and the multitude was charmed by his flowing and melodious diction. He was doomed, however, to smart, as he well deserved, for his vanity and folly.

Christchurch at Oxford was then widely and justly celebrated as a place where the lighter parts of classical learning were cultivated with success. With the deeper mysteries of philology neither the instructors nor the pupils had the smallest acquaintance. They fancied themselves *Scaligers*, as Bentley scornfully said, if they could write a copy of Latin verses with only two or three small faults. From this College proceeded a new edition of the Letters of *Phalaris*, which were rare, and had been in request since the appearance of Temple's Essay. The nominal editor was *Charles Boyle*, a young man of noble family and promising parts; but some older members of the society lent their assistance. While this work was in preparation, an idle quarrel, occasioned, it should seem, by the negligence and misrepresentations of a bookseller, arose between Boyle and the King's Librarian, *Richard Bentley*. Boyle, in the preface to his edition, inserted a bitter reflection on Bentley. Bentley revenged himself by proving that the Epistles of *Phalaris* were forgeries; and in his remarks on this

subject treated Temple, not indecently, but with no great reverence.

Temple, who was quite unaccustomed to any but the most respectful usage, who, even while engaged in politics, had always shrunk from all rude collision and had generally succeeded in avoiding it, and whose sensitiveness had been increased by many years of seclusion and flattery, was moved to most violent resentment, complained, very unjustly, of Bentley's foul-mouthed raillery, and declared that he had commenced an answer, but had laid it aside, "having no mind to enter the lists with such a mean, dull, unmannerly pedant." Whatever may be thought of the temper which Sir William showed on this occasion, we cannot too highly applaud his discretion in not finishing and publishing his answer, which would certainly have been a most extraordinary performance.

He was not, however, without defenders. Like Hector, when struck down prostrate by Ajax, he was in an instant covered by a thick crowd of shields.

Οὐ τις ἐδυνήσατο ποιμένα λαῶν
Οὐτάσαι οὐδὲ βαλεῖν * πρὶν γὰρ περίβησαν ἄριστοι,
Πουλυδάμας τε καὶ Αἰγέας καὶ δῖος Ἀγέρωρ
Σαρπηδὼν τ', ἀρχὸς Λυκίων, καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων.

Christchurch was up in arms; and though that College seems then to have been almost destitute of severe and accurate learning, no academical society could show a greater array of orators, wits, politicians, bustling adventurers who united the superficial accomplishments of the scholar with the manners and arts of the man of the world; and this formidable body resolved to try how far smart repartees, well-turned sentences, confidence, puffing, and intrigue could, on the question whether a Greek book were or were not genuine, supply the place of a little knowledge of Greek.

Out came the Reply to Bentley, bearing the name of Boyle, but in truth written by Atterbury with the assistance of Smallridge and others. A most remarkable book it is, and often reminds us of Goldsmith's observation, that the French would be the best cooks in the world if they had any butcher's meat; for that they can make ten dishes out of a nettle-top. It really deserves the praise, whatever that praise may be worth, of being the best book ever written by any man on the wrong side of a question of which he was profoundly

ignorant. The learning of the confederacy is that of a school-boy, and not of an extraordinary schoolboy : but it is used with the skill and address of most able, artful, and experienced men ; it is beaten out to the very thinnest leaf, and is disposed in such a way as to seem ten times larger than it is. The dexterity with which the confederates avoid grappling with those parts of the subject with which they know themselves to be incompetent to deal is quite wonderful. Now and then, indeed, they commit disgraceful blunders, for which old Busby, under whom they had studied, would have whipped them all round. But this circumstance only raises our opinion of the talents which made such a fight with such scanty means. Let readers who are not acquainted with the controversy imagine a Frenchman, who has acquired just English enough to read the *Spectator* with a dictionary, coming forward to defend the genuineness of Ireland's Vortigern against Malone ; and they will have some notion of the feat which Atterbury had the audacity to undertake, and which, for a time, it was really thought that he had performed.

The illusion was soon dispelled. Bentley's answer forever settled the question, and established his claim to the first place amongst classical scholars. Nor do those do him justice who represent the controversy as a battle between wit and learning. For though there is a lamentable deficiency of learning on the side of Boyle, there is no want of wit on the side of Bentley. Other qualities, too, as valuable as either wit or learning, appear conspicuously in Bentley's book : a rare sagacity, an unrivaled power of combination, a perfect mastery of all the weapons of logic. He was greatly indebted to the furious outcry which the misrepresentations, sarcasms, and intrigues of his opponents had raised against him ; an outcry in which fashionable and political circles joined, and which was echoed by thousands who did not know whether Phalaris ruled in Sicily or in Siam. His spirit, daring even to rashness, self-confident even to negligence, and proud even to insolent ferocity, was awed for the first and for the last time ; awed, not into meanness or cowardice, but into wariness and sobriety. For once he ran no risks ; he left no crevice unguarded ; he wanted in no paradoxes ; above all, he returned no railing for the railing of his enemies. In almost everything that he has written we can discover proofs of genius and learning. But it is only here that his genius and learning appear to have been constantly under the

guidance of good sense and good temper. Here, we find none of that besotted reliance on his own powers and on his own luck, which he showed when he undertook to edit Milton; none of that perverted ingenuity which deforms so many of his notes on Horace; none of that disdainful carelessness by which he laid himself open to the keen and dexterous thrust of Middleton; none of that extravagant vaunting and savage scurrility by which he afterwards dishonored his studies and his profession, and degraded himself almost to the level of De Pauw.

Temple did not live to witness the utter and irreparable defeat of his champions. He died, indeed, at a fortunate moment, just after the appearance of Boyle's book, and while all England was laughing at the way in which the Christchurch men had handled the pedant. In Boyle's book, Temple was praised in the highest terms, and compared to Memmius: not a very happy comparison; for almost the only particular information which we have about Memmius is that, in agitated times, he thought it his duty to attend exclusively to politics, and that his friends could not venture, except when the Republic was quiet and prosperous, to intrude on him with their philosophical and poetical productions. It is on this account that Lucretius puts up the exquisitely beautiful prayer for peace with which his poem opens:—

“*Nam neque nos agere hoc patriæ tempore iniquo
Possumus æquo animo, nec Memmî clara propago
Talibus in rebus communi deesse saluti.*”

This description is surely by no means applicable to a statesman who had, through the whole course of his life, carefully avoided exposing himself in seasons of trouble; who had repeatedly refused, in most critical conjunctures, to be Secretary of State; and who now, in the midst of revolutions, plots, foreign and domestic wars, was quietly writing nonsense about the visits of Læurgus to the Brahmins and the tunes which Arion played to the Dolphin.

We must not omit to mention that, while the controversy about Phalaris was raging, Swift, in order to show his zeal and attachment, wrote the *Battle of the Books*, the earliest piece in which his peculiar talents are discernible. We may observe that the bitter dislike of Bentley, bequeathed by Temple to Swift, seems to have been communicated by Swift to Pope, to

Arbuthnot, and to others, who continued to tease the great critic long after he had shaken hands very cordially both with Boyle and with Atterbury.

ESSAY UPON THE ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING.

By SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

[SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, English statesman and author, was born at London in 1628; graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge; from 1653 to 1659 took the "grand tour" of Europe. At the Restoration in 1660, he was elected to the Irish Convention. Sent on diplomatic missions, his most noted feat was the "Triple Alliance" of 1668 between England, Holland, and Sweden, which forced Louis XIV. to keep his hands off the Spanish Netherlands for the time, but caused his invasion of Holland and the murder of De Witt four years later, and had no permanent results. He then became resident minister at the Hague, and arranged the marriage between William of Orange and Mary. Later, he was one of Charles's overgrown cabinet, and in 1679 Secretary of State; but the next year resigned, and retired to his country seat, where he died in 1698. His essays and other writings were long held as models of pure and graceful English.]

THE Force of all that I have met with upon this Subject, either in Talk or Writing is, first, as to Knowledge; that we must have more than the Ancients, because we have the Advantage both of theirs and our own, which is commonly illustrated by the Similitude of a Dwarf's standing upon a Giant's Shoulders, and seeing more or farther than he. Next as to Wit or Genius, that Nature being still the same, these must be much at a Rate in all Ages, at least in the same Climates, as the Growth and Size of Plants and Animals commonly are; and if both these are allowed, they think the Cause is gained. But I cannot tell why we should conclude, that the Ancient Writers had not as much Advantage from the Knowledge of others, that were Ancient to them, as we have from those that are Ancient to us. The Invention of Printing has not perhaps multiplied Books, but only the Copies of them; and if we believe there were Six hundred thousand in the Library of *Ptolemy*, we shall hardly pretend to equal it by any of ours, not, perhaps, by all put together; I mean so many Originals, that have lived any Time, and thereby given Testimony of their having been thought worth preserving. For the Scribblers are infinite, that, like Mushrooms or Flies, are born and die in small Circles of Time:

whereas Books, like Proverbs, receive their chief Value from the Stamp and Esteem of Ages through which they have passed. Besides the Account of this Library at *Alexandria*, and others very Voluminous in the lesser *Asia* and *Rome*, we have frequent mention of Ancient Writers in many of those books which we now call Ancient, both Philosophers and Historians. . . .

But if any should so very rashly and presumptuously conclude, that there were few Books before those we have either Extant or upon Record; yet that cannot argue there was no Knowledge or Learning before those Periods of Time, whereof they give us the short Account. Books may be Helps to Learning and Knowledge, and make it more common and diffused; but I doubt whether they are necessary ones or no, or much advance any other Science beyond the particular Records of Actions or Registers of Time; and these perhaps might be as long preserved without them, by the Care and Exactness of Tradition in the long Successions of certain Races of Men, with whom they were intrusted. . . .

'Tis true, in the *Eastern* Regions, there seems to have been a general Custom of the Priests in each Country, having been either by their own choice, or by Design of the Governments, the perpetual Conservers of Knowledge and Story. Only in *China*, this last was committed particularly to certain Officers of State, who were appointed or continued upon every Accession to that Crown, to Register distinctly the Times and Memorable Events of each Reign. In *Æthiopia*, *Ægypt*, *Chaldea*, *Persia*, *Syria*, *Judea*, these cares were committed wholly to the Priests, who were not less diligent in the Registers of Times and Actions, than in the Study and Successive Propagation thereby of all natural *Science* and *Philosophy*. Whether this was managed by Letters or Tradition or by both; 'tis certain the ancient Colleges, or Societies of Priests were mighty Reservoirs or Lakes of Knowledge, into which some Streams entered perhaps every Age, from the Observations or Inventions of any great Spirits or transcendent Genius's, that happened to rise among them; and nothing was lost out of these Stores, since the Part of conserving what others have gained, either in Knowledge or Empire, is as common and easy, as the other is hard and rare among men.

In these Soils were planted and cultivated those mighty Growths of *Astronomy*, *Astrology*, *Magick*, *Geometry*, Natural *Philosophy*, and Ancient *Story*. From these Sources, *Orpheus*,

Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the Ancients, are acknowledged to have drawn all those Depths of Knowledge or Learning, which have made them so renowned in all succeeding Ages. . . .

There is nothing more agreed than, That all the Learning of the *Greeks* was deduced originally from *Ægypt* or *Phœnicia*; but, Whether theirs might not have flourished to that degree it did, by the Commerce of the *Æthiopians, Chaldeans, Arabians*, and *Indians*, is not so evident (though I am very apt to believe it) and to most of these Regions some of the *Grecians* travelled in search of those Golden Mines of Learning and Knowledge: Not to mention the Voyages of *Orpheus, Musæus, Lycurgus, Thales, Solon, Democritus, Herodotus, Plato*, and that vain Sophist, *Apollonius* (who was but an Ape of the Ancient Philosophers), I shall only trace those of *Pythagoras*, who seems, of all others, to have gone the farthest upon this Design, and to have brought home the greatest Treasures. He went first to *Ægypt*, where he spent two and twenty Years in Study and Conversation, among the several Colleges of Priests, in *Memphis, Thebes*, and *Heliopolis*; was initiated in all their several Mysteries, in order to gain Admittance and Instruction in the Learning and Sciences that were there in their highest Ascendent. Twelve Years he spent in *Babylon*, and in the Studies and Learning of the Priests or *Magi* of the *Chaldeans*. Besides these long Abodes in those Two Regions, celebrated for Ancient Learning, and where one Author, according to their Calculations, says, He gained the Observations of innumerable Ages, he travelled upon the same Scent into *Æthiopia, Arabia, India* to *Crete*, to *Delphos*, and to all the Oracles that were Renowned in any of these Regions. . . .

For my own part, I am much inclined to believe, that in these remote Regions not only *Pythagoras* learn'd the first Principles, both of his Natural and Moral Philosophy; but that those of *Democritus* (who travelled into *Ægypt, Chaldaea*, and *India*, and whose Doctrines were after improved by *Epicurus*) might have been derived from the same Fountains; and that long before them both, *Lycurgus*, who likewise travelled into *India*, brought from thence also the chief Principles of his Laws and Politicks, so much Renowned in the World.

For whoever observes the Account already given of the Ancient *Indian* and *Chinese* Learning and Opinions, will easily find among them the Seeds of all these *Grecian* Productions

and institutions: As, the Transmigration of Souls, and the four Cardinal Virtues: The long Silence enjoined his Scholars, and Propagation of their Doctrines by Tradition rather than Letters, and Abstinence from all Meats that had Animal Life, introduced by *Pythagoras*: The Eternity of Matter with perpetual Changes of Form, the Indolence of body, the Tranquillity of Mind, by *Epicurus*: And among those of *Lycurgus*; the Care of Education from the Birth of Children, the austere Temperance of Diet, the patient Endurance of Toil and Pain, the Neglect or Contempt of Life, the Use of Gold and Silver only in their Temples, the Defence of Commerce with Strangers, and several others, by him established among the *Spartans*, seem all to be wholly *Indian*, and different from any Race or Vein of Thought or Imagination, that have ever appeared in *Greece*, either in that Age or any since. . . .

Besides, I know no Circumstances like to contribute more to the Advancement of Knowledge and Learning among Men, than exact Temperance in their Races, great Purenness of Air, and Equality of Climate, long Tranquillity of Empire or Government: And all these we may justly allow to those *Eastern* Regions, more than any others we are acquainted with, at least till the Conquests made by the *Tartars*, upon both *India* and *China*, in the latter Centuries. However, it may be as pardonable to derive some Parts of Learning from thence, as to go so far for the Game of *Chess*, which some Curious and Learned Men have deduced from *India* into *Europe*, by two several Roads, that is, by *Persia* into *Greece*, and by *Arabia* into *Africk* and *Spain*.

Thus much I thought might be allowed me to say, for the giving some idea of what those Sages or Learned Men were, or may have been, who were Ancients to those that are Ancients to us. Now to observe what these have been, is more easie and obvious. The most Ancient *Grecians* that we are at all acquainted with, after *Lycurgus*, who was certainly a great Philosopher as well as Lawgiver, were the seven Sages: Though the Court of *Cræsus* is said to have been much resorted to, by the Sophists of *Greece*, in the happy Beginnings of his Reign. And some of these seven seem to have brought most of those Sciences out of *Egypt* and *Phenicia*, into *Greece*; particularly those of *Astronomy*, *Astrology*, *Geometry*, and *Arithmetick*. These were soon followed by *Pythagoras* (who seems to have introduced Natural and Moral Philosophy) and by

several of his Followers, both in *Greece* and *Italy*. But of all these there remains nothing in Writing now among us; so that *Hippocrates*, *Plato*, and *Xenophon* are the first *Philosophers* whose Works have escaped the Injuries of Time. But that we may not conclude the first Writers we have of the *Grecians* were the first Learned or Wise among them; we shall find upon inquiry, that the more Ancient Sages of *Greece* appear, by the Characters remaining of them, to have been much the greater Men. They were generally Princes or Lawgivers of their Countries, or at least offered and invited to be so, either of their own or of others, that desired them to frame or reform their several Institutions of Civil Government. They were commonly excellent Poets, and great Physicians: They were so learned in Natural Philosophy, that they foretold, not only Eclipses in the Heavens, but Earthquakes at Land, and Storms at Sea, great Drowths and great Plagues, much Plenty or much Scarcity of certain Sorts of Fruits or Grain; not to mention the Magical Powers attributed to several of them, to allay Storms, to raise Gales, to appease Commotions of People, to make Plagues cease; which Qualities, whether upon any Ground of Truth or no, yet, if well believed, must have raised them to that strange Height they were at, of common Esteem and Honour, in their own and succeeding Ages.

By all this may be determined, whether our Moderns or our Ancients may have had the greater and the better Guides, and which of them have taken the greater Pains, and with the more Application in the Pursuit of Knowledge. And, I think, it is enough to shew, that the Advantages we have, from those we call the Ancients, may not be greater than what they had from those that were so to them.

But after all, I do not know whether the high Flights of Wit and Knowledge, like those of Power and of Empire in the World, may not have been made by the pure Native Force of Spirit or Genius in some single Men, rather than by any derived Strength among them, however increased by Succession; and whether they may not have been the Atchievements of Nature, rather than the Improvements of Art. Thus the Conquests of *Ninus* and *Semiramis*, of *Alexander* and *Tamerlane*, which I take to have been the Greatest recorded in Story, were at their Height in those Persons that began them; and so far from being increased by their Successors, that they were not preserved in their Extent and Vigour by any of them, grew

weaker in every Hand they passed through, or were divided into many, that set up for great Princes, out of several small Ruins of the first Empires, till they withered away in Time, or were lost by the Change of Names and Forms of Families or of Governments.

Just the same Fate seems to have attended the highest Flights of Learning and of Knowledge, that are upon our Registers. *Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus*, were the first mighty Conquerors of Ignorance in our World, and made greater Progresses in the several Empires of Science than any of their Successors have been since able to reach. These have hardly ever pretended more than to learn what the others taught, to remember what they invented, and not able to compass that itself, they have set up for Authors, upon some Parcels of those great Stocks, or else have contented themselves only to comment upon those Texts, and make the best Copies they could, after those Originals. . . .

But what are the Sciences wherein we pretend to excel? I know of no New Philosophers, that have made entries upon that Noble Stage for fifteen hundred Years past, unless *Des Cartes* and *Hobbs* should pretend to it; of whom I shall make no Critick here, but only say, That by what appears of Learned Mens Opinions in this Age, they have by no means eclipsed the Lustre of *Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus*, or others of the Ancients. For Grammar or Rhetorick, no Man ever disputed it with them; nor for poetry, that ever I heard of, besides the New *French* Author I have mentioned; and against whose Opinion there could, I think, never have been given stronger Evidence, than by his own Poems, printed together with that Treatise.

There is nothing new in *Astronomy*, to vie with the Ancients, unless it be the *Copernican* System; nor in *Physick*, unless *Harvey's* Circulation of the Blood. But whether either of these be modern Discoveries, or derived from old Fountains, is disputed: Nay, it is so too, whether they are true or no; for though Reason may seem to favour them more than the contrary Opinions, yet Sense can very hardly allow them; and to satisfy Mankind, both these must concur. But if they are true, yet these two great Discoveries have made no Change in the Conclusions of *Astronomy*, nor in the Practice of *Physick*, and so have been of little Use to the World, though perhaps of much Honour to the Authors

What are become of the Charms of Musick, by which Men and Beasts, Fishes, Fowls, and Serpents, were frequently enchanted, and their very Natures changed; by which the Passions of Men were raised to the greatest Height and Violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so as they might be justly said to be turned into Lyons or Lambs, into Wolves or into Harts, by the Powers and Charms of this admirable Art? 'Tis agreed by the Learned, that the Science of Musick, so admired by the Ancients, is wholly lost in the World, and that what we have now is made up out of certain Notes that fell into the Fancy or Observation of a poor *Friar*, in chanting his Mattins. So as those two Divine Excellencies of Musick and Poetry are grown, in a Manner to be little more, but the one Fiddling, and the other Rhyming; and are indeed very worthy the Ignorance of the *Friar*, and the Barbarousness of the *Goths* that introduced them among us.

What have we remaining of *Magick*, by which the *Indians*, the *Chaldeans*, the *Ægyptians* were so renowned, and by which Effects so wonderful, and to common Men so astonishing, were produced, as made them have Recourse to Spirits or Supernatural Powers, for some Account of their strange Operations? By *Magick*, I mean some excelling Knowledge of Nature, and the various Powers and Qualities in its several Productions, and the Application of certain Agents to certain Patients, which by Force of some peculiar Qualities produce Effects very different from what fall under vulgar Observation or Comprehension. These are by ignorant People called *Magick* and *Conjuring*, and such like Terms and an Account of them, much about as wise, is given by the Common Learned from *Sympathies*, *Antipathies*, *Idiosyncrasies*, *Talismans*, and some Scraps or Terms left us by the *Ægyptians* or *Greeians* of the Ancient *Magick*; but the Science seems with several others to be wholly lost. . . .

It may perhaps be further affirmed, in Favour of the Ancients, that the oldest Books we have are still in their Kind the best. The two most ancient, that I know of in Prose, among those we call Profane Authors, are *Æsops* Fables and *Phalaris's* Epistles, both living near the same time, which was that of *Cyrus* and *Pythagoras*. As the first has been agreed by all ages since, for the greatest Master in his Kind, and all others of that Sort have been but imitations of his Original; So I think the Epistles of *Phalaris* to have more Race, more Spirit, more Force of Wit

and Genius than any others I have ever seen, either Ancient or Modern. I know several Learned Men (or that usually pass for such, under the Name of Criticks) have not esteemed them Genuine, and *Politian* with some others have attributed them to Lucian: But I think he must have little skill in Painting, that cannot find out this to be an original; such Diversity of Passions, upon such Variety of Actions and Passages of Life and Government, such Freedom of Thought, such Boldness of Expression, such Bounty to his Friends, such Scorn of his Enemies, such Honour of Learned Men, such Esteem of Good, such Knowledge of Life, such Contempt of Death, with such Fierceness of Nature and Cruelty of Revenge, could never be represented but by him that possessed them; and I esteem *Lucian* to have been no more capable of Writing, than of Acting what *Phalaris* did. In all one writ, you find the Scholar or the Sophist; and in all the other, the Tyrant and the Commander.



THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE.

[JEAN DE LA FONTAINE, the noted French fabulist, was the son of a superintendent of woods and forests, and was born at Château-Thierry in Champagne, July 8, 1621. He left the College of Rheims at the age of nineteen to study for the ministry, but gave up that pursuit after two years. Invited to Paris by the Duchesse de Bouillon, he enjoyed the patronage of the Duchesse d'Orleans, Madame de Sablière, and Madame d'Hervart; and was on intimate terms with Molière, Boileau, Racine, and other contemporary celebrities. He became a member of the French Academy in 1683, but not without some opposition from Louis XIV., with whom he was never a favorite; and died at Paris, April 13, 1695. The "Fables," with which his name is chiefly associated, appeared between 1688 and 1694, the first six being inscribed to the Dauphin of France. His other writings consist of two volumes of "Contes" (tales), "The Love of Psyche and Cupid," and some unimportant comedies.]

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A PROWLING wolf, whose shaggy skin
 (So strict the watch of dogs had been)
 Hid little but his bones,
 Once met a mastiff dog astray.
 A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray
 No human mortal owns.
 Sir Wolf, in famished plight,

Would fain have made a ration
 Upon his fat relation :
 But then he first must fight;
 And, well, the dog seemed able
 To save from wolfish table
 His carcass snug and tight.

So then in civil conversation
 The wolf expressed his admiration
 Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
 "Yourself, good sir, may be as sightly;
 Quit but the woods, advised by me:
 For all your fellows here, I see,
 Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
 Belike to die of haggard want.
 With such a pack, of course it follows,
 One fights for every bit he swallows.
 Come then with me, and share
 On equal terms our princely fare."

 " But what with you
 Has one to do ? "
 Inquires the wolf. " Light work indeed,"
 Replied the dog: " You only need
 To bark a little now and then,
 To chase off duns and beggarmen,
 To fawn on friends that come or go forth,
 Your master please, and so forth;
 For which you have to eat
 All sorts of well-cooked meat, —
 Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes, —
 Besides unnumbered fond caresses."

The wolf, by force of appetite,
 Accepts the terms outright,
 Tears glistening in his eyes;
 But faring on, he spies
 A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.
 "What's that?" he cries. — "Oh, nothing but a speck."
 "A speck?" — "Aye, aye; 'tis not enough to pain me:
 Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."
 "Chain! chain you! What! run you not, then,
 Just where you please, and when?"
 "Not always, sir; but what of that?"
 "Enough for me, to spare your fat!"

It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them while I've wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO.

The peacock to the queen of heaven
Complained in some such words:
"Great goddess, you have given
To me, the laughing-stock of birds,
A voice which fills, by taste quite just,
All nature with disgust;
Whereas that little paltry thing,
The nightingale, pours from her throat
So sweet and ravishing a note,
She bears alone the honors of the spring."

In anger Juno heard,
And cried, "Shame on you, jealous bird!
Grudge you the nightingale her voice,
Who in the rainbow neck rejoice,
Than costliest silks more richly tinted,
In charms of grace and form unstinted, —
Who strut in kingly pride,
Your glorious tail spread wide
With brilliants which in sheen do
Outshine the jeweler's bow window?"

"Is there a bird beneath the blue
That has more charms than you?
No animal in everything can shine.
By just partition of our gifts divine,
Each has its full and proper share:
Among the birds that cleave the air,
The hawk's a swift, the eagle is a brave one,
For omens serves the hoarse old raven,
The rook's of coming ills the prophet;
And if there's any discontent,
I've heard not of it.
Cease, then, your envious complaint;
Or I, instead of making up your lack,
Will take your boasted plumage from your back."

THE LION GOING TO WAR.

The lion had an enterprise in hand;
 Held a war council, sent his provost marshal,
 And gave the animals a call impartial, —
 Each, in his way, to serve his high command.
 The elephant should carry on his back
 The tools of war, the mighty public pack,
 And fight in elephantine way and form;
 The bear should hold himself prepared to storm;
 The fox all secret stratagems should fix;
 The monkey should amuse the foe by tricks.
 "Dismiss," said one, "the blockhead asses,
 And hares, too cowardly and fleet."
 "No," said the king: "I use all classes;
 Without their aid my force were incomplete.
 The ass shall be our trumpeter, to scare
 Our enemy. And then the nimble hare
 Our royal bulletins shall homeward bear."

A monarch provident and wise
 Will hold his subjects all of consequence,
 And know in each what talent lies.
 There's nothing useless to a man of sense.

THE STAG SEEING HIMSELF IN THE WATER.

Beside a placid, crystal flood,
 A stag admired the branching wood
 That high upon his forehead stood,
 But gave his Maker little thanks
 For what he called his spindle shanks.
 "What limbs are these for such a head!
 So mean and slim!" with grief he said.
 "My glorious head o'ertops
 The branches of the copse;
 My legs are my disgrace."
 As thus he talked, a bloodhound gave him chase.
 To save his life he flew
 Where forests thickest grew.
 His horns, — pernicious ornament! —
 Arresting him where'er he went,
 Did unavailing render
 What else, in such a strife,
 Had saved his precious life, —
 His legs, as fleet as slender.

Obliged to yield, he cursed the gear
Which nature gave him every year.

Too much the beautiful we prize;
The useful, often, we despise:
Yet oft, as happened to the stag,
The former doth to ruin drag.

THE DOG THAT DROPPED THE SUBSTANCE FOR THE SHADOW.

This world is full of shadow chasers,
Most easily deceived;
Should I enumerate these racers,
I should not be believed.
I send them all to Æsop's dog,
Which, crossing water on a log,
Espied the meat he bore, below;
To seize its image, let it go;
Plunged in; to reach the shore was glad,
With neither what he hoped, nor what he'd had.

THE CARTER IN THE MIRE.

The Phaëton who drove a load of hay
Once found his cart bemired.
Poor man! the spot was far away
From human help—retired,
In some rude country place,
In Brittany, as near as I can trace,
Near Quimper Corentan,—
A town that poet never sang,—
Which Fate, they say, puts in the traveler's path,
When she would rouse the man to special wrath.
May Heaven preserve us from that rout!

But to our carter, hale and stout:
Fast stuck his cart; he swore his worst,
And, filled with rage extreme,
The mudholes now he cursed,
And now he cursed his team,
And now his cart and load,—
Anon, the like upon himself bestowed.
Upon the god he called at length,
Most famous through the world for strength.

"Oh, help me, Hercules!" cried he;

"For if thy back of yore

This burly planet bore,

Thy arm can set me free."

This prayer gone up, from out a cloud there broke

A voice which thus in godlike accents spoke:

"The suppliant must himself bestir,

Ere Hercules will aid confer.

Look wisely in the proper quarter,

To see what hindrance can be found;

Remove the execrable mud and mortar

Which, axle-deep, beset thy wheels around.

Thy sledge and crowbar take,

And pry me up that stone, or break;

Now fill that rut upon the other side.

Hast done it?" "Yes," the man replied.

"Well," said the voice, "I'll aid thee now;

Take up thy whip." "I have . . . but, how?

My cart glides on with ease!

I thank thee, Hercules."

"Thy team," rejoined the voice, "has light ado;

So help thyself, and Heaven will help thee too."

THE WEASEL, THE RABBIT, AND THE CAT.

John Rabbit's palace underground

Was once by Goody Weasel found.

She, sly of heart, resolved to seize

The place, and did so at her ease.

She took possession while its lord

Was absent on the dewy sward,

Intent upon his usual sport, —

A courtier of Aurora's court.

When he had browsed his full of clover,

And cut his pranks all nicely over,

Home Johnny came to take his drowse,

All snug within his cellar house.

The weasel's nose he chanced to see,

Outsticking through the open door.

"Ye gods of hospitality!"

Exclaimed the creature, vexèd sore,

"Must I give up my father's lodge?"

Ho! Madam Weasel, please to budge,

Or, quicker than a weasel's dodge,

I'll call the rats to pay their grudge!"

The sharp-nosed lady made reply
That she was first to occupy.

"The cause of war was surely small —
A house where one could only crawl!
And though it were a vast domain,"

Said she, "I'd like to know what will
Could grant to John perpetual reign, —

The son of Peter or of Bill, —
More than to Paul, or even me."

John Rabbit spoke — great lawyer he —
Of custom, usage, as the law

Whereby the house, from sire to son,
As well as all its store of straw,

From Peter came at length to John.
Who could present a claim so good

As he, the first possessor, could?

"Now," said the dame, "let's drop dispute,

And go before Raminagobis,

Who'll judge not only in this suit,

But tell us truly whose the globe is."

This person was a hermit cat,

A cat that played the hypocrite;

A saintly mouser, sleek and fat,

An arbiter of keenest wit.

John Rabbit in the judge concurred,

And off went both their case to broach
Before his Majesty, the furred.

Said Clapperclaw, "My kits, approach,
And put your noses to my ears;

I'm deaf, almost, by weight of years."

And so they did, not fearing aught.

The good apostle Clapperclaw

Then laid on each a well-armed paw,

And both to an agreement brought,

By virtue of his tuskèd jaw.

This fable brings to mind the fate
Of little kings before the great.

HERVÉ RIEL.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING, English poet, was born in London, May 7, 1812; married Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, and lived in Italy the greater part of his life afterward. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1833, anonymous). There followed, among others, "Paracelsus" (1835); "Strafford" (1837); "Sordello" (1840); "Bells and Pomegranates" (a collection including "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,'" "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy") (1841-46); "Men and Women" and "Dramatis Personæ," collections of minor poems, in 1855 and 1864; "The Ring and the Book" (1868); "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau" (1871); "Fifine at the Fair" (1872); "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" (1873); "The Inn-Album" (1876); "Dramatic Idylls" (1879); "Asolando" (1889). He died in Venice, December 12, 1889.]

I.

ON THE sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all;
 And they signaled to the place,
 "Help the winners of a race!"
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
 Here's the English can and will!"

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
 laughed they:
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
 Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech).
 Not a minute more to wait!
 "Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate.

V.

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these —
 A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
 A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
 Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this 'Formidable' clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave, —
 Keel so much as grate the ground, —
 Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate
 Up the English come, too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glance askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"
 What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pellmell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!



BARCLAY OF URY.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the distinguished American poet, was born of Quaker parentage at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. He worked on a farm in his boyhood, and earned enough by shoemaking to warrant his entering a local academy. At twenty-two he began his journalistic career as editor of the *American Manufacturer*; and was later connected with the *New England Weekly Review* and *Haverhill Gazette*. Becoming noted for his opposition to slavery, he was appointed secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and for a year in Philadelphia edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which was suppressed by a mob that sacked and burned the printing office. In 1840 he settled in Amesbury, and continued to reside there until his death in 1892. Among his numerous publications were: "Legends of New England," "Moll Pitcher," "Mogg Megone," "The Voices of Freedom," "Songs of Labor," "Home Ballads," "In War Time," "National Lyrics," "Snow-Bound," "Tent on the Beach," "Ballads of New England," "Hazel Blossoms," "Bay of Seven Islands."]

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
 By the kirk and college green,
 Rode the Laird of Ury;
 Close behind him, close beside,
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
 Pressed the mob in fury.

 Flouted him the drunken churl,
 Jeered at him the serving girl,
 Prompt to please her master;
 And the begging carlin, late
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
 Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding;
 And to all he saw and heard
 Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose and free and froward;
 Quoth the foremost "Ride him down!
 Push him! prick him! through the town
 Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
 Cried a sudden voice and loud:
 "Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
 And the old man at his side,
 Saw a comrade, battle tried,
 Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
 Fronting to the troopers there,
 Cried aloud: "God save us!
 Call ye coward him who stood
 Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
 With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
 Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
 "Put it up, I pray thee:
 Passive to His holy will,
 Trust I in my Master still,
 Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
 Proved on many a field of death,
 Not by me are needed."
 Marveled much that henchman bold,
 That his laird, so stout of old,
 Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
 With a slowly shaking head,
 And a look of pity;

"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers !"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end :"
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads, to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving :
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

“Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full daybreaking!”

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O’er the rabble’s laughter;
And, while Hatred’s fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world’s wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight’s sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

WILLIAM PENN ON GEORGE FOX.

(From his Preface to Fox's "Journal.")

[GEORGE FOX, founder of the Society of Friends or "Quakers," was born 1624 in Leicestershire of a poor family, but of precocious moral sense; he passed through a spiritual crisis at nineteen, and forsook the world for a while; then wandered about for three or four years seeking direction, in vain; satisfying himself, in 1647 he began itinerant preaching near Manchester, and thenceforward made a chief vocation that which caused much of the persecution of the early Quakers, — entering churches during service and preaching against the ministers, which of course caused immediate uproar and subsequent jailing, once for almost a year. From 1669 to 1673 he was on a proselytizing tour in the Western Hemisphere; and on his return was again imprisoned fourteen months for illegal meetings. His later years were spent with fair quiet in London, where he died in 1690.]

[WILLIAM PENN was born in London, 1644; son of Admiral William Penn, a professional seaman under Cromwell and Charles II. Of early spirituality like Fox, he was reared a Puritan, and set toward Quakerism while at Christ Church, Oxford. After more than one quarrel with his father over the new doctrines and their prejudice to his career, and being sent to the Continent and Ireland to see service and gain worldly sense, he became a Quaker minister in 1667; and his history for many years is largely one of the writing of polemic books and tracts, — at first of great violence and aggressiveness, then of arguments for universal toleration, — and some imprisonments. In 1670 he was arrested for street preaching, and after a long struggle was acquitted; the court fined and imprisoned the jury, who carried up the case and won a verdict of illegal imprisonment, — a great legal landmark. In 1676 he became a proprietor of West Jersey, and drew up a very liberal constitution for it, and many Quakers settled there. Discouraged by futile efforts to secure toleration for Dissenters, and the rancors of the Popish Plot, in 1681 he obtained a grant of American territory for settlement on his own principles (Pennsylvania); remained there two years and founded Philadelphia. Returning in 1684, he was after Charles's death in high favor with James; supported the Declaration of Indulgence, secured the release of twelve hundred Quakers from prison, and in Monmouth's rebellion did the little he could to mollify James's vengeance. After the Revolution he was much suspected and in some danger for a time. The rest of his long life was spent in work for and troubles over Pennsylvania, in religious effort, writing, and public speaking. He died in 1718. He was one of the most influential religious writers as well as religious leaders of his age.]

I. HE WAS a man that God endued with a clear and wonderful depth, a discerner of others' spirits, and very much a master of his own. And though the side of his understanding which lay next to the world, and especially the expression of it, might sound uncouth and unfashionable to nice ears, his matter was nevertheless very profound; and would not only bear to be often considered, but the more it was so, the more weighty and instructing it appeared. And as abruptly and brokenly as

sometimes his sentences would fall from him, about divine things, it is well known they were often as texts to many fairer declarations. And indeed it showed, beyond all contradiction, that God sent him; that no arts or parts had any share in the matter or manner of his ministry; and that so many great, excellent, and necessary truths as he came forth to preach to mankind, had therefore nothing of man's wit or wisdom to recommend them; so that as to man he was an original, being no man's copy. And his ministry and writings show they are from one that was not taught of man, nor had learned what he said by study. Nor were they notional or speculative, but sensible and practical truths, tending to conversion and regeneration, and the setting up of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men; and the way of it was his work. So that I have many times been overcome in myself, and been made to say, with my Lord and Master upon the like occasion: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent of this world, and revealed them to babes." For many times hath my soul bowed in an humble thankfulness to the Lord, that He did not choose any of the wise and learned of this world to be the first messenger, in our age, of His blessed truth to men; but that He took one that was not of high degree, or elegant speech, or learned after the way of this world, that His message and work he sent him to do, might come with less suspicion or jealousy of human wisdom and interest, and with more force and clearness upon the consciences of those that sincerely sought the way of truth in the love of it. I say, beholding with the eye of my mind, which the God of heaven had opened in me, the marks of God's finger and hand visibly, in this testimony, from the clearness of the principle, the power and efficacy of it, in the exemplary sobriety, plainness, zeal, steadiness, humility, gravity, punctuality, charity, and circumspect care in the government of church affairs, which shined in his and their life and testimony that God employed in this work, it greatly confirmed me that it was of God, and engaged my soul in a deep love, fear, reverence, and thankfulness for His love and mercy therein to mankind; in which mind I remain, and shall, I hope, to the end of my days.

II. In his testimony or ministry, he much labored to open truth to the people's understandings, and to bottom them upon the principle and principal, Christ Jesus, the Light of the

world, that by bringing them to something that was of God in themselves, they might the better know and judge of Him and themselves.

III. He had an extraordinary gift in opening the Scriptures. He would go to the marrow of things, and show the mind, harmony, and fulfilling of them with much plainness, and to great comfort and edification.

IV. The mystery of the first and second Adam, of the fall and restoration, of the law and gospel, of shadows and substance, of the servant's and Son's state, and the fulfilling of the Scriptures in Christ, and by Christ, the true Light, in all that are His through the obedience of faith, were much of the substance and drift of his testimonies. In all which he was witnessed to be of God, being sensibly felt to speak that which he had received of Christ, and which was his own experience, in that which never errs nor fails.

V. But above all he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behavior, and the fewness and fullness of his words, have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation. The most awful, living, reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say, was his in prayer. And truly it was a testimony he knew and lived nearer to the Lord than other men; for they that know Him most, will see most reason to approach Him with reverence and fear.

VI. He was of an innocent life, no busybody nor self-seeker, neither touchy nor critical; what fell from him was very inoffensive, if not very edifying. So meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be in his company. He exercised no authority but over evil, and that everywhere and in all; but with love, compassion, and long-suffering. A most merciful man, as ready to forgive as unapt to take or give an offense. Thousands can truly say, he was of an excellent spirit and savor among them, and because thereof, the most excellent spirits loved him with an unfeigned and unfading love.

VII. He was an incessant laborer; for in his younger time, before his many great and deep sufferings and travels had enfeebled his body for itinerant services, he labored much in the word, and doctrine, and discipline in England, Scotland, and Ireland, turning many to God, and confirming those that

were convinced of the truth, and settling good order as to church affairs among them. And towards the conclusion of his travelling services, between the years seventy-one and seventy-seven, he visited the churches of Christ in the plantations in America, and in the United Provinces, and Germany, as his following Journal relates, to the convincement and consolation of many. After that time he chiefly resided in and about the city of London; and besides the services of his ministry, which were frequent and serviceable, he wrote much, both to them that are within, and those that are without, the communion. But the care he took of the affairs of the church in general was very great.

VIII. He was often where the records of the affairs of the church are kept, and the letters from the many meetings of God's people over all the world, where settled, come upon occasions; which letters he had read to him, and communicated them to the meeting that is weekly held there for such services; and he would be sure to stir them up to discharge them especially in suffering cases, showing great sympathy and compassion upon all such occasions, carefully looking into the respective cases, and endeavoring speedy relief, according to the nature of them. So that the churches, or any of the suffering members thereof, were sure not to be forgotten or delayed in their desires, if he were there.

IX. As he was unwearied, so he was undaunted in his services for God and his people; he was no more to be moved to fear than to wrath. His behavior at Derby, Lichfield, Appleby, before Oliver Cromwell, at Launceston, Scarborough, Worcester, and Westminster-Hall, with many other places and exercises, did abundantly evidence it to his enemies as well as his friends.

But as in the primitive times, some rose up against the blessed apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, even from among those that they had turned to the hope of the gospel, who became their greatest trouble; so this man of God had his share of suffering from some that were convinced by him, who through prejudice or mistake ran against him, as one that sought dominion over conscience; because he pressed, by his presence or epistles, a ready and zealous compliance with such good and wholesome things as tended to an orderly conversation about the affairs of the church, and in their walking before men. That which contributed much to this ill work, was, in

some, a begrudging of this meek man the love and esteem he had and deserved in the hearts of the people ; and weakness in others, that were taken with their groundless suggestions of imposition and blind obedience.

They would have had every man independent ; that as he had the principle in himself, he should only stand and fall to that, and nobody else ; not considering that the principle is one in all ; and though the measure of light or grace might differ, yet the nature of it was the same ; and being so, they struck at the spiritual unity, which a people, guided by the same principle, are naturally led into ; so that what is an evil to one, is so to all, and what is virtuous, honest, and of good report to one, is so to all, from the sense and savor of the one universal principle which is common to all, and, which the disaffected also profess to be, the root of all true Christian fellowship, and that Spirit into which the people of God drink, and come to be spiritually minded, and of one heart and one soul.

In all these occasions, though there was no person the discontented struck so sharply at as this good man, he bore all their weakness and prejudice, and returned not reflection for reflection ; but forgave them their weak and bitter speeches, praying for them that they might have a sense of their hurt, see the subtilty of the enemy to rend and divide, and return into their first love that thought no ill.

And truly, I must say, that though God had visibly clothed him with a divine preference and authority, and indeed his very presence expressed a religious majesty, yet he never abused it ; but held his place in the church of God with great meekness, and a most engaging humility and moderation. For upon all occasions, like his blessed Master, he was a servant to all ; holding and exercising his eldership, and the invisible power that had gathered them, with reverence to the Head and care over the body ; and was received only in that spirit and power of Christ, as the first and chief elder in his age ; who, as he was therefore worthy of double honor, so for the same reason it was given by the faithful of this day ; because his authority was inward and not outward, and that he got it and kept it by the love of God, and power of an endless life. I write my knowledge and not report, and my witness is true, having been with him for weeks and months together on divers occasions, and those of the nearest and most exercising nature, and that by night and by day, by sea and by land, in this and in foreign

countries : and I can say I never saw him out of his place, or not a match for every service or occasion. For in all things he acquitted himself like a man, yea, a strong man, a new and heavenly-minded man ; a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making. I have been surprised at his questions and answers in natural things ; that whilst he was ignorant of useless and sophistical science, he had in him the foundation of useful and commendable knowledge, and cherished it everywhere. Civil, beyond all forms of breeding, in his behavior ; very temperate, eating little, and sleeping less, though a bulky person.

Thus he lived and sojourned among us : and as he lived, so he died ; feeling the same eternal power, that had raised and preserved him, in his last moments. So full of assurance was he, that he triumphed over death ; and so even in his spirit to the last, as if death were hardly worth notice or a mention ; recommending to some with him, the dispatch and dispersion of an epistle, just before written to the churches of Christ throughout the world, and his own books ; but, above all, Friends, and, of all Friends, those in Ireland and America, twice over saying, " Mind poor Friends in Ireland and America."

And to some that came in and inquired how he found himself, he answered, " Never heed, the Lord's power is over all weakness and death ; the Seed reigns, blessed be the Lord : " which was about four or five hours before his departure out of this world. He was at the great meeting near Lombard Street on the first day of the week, and it was the third following, about ten at night, when he left us, being at the house of Henry Goldney in the same court. In a good old age he went, after having lived to see his children's children, to many generations, in the truth. He had the comfort of a short illness, and the blessing of a clear sense to the last ; and we may truly say, with a man of God of old, that " being dead, he yet speaketh " ; and though absent in body, he is present in spirit ; neither time nor place being able to interrupt the communion of saints, or dissolve the fellowship of the spirits of the just. His works praise him, because they are to the praise of Him that wrought by him ; for which his memorial is, and shall be blessed. I have done, as to this part of my Preface, when I have left this short epitaph to his name, " Many sons have done virtuously in his day ; but, dear George, thou excellest them all."

MEMOIRS ON THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV. AND THE REGENCY.

BY THE DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON.

[LOUIS DE ROUVROY, DUC DE SAINT-SIMON, a French writer of memoirs, was born at Paris, January 16, 1675, the son of a favorite nobleman of Louis XIII.'s court. He entered the army and fought at the siege of Namur, the battle of Neerwinden, etc., but in 1702 handed in his commission and turned his attention to court statesmanship. He was a member of the council of the regency under the Duke of Orleans, and in 1721 was sent to Spain as ambassador extraordinary to negotiate a marriage between the Infanta and the young king, Louis XV. His last years were clouded by domestic misfortunes and financial reverses, and he died a bankrupt on his estate at Laferté, March 2, 1755. His entertaining "Memoirs" throw a flood of light on court life under Louis XIV. and Louis XV.]

CHAPTER IV. (1693).

AFTER having paid the last duties to my father, I betook myself to Mons to join the Royal Roussillon cavalry regiment, in which I was captain. The King, after stopping eight or ten days with the ladies at Quesnoy, sent them to Namur, and put himself at the head of the army of M. de Boufflers, and camped at Gembloux, so that his left was only half a league distant from the right of M. de Luxembourg. The Prince of Orange was encamped at the Abbey of Pure, was unable to receive supplies, and could not leave his position without having the two armies of the King to grapple with: he entrenched himself in haste, bitterly repenting having allowed himself to be thus driven into a corner. We knew afterwards that he wrote several times to his intimate friend the Prince de Vaudemont, — saying that he was lost, and that nothing short of a miracle could save him.

We were in this position, with an army in every way infinitely superior to that of the Prince of Orange, and with four whole months before us to profit by our strength, when the King declared on the 8th of June that he should return to Versailles, and sent off a large detachment of the army into Germany. The surprise of the Maréchal de Luxembourg was without bounds. He represented the facility with which the Prince of Orange might now be beaten with one army and pursued by another, and how important it was to draw off detachments of the Imperial forces from Germany into Flanders, and how, by sending an army into Flanders instead of Germany, the

Louis XIV



whole of the Low Countries would be in our power. But the King would not change his plans, although M. de Luxembourg went down on his knees and begged him not to allow such a glorious opportunity to escape. Madame de Maintenon, by her tears when she parted from his Majesty, and by her letters since, had brought about this resolution.

The news had not spread on the morrow, June 9th. I chanced to go alone to the quarters of M. de Luxembourg, and was surprised to find not a soul there, every one having gone to the King's army. Pensively bringing my horse to a stand, I was ruminating on a fact so strange, and debating whether I should return to my tent or push on to the royal camp, when up came M. le Prince de Conti with a single page and a groom leading a horse. "What are you doing there?" cried he, laughing at my surprise. Thereupon he told me he was going to say adieu to the King, and advised me to do likewise. "What do you mean by 'saying adieu'?" answered I. He sent his servants to a little distance, and begged me to do the same, and with shouts of laughter told me about the King's retreat, making tremendous fun of him, despite my youth, for he had confidence in me. I was astonished. We soon after met the whole company coming back; and the great people went aside to talk and sneer. I then proceeded to pay my respects to the King, by whom I was honorably received. Surprise, however, was expressed by all faces, and indignation by some.

The effect of the King's retreat, indeed, was incredible, even amongst the soldiers and the people. The general officers could not keep silent upon it, and the inferior officers spoke loudly, with a license that could not be restrained. All through the army, in the towns, and even at Court, it was talked about openly. The courtiers, generally so glad to find themselves again at Versailles, now declared that they were ashamed to be there; as for the enemy, they could not contain their surprise and joy. The Prince of Orange said that the retreat was a miracle he could not have hoped for; that he could scarcely believe in it, but that it had saved his army, and the whole of the Low Countries. In the midst of all this excitement the King arrived with the ladies, on the 25th of June, at Versailles.

We gained some successes, however, this year. Maréchal de Villeroy took Huy in three days, losing only a sub-engineer and some soldiers. On the 29th of July we attacked at dawn the Prince of Orange at Neerwinden, and after twelve hours of

hard fighting, under a blazing sun, entirely routed him. I was of the third squadron of the Royal Roussillon, and made five charges. One of the gold ornaments of my coat was torn away, but I received no wound. During the battle our brigadier, Quoadt, was killed before my eyes. The Duc de Feuillade became thus commander of the brigade. We missed him immediately, and for more than half an hour saw nothing of him; he had gone to make his toilette. When he returned he was powdered and decked out in a fine red surtout, embroidered with silver, and all his trappings and those of his horses were magnificent; he acquitted himself with distinction.

Our cavalry stood so well against the fire from the enemy's guns, that the Prince of Orange lost all patience, and turning away, exclaimed, "Oh, the insolent nation!" He fought until the last, and retired with the Elector of Hanover only when he saw there was no longer any hope. After the battle my people brought us a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, which they had wisely saved from the previous evening, and we attacked them in good earnest, as may be believed. The enemy lost about twenty thousand men, including a large number of officers; our loss was not more than half that number. We took all their cannon, eight mortars, many artillery wagons, a quantity of standards, and some pairs of kettledrums. The victory was complete.

Meanwhile, the army which had been sent to Germany under the command of Monseigneur and of the Maréchal de Lorges, did little or nothing. The Maréchal wished to attack Heilbronn, but Monseigneur was opposed to it; and, to the great regret of the principal generals and of the troops, the attack was not made. Monseigneur returned early to Versailles.

At sea we were more active. The rich merchant fleet of Smyrna was attacked by Tourville; fifty vessels were burnt or sunk, and twenty-seven taken, all richly freighted. This campaign cost the English and Dutch dear. It is believed their loss was more than thirty millions of écus.

The season finished with the taking of Charleroy. On the 16th of September the Maréchal de Villeroy, supported by M. de Luxembourg, laid siege to it, and on the 11th of October, after a good defense, the place capitulated. Our loss was very slight. Charleroy taken, our troops went into winter quarters, and I returned to Court, like the rest. The roads and the posting service were in great disorder. Amongst

other adventures I met with, I was driven by a deaf and dumb postilion, who stuck me fast in the mud when near Quesnoy. At Pont Saint-Maxence all the horses were retained by M. de Luxembourg. Fearing I might be left behind, I told the postmaster that I was a governor (which was true), and that I would put him in jail if he did not give me horses. I should have been sadly puzzled how to do it; but he was simple enough to believe me, and gave the horses. I arrived, however, at last in Paris, and found a change at the Court, which surprised me.

Daquin — first doctor of the King and creature of Madame de Montespan — had lost nothing of his credit by her removal, but had never been able to get on well with Madame de Maintenon, who looked coldly upon all the friends of her predecessor. Daquin had a son, an abbé, and wearied the King with solicitations on his behalf. Madame de Maintenon seized the opportunity, when the King was more than usually angry with Daquin, to obtain his dismissal; it came upon him like a thunderbolt. On the previous evening the King had spoken to him for a long time as usual, and had never treated him better. All the Court was astonished also. Fagon, a very skillful and learned man, was appointed in his place at the instance of Madame de Maintenon.

Another event excited less surprise than interest. On Sunday, the 29th of November, the King learned that La Vauguyon had killed himself in his bed, that morning, by firing twice into his throat. I must say a few words about this Vauguyon. He was one of the pettiest and poorest gentlemen of France; he was well made, but very swarthy, with Spanish features, had a charming voice, played the guitar and lute very well, and was skilled in the arts of gallantry. By these talents he had succeeded in finding favor with Madame de Beauvais, much regarded at the Court as having been the King's first mistress. I have seen her — old, blear-eyed, and half blind — at the toilette of the Dauphiness of Bavaria, where everybody courted her, because she was still much considered by the King. Under this protection La Vauguyon succeeded well; was several times sent as ambassador to foreign countries; was made councilor of state, and to the scandal of everybody, was raised to the Order in 1688. Of late years, having no appointments, he had scarcely the means of living, and endeavored, but without success, to improve his condition.

Poverty by degrees turned his brain; but a long time passed before it was perceived. The first proof that he gave of it was at the house of Madame Pelot, widow of the Chief President of the Rouen parliament. Playing at *brelan* one evening, she offered him a stake, and because he would not accept it bantered him, and playfully called him a poltroon. He said nothing, but waited until all the rest of the company had left the room; and when he found himself alone with Madame Pelot, he bolted the door, clapped his hat on his head, drove her up against the chimney, and holding her head between his two fists, said he knew no reason why he should not pound it into a jelly, in order to teach her to call him poltroon again. The poor woman was horribly frightened, and made perpendicular courtesies between his two fists, and all sorts of excuses. At last he let her go, more dead than alive. She had the generosity to say no syllable of this occurrence until after his death; she even allowed him to come to the house as usual, but took care never to be alone with him.

One day, a long time after this, meeting, in a gallery, at Fontainebleau, M. de Courtenay, La Vauguyon drew his sword, and compelled the other to draw also, although there had never been the slightest quarrel between them. They were soon separated and La Vauguyon immediately fled to the King, who was just then in his private closet, where nobody ever entered unless expressly summoned. But La Vauguyon turned the key, and, in spite of the usher on guard, forced his way in. The King in great emotion asked him what was the matter. La Vauguyon on his knees said he had been insulted by M. de Courtenay and demanded pardon for having drawn his sword in the palace. His Majesty, promising to examine the matter, with great trouble got rid of La Vauguyon. As nothing could be made of it, M. de Courtenay declaring he had been insulted by La Vauguyon and forced to draw his sword, and the other telling the same tale, both were sent to the Bastille. After a short imprisonment they were released, and appeared at the Court as usual.

Another adventure, which succeeded this, threw some light upon the state of affairs. Going to Versailles, one day, La Vauguyon met a groom of the Prince de Condé leading a saddled horse: he stopped the man, descended from his coach, asked whom the horse belonged to, said that the Prince would not object to his riding it, and leaping upon the animal's back, galloped off. The groom, all amazed, followed him. La

Vauguyon rode on until he reached the Bastille, descended there, gave a gratuity to the man, and dismissed him: he then went straight to the governor of the prison, said he had had the misfortune to displease the King, and begged to be confined there. The governor, having no orders to do so, refused, and sent off an express for instructions how to act. In reply he was told not to receive La Vauguyon, whom at last, after great difficulty, he prevailed upon to go away. This occurrence made great noise. Yet even afterwards the King continued to receive La Vauguyon at the Court, and to affect to treat him well, although everybody else avoided him and was afraid of him. His poor wife became so affected by these public derangements, that she retired from Paris, and shortly afterwards died. This completed her husband's madness; he survived her only a month, dying by his own hand, as I have mentioned. Without the assistance of M. de Beauvais he would often have been brought to the last extremities. Beauvais frequently spoke of him to the King; and it is unintelligible that having raised this man to such a point, and always shown him special kindness, his Majesty should perseveringly have left him to die of hunger and become mad from misery.

CHAPTER XV. (1699).

Boucherat, chancellor and keeper of the seals, died on the 2d of September. Harlay, as I have previously said, had been promised this appointment when it became vacant. But the part he had taken in our case with M. de Luxembourg had made him so lose ground, that the appointment was not given to him. M. de La Rochefoucauld, above all, had undermined him in the favor of the King; and none of us had lost an opportunity of assisting in this work. Our joy, therefore, was extreme when we saw all Harlay's hopes frustrated, and we did not fail to let it burst forth. The vexation that Harlay conceived was so great, that he became absolutely intractable, and often cried out with a bitterness he could not contain, that he should be left to die in the dust of the palace. His weakness was such, that he could not prevent himself six weeks after from complaining to the King at Fontainebleau, where he was playing the valet with his accustomed suppleness and deceit. The King put him off with fine speeches, and by appointing him to take part in a commission then sitting for the purpose of bringing about a reduction in the price of corn in Paris and

the suburbs, where it had become very dear. Harlay made a semblance of being contented, but remained not the less annoyed. His health and his head were at last so much attacked that he was forced to quit his post: he then fell into contempt after having excited so much hatred. The chancellorship was given to Pontchartrain, and the office of comptroller general, which became vacant at the same time, was given to Chamillart, a very honest man, who owed his first advancement to his skill at billiards, of which game the King was formerly very fond. It was while Chamillart was accustomed to play billiards with the King, at least three times a week, that an incident happened which ought not to be forgotten. Chamillart was Counselor of the Parliament at that time. He had just reported on a case that had been submitted to him. The losing party came to him, and complained that he had omitted to bring forward a document that had been given into his hands, and that would assuredly have turned the verdict. Chamillart searched for the document, found it, and saw that the complainer was right. He said so, and added, "I do not know how the document escaped me, but it decides in your favor. You claimed twenty thousand francs, and it is my fault you did not get them. Come to-morrow, and I will pay you." Chamillart, although then by no means rich, scraped together all the money he had, borrowing the rest, and paid the man as he had promised, only demanding that the matter should be kept a secret. But after this, feeling that billiards three times a week interfered with his legal duties, he surrendered part of them, and thus left himself more free for other charges he was obliged to attend to.

The Comtesse de Fiesque died very aged, while the Court was at Fontainebleau this year. She had passed her life with the most frivolous of the great world. Two incidents amongst a thousand will characterize her. She was very straitened in means, because she had frittered away all her substance, or allowed herself to be pillaged by her business people. When those beautiful mirrors were first introduced, she obtained one, although they were then very dear and very rare. "Ah, Countess!" said her friends, "where did you find that?"

"Oh!" replied she, "I had a miserable piece of land, which only yielded me corn; I have sold it, and I have this mirror instead. Is not this excellent? Who would hesitate between corn and this beautiful mirror?"

On another occasion she harangued with her son, who was as poor as a rat, for the purpose of persuading him to make a good match and thus enrich himself. Her son, who had no desire to marry, allowed her to talk on, and pretended to listen to her reasons. She was delighted—entered into a description of the wife she destined for him, painting her as young, rich, an only child, beautiful, well educated, and with parents who would be delighted to agree to the marriage. When she had finished, he pressed her for the name of this charming and desirable person. The Countess said she was the daughter of Jacquier, a man well known to everybody, and who had been a contractor of provisions to the armies of M. de Turenne. Upon this, her son burst into a hearty laugh, and she in anger demanded why he did so, and what he found so ridiculous in the match.

The truth was, Jacquier had no children, as the Comtesse soon remembered. At which she said it was a great pity, since no marriage would have better suited all parties. She was full of such oddities, which she persisted in for some time with anger, but at which she was the first to laugh. People said of her that she had never been more than eighteen years old. The memoirs of Mademoiselle paint her well. She lived with Mademoiselle, and passed all her life in quarrels about trifles.

It was immediately after leaving Fontainebleau that the marriage between the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne was consummated. It was upon this occasion that the King named four gentlemen to wait upon the Duc,—four who in truth could not have been more badly chosen. One of them, Gamaches, was a gossip, who never knew what he was doing or saying—who knew nothing of the world, or the court, or of war, although he had always been in the army. D'O was another; but of him I have spoken. Cheverny was the third, and Saumery the fourth. Saumery had been raised out of obscurity by M. de Beauvilliers. Never was man so intriguing, so truckling, so mean, so boastful, so ambitious, so intent upon fortune; and all this without disguise, without veil, without shame! Saumery had been wounded, and no man ever made so much of such a mishap. I used to say of him that he limped audaciously, and it was true. He would speak of personages the most distinguished, whose antechambers even he had scarcely seen, as though he spoke of his equals or of his particular friends. He related what he had heard, and

was not ashamed to say before people who at least had common sense, "Poor *Mons.* Turenne said to me," M. de Turenne never having probably heard of his existence. With *Monsieur* in full he honored nobody. It was *Mons.* de Beauvilliers, *Mons.* de Chevreuse, and so on; except with those whose names he clipped off short, as he frequently would even with princes of the blood. I have heard him say many times, "the Princess de Conti," in speaking of the daughter of the king; and "the Prince de Conti," in speaking of Monsieur her brother-in-law! As for the chief nobles of the Court, it was rare for him to give them the *Monsieur* or the *Mons.* It was Maréchal d'Humières, and so on with the others. Fatuity and insolence were united in him, and by dint of mounting a hundred staircases a day, and bowing and scraping everywhere, he had gained the ear of I know not how many people. His wife was a tall creature, as impertinent as he, who wore the breeches, and before whom he dared not breathe. Her effrontery blushed at nothing, and after many gallantries she had linked herself on to M. de Duras, whom she governed, and of whom she was publicly and absolutely the mistress, living at his expense. Children, friends, servants, all were at her mercy, — even Madame de Duras herself when she came, which was but seldom, from the country.

Such were the people whom the King placed near M. le Duc de Bourgogne.

The Duc de Gesvres, a malicious old man, a cruel husband, and an unnatural father, sadly annoyed Maréchal de Villeroy towards the end of this year, having previously treated me very scurvily for some advice that I gave him respecting the ceremonies to be observed at the reception by the King of M. de Lorraine as Duc de Bar. M. de Gesvres and M. de Villeroy had both had fathers who made large fortunes and who became secretaries of state. One morning M. de Gesvres was waiting for the King, with a number of other courtiers, when M. de Villeroy arrived, with all that noise and those airs he had long assumed, and which his favor and his appointments rendered more superb. I know not whether this annoyed De Gesvres more than usual, but as soon as the other had placed himself, he said, "Monsieur le Maréchal, it must be admitted that you and I are very lucky." The Maréchal, surprised at a remark which seemed to be suggested by nothing, assented with a modest air, and, shaking his head and his wig, began to talk to some one

else. But M. de Gesvres had not commenced without a purpose. He went on, addressed M. de Villeroy point blank, admiring their mutual good fortune, but when he came to speak of the father of each, "Let us go no further," said he, "for what did our fathers spring from? From tradesmen; even tradesmen they were themselves. Yours was the son of a dealer in fresh fish at the markets, and mine of a peddler, or, perhaps, worse. Gentlemen," said he, addressing the company, "have we not reason to think our fortune prodigious — the Maréchal and I?" The Maréchal would have liked to strangle M. de Gesvres, or to see him dead — but what can be done with a man who, in order to say something cutting to you, says it to himself first? Everybody was silent, and all eyes were lowered. Many, however, were not sorry to see M. de Villeroy so pleasantly humiliated. The King came and put an end to the scene, which was the talk of the Court for several days.

Omissions must be repaired as soon as they are perceived. Other matters have carried me away. At the commencement of April, Ticquet, councilor at the parliament, was assassinated in his own house; and if he did not die, it was not the fault of his porter, or of the soldier who had attempted to kill him, and who left him for dead, disturbed by a noise they heard. This councilor, who was a very poor man, had complained to the King, the preceding year, of the conduct of his wife with Montgeorges, captain in the Guards, and much esteemed. The King prohibited Montgeorges from seeing the wife of the councilor again.

Such having been the case, when the crime was attempted, suspicion fell upon Montgeorges and the wife of Ticquet, a beautiful, gallant, and bold woman, who took a very high tone in the matter. She was advised to fly, maintaining that in all such cases it is safer to be far off than close at hand. The woman would listen to no such advice, and in a few days she was no longer able. The porter and the soldier were arrested and tortured, and Madame Ticquet, who was foolish enough to allow herself to be arrested, also underwent the same examination, and avowed all. She was condemned to lose her head, and her accomplice to be broken on the wheel. Montgeorges managed so well, that he was not legally criminated. When Ticquet heard the sentence, he came with all his family to the King, and sued for mercy. But the King would not listen to him, and the execution took place on Wednesday, the 17th of

June, after midday, at the Grève. All the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, and of the houses in the Place de Grève, in the streets that lead to it from the Conciergerie of the palace where Madame Tiquet was confined, were filled with spectators, men and women, many of title and distinction. There were even friends of both sexes of this unhappy woman, who felt no shame or horror in going there. In the streets the crowd was so great that it could not be passed through. In general, pity was felt for the culprit ; people hoped that she would be pardoned, and it was because they hoped so, that they went to see her die. But such is the world ; so unreasoning, and so little in accord with itself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Prince d'Harcourt at last obtained permission to wait on the King, after having never appeared at Court for seventeen years. He had followed the King in all his conquests in the Low Countries and Franche-Comté ; but he had remained little at the Court since his voyage to Spain, whither he had accompanied the daughter of Monsieur to the King, Charles II., her husband. The Prince d'Harcourt took service with Venice, and fought in the Morea until the Republic made peace with the Turks. He was tall, well made ; and, although he looked like a nobleman and had wit, reminded one at the same time of a country actor. He was a great liar, and a libertine in body and mind ; a great spendthrift, a great and impudent swindler, with a tendency to low debauchery, that cursed him all his life. Having fluttered about a long time after his return, and found it impossible either to live with his wife — which is not surprising — or accommodate himself to the Court or to Paris, he set up his rest at Lyons, with wine, street walkers, a society to match, a pack of hounds, and a gaming table to support his extravagance and enable him to live at the expense of the dupes, the imbeciles, and the sons of fat tradesmen, whom he could lure into his nets. Thus he spent many years, and seemed to forget that there existed in the world another country besides Lyons. At last he got tired, and returned to Paris. The King, who despised him, let him alone, but would not see him ; and it was only after two months of begging for him by the Lorraines, that he received permission to present himself. His wife, the

Princesse d'Harcourt, was a favorite of Madame de Maintenon. The origin of their friendship is traced to the fact that Brancas, the father of the Princesse, had been one of the lovers of Madame de Maintenon. No claim less powerful could have induced the latter to take into her favor a person who was so little worthy. Like all women who know nothing but what chance has taught them, and who have long languished in obscurity before arriving at splendor, Madame de Maintenon was dazzled by the very name of Princess, even if assumed ; as to a real Princess, nothing equaled her in her opinion. The Princesse then tried hard to get the Prince invited to Marly, but without success. Upon this she pretended to sulk, in hopes that Madame de Maintenon would exert all her influence ; but in this she was mistaken. The Prince accordingly by degrees got disgusted with the Court, and retired into the provinces for a time.

The Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a Court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay ; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk porridge ; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarreling — always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal : she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a harpy ; she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence ; all the avarice and the audacity ; moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof ; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined ; was often a victim of her confidence ; and was many a time sent to the devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She, however, was never in the least embarrassed, tucked up her petticoats and went her way ; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged ; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish fag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarreling with

her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the Sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day, when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her, out of malice, to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time, saying that Madame de Maintenon was going; but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident — for she scarcely ever visited any one — went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the Princesse d'Harcourt. "I am ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself; "she will see me playing, and I ought to have been at chapel;" down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the Princesse in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that, whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder, and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfort. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the Princesse flew out of her half faint into a sort of fury; said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale, "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day. This, Madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both

to continue their game ; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the Court for several days ; for this beautiful Princesse was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the Château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The Duc and Duchesse bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue, the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy ; the chairmen set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair, furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time, M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the salon, where she was playing at piquet. As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time — and these scenes were always at Marly — they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Loges. It snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace which is on a level with their lodgings ; and in order to be better supplied, waked up, to assist them, the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key, and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt ; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without

knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour: so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon; and, as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the Princesse would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk, too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the Duchesse would allow herself to be melted, and the Princesse was more villainously treated than ever, for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything. Neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her; yet it would not have been prudent in any one to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly, that they concocted a plan, and one fine day drew up on the Pont Neuf. The coachman and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door, in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down, and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man, who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her, walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found that she had been left by her servants, as on the Pont Neuf. It was volume the second of that story; and even when she came back she found her house deserted, every one having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chambermaid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress' room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and, at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and disheveled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the Princesse was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that, after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroy and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their bed in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to every one.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed their wealth, and made herself feared even by the Prince and minister.

CHAPTER XXXIII. (1706).

Two very different persons died towards the latter part of this year. The first was Lamoignon, Chief President, the second Ninon, known by the name of Mademoiselle de l'Enclos. Of Lamoignon I will relate a single anecdote, curious and instructive, which will show the corruption of which he was capable.

One day — I am speaking of a time many years previous to the date of the occurrences just related — one day there was a great hunting party at Saint Germain. The chase was pursued so long, that the King gave up, and returned to Saint Germain. A number of courtiers, among whom was M. de Lauzun, who related this story to me, continued their sport, and just as darkness was coming on, discovered that they had

lost their way. After a time they espied a light, by which they guided their steps, and at length reached the door of a kind of castle. They knocked, they called aloud, they named themselves, and asked for hospitality. It was then between ten and eleven at night, and towards the end of autumn. The door was opened to them. The master of the house came forth. He made them take their boots off, and warm themselves; he put their horses into his stables; and at the same time had a supper prepared for his guests, who stood much in need of it. They did not wait long for the meal; yet when served it proved excellent; the wines served with it, too, were of several kinds, and excellent likewise; as for the master of the house, he was so polite and respectful, yet without being ceremonious or eager, that it was evident he had frequented the best company. The courtiers soon learnt that his name was Fargues, that the place was called Courson, and that he had lived there in retirement several years. After having supped, Fargues showed each of them into separate bedrooms, where they were waited upon by his valets with every proper attention. In the morning, as soon as the courtiers had dressed themselves, they found an excellent breakfast awaiting them; and upon leaving the table they saw their horses ready for them, and as thoroughly attended to as they had been themselves. Charmed with the politeness and with the manners of Fargues, and touched by his hospitable reception of them, they made him many offers of service, and made their way back to Saint Germain. Their non-appearance on the previous night had been the common talk, their return and the adventure they had met with was no less so.

These gentlemen were then the very flower of the Court, and all of them very intimate with the King. They related to him, therefore, their story, the manner of their reception, and highly praised the master of the house and his good cheer. The King asked his name, and, as soon as he heard it, exclaimed: "What, Fargues! is he so near here, then?" The courtiers redoubled their praises, and the King said no more; but soon after he went to the Queen mother, and told her what had happened.

Fargues, indeed, was no stranger, either to her or to the King. He had taken a prominent part in the movements of Paris against the Court and Cardinal Mazarin. If he had not been hanged, it was because he was well supported by his

party, who had him included in the amnesty granted to those who had been engaged in these troubles. Fearing, however, that the hatred of his enemies might place his life in danger if he remained in Paris, he retired from the capital to this country house which has just been mentioned, where he continued to live in strict privacy, even when the death of Cardinal Mazarin seemed to render such seclusion no longer necessary.

The King and the Queen mother, who had pardoned Fargues in spite of themselves, were much annoyed at finding that he was living in opulence and tranquillity so near the Court; thought him extremely bold to do so; and determined to punish him for this and for his former insolence. They directed Lamoignon, therefore, to find out something in the past life of Fargues for which punishment might be awarded; and Lamoignon, eager to please, and make a profit out of his eagerness, was not long in satisfying them. He made researches, and found means to complicate Fargues in a murder that had been committed in Paris at the height of the troubles. Officers were accordingly sent to Courson, and its owner was arrested.

Fargues was much astonished when he learnt of what he was accused. He exculpated himself, nevertheless, completely; alleging, moreover, that as the murder of which he was accused had been committed during the troubles, the amnesty in which he was included effaced all memory of the deed, according to law and usage, which had never been contested until this occasion. The courtiers who had been so well treated by the unhappy man did everything they could with the judges and the King to obtain the release of the accused. It was all in vain. Fargues was decapitated at once, and all his wealth was given by way of recompense to the Chief President Lamoignon, who had no scruple thus to enrich himself with the blood of the innocent.

The other person who died at the same time was, as I have said, Ninon, the famous courtesan, known, since age had compelled her to quit that trade, as *Mademoiselle de l'Enclos*. She was a new example of the triumph of vice carried on cleverly and repaired by some virtue. The stir that she made, and still more the disorder that she caused among the highest and most brilliant youth, overcame the extreme indulgence that, not without cause, the Queen mother entertained for persons whose conduct was gallant, and more than gallant, and made her send her an order to retire into a convent. But Ninon, observing that

no special convent was named, said, with a great courtesy, to the officer who brought the order, that, as the option was left to her, she would choose "the convent of the Cordeliers at Paris"; which impudent joke so diverted the Queen that she left her alone for the future. Ninon never had but one lover at a time — but her admirers were numberless — so that when wearied of one incumbent, she told him so frankly, and took another. The abandoned one might groan and complain: her decree was without appeal; and this creature had acquired such an influence that the deserted lovers never dared to revenge on the favored one, and were too happy to remain on the footing of friend of the house. She sometimes kept faithful to one, when he pleased her very much, during an entire campaign.

Ninon had illustrious friends of all sorts, and had so much wit that she preserved them all and kept them on good terms with each other; or, at least, no quarrels ever came to light. There was an external respect and decency about everything that passed in her house, such as princesses of the highest rank have rarely been able to preserve in their intrigues.

In this way she had among her friends a selection of the best members of the Court; so that it became the fashion to be received by her, and it was useful to be so, on account of the connections that were thus formed. There was never any gambling there, nor loud laughing, nor disputes, nor talk about religion or politics; but much and elegant wit, ancient and modern stories, news of gallantries, yet without scandal. All was delicate, light, measured; and she herself maintained the conversation by her wit and her great knowledge of facts. The respect which, strange to say, she had acquired, and the number and distinction of her friends and acquaintances, continued when her charms ceased to attract, and when propriety and fashion compelled her to use only intellectual baits. She knew all the intrigues of the old and the new court, serious and otherwise; her conversation was charming; she was disinterested, faithful, secret, safe to the last degree; and, setting aside her frailty, virtuous and full of probity. She frequently succored her friends with money and influence, constantly did them the most important services, and very faithfully kept the secrets or the money deposits that were confided to her.

She had been intimate with Madame de Maintenon during the whole of her residence at Paris; but Madame de Maintenon, although not daring to disavow this friendship, did not

like to hear her spoken about. She wrote to Ninon with amity from time to time, even until her death; and Ninon in like manner, when she wanted to serve any friend in whom she took great interest, wrote to Madame de Maintenon, who did her what service she required efficaciously and with promptness. But since Madame de Maintenon came to power, they had seen each other only two or three times, and then in secret.

Ninon was remarkable for her repartees. One that she made to the last Maréchal de Choiseul is worth repeating. The Maréchal was virtue itself, but not fond of company or blessed with much wit. One day, after a long visit he had paid her, Ninon gaped, looked at the Maréchal, and cried:—

“Oh, my lord! how many virtues you make me detest!”—

a line from I know not what play. The laughter at this may be imagined. L'Enclos lived long beyond her eightieth year, always healthy, visited, respected. She gave her last years to God, and her death was the news of the day.



LOMBARD STREET AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

By WALTER BAGEHOT.

[WALTER BAGEHOT, English scientific, financial, and institutional writer, was born in Somersetshire, February 3, 1826. He was graduated at London University; was in France at the time of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, and wrote letters to the London *Inquirer* on it which are classic; took part in his father's banking and shipping business; in 1860 succeeded his father-in-law as editor of the *Economist*, which he raised from a purely business organ to a great political review. He wrote “Physics and Politics” (1863), an application of the theory of “Natural Selection” to societies instead of organisms; edited the *National Review* 1864–1868, and wrote many literary and biographical essays for it; published “The English Constitution” (1867), which revolutionized the method of treating national institutions, and is a text-book widely used; “Lombard Street” (1873), on the English money market; and articles collected after his death as “Economic Studies,” “Postulates of Political Economy,” “International Coinage,” and “The Depreciation of Silver.” He died March 24, 1877.]

HOW LOMBARD STREET CAME TO EXIST, AND WHY IT ASSUMED ITS PRESENT FORM.

IN THE last century, a favorite subject of literary ingenuity was “conjectural history,” as it was then called. Upon grounds

of probability a fictitious sketch was made of the possible origin of things existing. If this kind of speculation were now applied to banking, the natural and first idea would be that large systems of deposit banking grew up in the early world, just as they grow up now in any large English colony. As soon as any such community becomes rich enough to have much money, and compact enough to be able to lodge its money in single banks, it at once begins so to do. English colonists do not like the risk of keeping their money, and they wish to make an interest on it. They carry from home the idea and the habit of banking, and they take to it as soon as they can in their new world. Conjectural history would be inclined to say that all banking began thus: but such history is rarely of any value. The basis of it is false. It assumes that what works most easily when established is that which it would be the most easy to establish, and that what seems simplest when familiar would be most easily appreciated by the mind though unfamiliar. But exactly the contrary is true. Many things which seem simple and which work well when firmly established, are very hard to establish among new people, and not very easy to explain to them.

Deposit banking is of this sort. Its essence is that a very large number of persons agree to trust a very few persons, or some one person. Banking would not be a profitable trade if bankers were not a small number and depositors in comparison an immense number. But to get a great number of persons to do exactly the same thing is always very difficult, and nothing but a very palpable necessity will make them on a sudden begin to do it. And there is no such palpable necessity in banking. If you take a country town in France, even now, you will not find any such system of banking as ours. Check books are unknown, and money kept on running account by bankers is rare. People store their money in a *caisse* at their houses. Steady savings, which are waiting for investment, and which are sure not to be soon wanted, may be lodged with bankers, but the common floating cash of the community is kept by the community themselves at home. They prefer to keep it so, and it would not answer a banker's purpose to make expensive arrangements for keeping it otherwise. If a "branch," such as the National Provincial Bank opens in an English country town, were opened in a corresponding French one, it would not pay its expenses. You could not get any

sufficient number of Frenchmen to agree to put their money there. And so it is in all countries not of British descent, though in various degrees. Deposit banking is a very difficult thing to begin, because people do not like to let their money out of their sight, especially do not like to let it out of sight without security—still more, cannot all at once agree on any single person to whom they are content to trust it unseen and unsecured. Hypothetical history, which explains the past by what is simplest and commonest in the present, is in banking, as in most things, quite untrue.

The real history is very different. New wants are mostly supplied by adaptation, not by creation or foundation. Something having been created to satisfy an extreme want, it is used to satisfy less pressing wants, or to supply additional conveniences. On this account, political government—the oldest institution in the world—has been the hardest worked. At the beginning of history, we find it doing everything which society wants done, and forbidding everything which society does *not* wish done. In trade, at present, the first commerce in a new place is a general shop, which, beginning with articles of real necessity, comes shortly to supply the oddest accumulation of petty comforts. And the history of banking has been the same. The first banks were not founded for our system of deposit banking, or for anything like it. They were founded for much more pressing reasons, and having been founded, they, or copies from them, were applied to our modern uses.

The earliest banks of Italy, where the name began, were finance companies. The Bank of St. George, at Genoa, and other banks founded in imitation of it, were at first only companies to make loans to, and float loans for, the government of the cities in which they were formed. The want of money is an urgent want of governments at most periods, and seldom more urgent than it was in the tumultuous Italian republics of the Middle Ages. After these banks had been long established, they began to do what we call banking business; but at first they never thought of it. The great banks of the north of Europe had their origin in a want still more curious. The notion of its being a prime business of a bank to give good coin has passed out of men's memories; but wherever it is felt, there is no want of business more keen and urgent. Adam Smith describes it so admirably that it would be stupid not to quote his words:—

"The currency of a great state, such as France or England, generally consists almost entirely of its own coin. Should this currency, therefore, be at any time worn, clipt, or otherwise degraded below its standard value, the state by a reformation of its coin can effectually reestablish its currency. But the currency of a small state, such as Genoa or Hamburg, can seldom consist altogether in its own coin, but must be made up, in a great measure, of the coins of all the neighboring states with which its inhabitants have a continual intercourse. Such a state, therefore, by reforming its coin, will not always be able to reform its currency. If foreign bills of exchange are paid in this currency, the uncertain value of any sum, of what is in its own nature so uncertain, must render the exchange always very much against such a state, its currency being, in all foreign states, necessarily valued even below what it is worth.

"In order to remedy the inconvenience to which this disadvantageous exchange must have subjected their merchants, such small states, when they began to attend to the interest of trade, have frequently enacted, that foreign bills of exchange of a certain value should be paid, not in common currency, but by an order upon, or by a transfer in, the books of a certain bank, established upon the credit and under the protection of the state; this bank being always obliged to pay, in good and true money, exactly according to the standard of the state. The banks of Venice, Genoa, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Nuremberg, seem to have been all originally established with this view, though some of them may have afterwards been made subservient to other purposes. The money of such banks, being better than the common currency of the country, necessarily bore an agio, which was greater or smaller, according as the currency was supposed to be more or less degraded below the standard of the state. The agio of the bank of Hamburg, for example, which is said to be commonly about fourteen per cent, is the supposed difference between the good standard money of the state, and the clipt, worn, and diminished currency poured into it from all the neighboring states.

"Before 1609 the great quantity of clipt and worn foreign coin, which the extensive trade of Amsterdam brought from all parts of Europe, reduced the value of its currency about nine per cent below that of good money fresh from the mint. Such money no sooner appeared than it was melted down or carried away, as it always is in such circumstances. The merchants, with plenty of currency, could not always find a sufficient quantity of good money to pay their bills of exchange; and the value of those bills, in spite of several regulations which were made to prevent it, became in a great measure uncertain.

"In order to remedy these inconveniences, a bank was established in 1609, under the guarantee of the city. This bank received

both foreign coin and the light and worn coin of the country at its real intrinsic value in the good standard money of the country, deducting only so much as was necessary for defraying the expense of coinage, and the other necessary expense of management. For the value which remained, after this small deduction was made, it gave a credit in its books. This credit was called bank money, which, as it represented money exactly according to the standard of the mint, was always of the same real value, and intrinsically worth more than current money. It was at the same time enacted, that all bills drawn upon or negotiated at Amsterdam of the value of six hundred guilders and upwards should be paid in bank money, which at once took away all uncertainty in the value of those bills. Every merchant, in consequence of this regulation, was obliged to keep an account with the bank in order to pay his foreign bills of exchange, which necessarily occasioned a certain demand for bank money."

Again, a most important function of early banks is one which the present banks retain, though it is subsidiary to their main use; viz., the function of remitting money. A man brings money to the bank to meet a payment which he desires to make at a great distance, and the bank, having a connection with other banks, sends it where it is wanted. As soon as the bills of exchange are given upon a large scale, this remittance is a very pressing requirement. Such bills must be made payable at a place convenient to the seller of the goods in payment of which they are given, perhaps at the great town where his warehouse is. But this may be very far from the retail shop of the buyer who bought those goods to sell them again in the country. For these, and a multitude of purposes, the instant and regular remittance of money is an early necessity of growing trade; and that remittance it was a first object of early banks to accomplish.

These are all uses other than those of deposit banking which banks supplied that afterwards became in our English sense deposit banks. By supplying these uses, they gained the credit that afterwards enabled them to gain a living as deposit banks. Being trusted for one purpose, they came to be trusted for a purpose quite different, ultimately far more important, though at first less keenly pressing. But these wants only affect a few persons, and therefore bring the bank under the notice of a few only. The real introductory function which deposit banks at first perform is much more popular, and it is only when they can perform this more popular kind of business that deposit

banking ever spreads quickly and extensively. This function is the supply of the paper circulation to the country; and it will be observed that I am not about to overstep my limits and discuss this as a question of currency. In what form the best paper currency can be supplied to a country is a question of economical theory with which I do not meddle here. I am only narrating unquestionable history, not dealing with an argument where every step is disputed. And part of this certain history is that the best way to diffuse banking in a community is to allow the banker to issue bank-notes of small amount that can supersede the metal currency. This amounts to a subsidy to each banker to enable him to keep open a bank till depositors choose to come to it. The country where deposit banking is most diffused is Scotland, and there the original profits were entirely derived from the circulation. The note issue is now a most trifling part of the liabilities of the Scotch banks, but it was once their mainstay and source of profit. A curious book, lately published, has enabled us to follow the course of this in detail. The Bank of Dundee, now amalgamated with the Royal Bank of Scotland, was founded in 1763, and had become before its amalgamation, eight or nine years since, a bank of considerable deposits. But for twenty-five years from its foundation it had no deposits at all. It subsisted mostly on its note issue, and a little on its remittance business. Only in 1792, after nearly thirty years, it began to gain deposits; but from that time they augmented very rapidly.

The banking history of England has been the same, though we have no country bank accounts in detail which go back so far. But probably up to 1830 in England, or thereabouts, the main profit of banks was derived from the circulation; and for many years after that the deposits were treated as very minor matters, and the whole of so-called banking discussion turned on questions of circulation. We are still living in the *débris* of that controversy; for, as I have so often said, people can hardly think of the structure of Lombard Street, except with reference to the paper currency and to the Act of 1844, which regulates it now. The French are still in the same epoch of the subject. Their great *enquête* of 1865 is almost wholly taken up with currency matters, and mere banking is treated as subordinate. And the accounts of the Bank of France show why. The last weekly statement before the German war showed that

the circulation of the Bank of France was as much as 59,244,000*l.*, and that the private deposits were only 17,127,000*l.* Now the private deposits are about the same, and the circulation is 112,000,000*l.* So difficult is it in even a great country like France for the deposit system of banking to take root, and establish itself with the strength and vigor that it has in England.

The experience of Germany is the same. The accounts preceding the war in North Germany showed the circulation of the issuing banks to be 39,875,000*l.*, and the deposits to be 6,472,000*l.*; while the corresponding figures at the present moment are — circulation 60,000,000*l.*, and deposits 8,000,000*l.* It would be idle to multiply instances.

The reason why the use of bank paper commonly precedes the habit of making deposits in banks is very plain. It is a far easier habit to establish. In the issue of notes the banker, the person to be most benefited, can do something. He can pay away his own "promises" in loans, in wages, or in payment of debts. But in the getting of deposits he is passive. His issues depend on himself; his deposits, on the favor of others. And to the public the change is far easier too. To collect a great mass of deposits with the same banker, a great number of persons must agree to do something. But to establish a note circulation, a large number of persons need only *do nothing*. They receive the banker's notes in the common course of their business, and they have only *not* to take those notes to the banker for payment. If the public refrain from taking trouble, a paper circulation is immediately in existence. A paper circulation is begun by the banker, and requires no effort on the part of the public; on the contrary, it needs an effort of the public to be rid of notes once issued: but deposit banking cannot be begun by the banker, and requires a spontaneous and consistent effort in the community. And therefore paper issue is the natural prelude to deposit banking.

The way in which the issue of notes by a banker prepares the way for the deposit of money with him is very plain. When a private person begins to possess a great heap of bank-notes, it will soon strike him that he is trusting the banker very much, and that in return he is getting nothing. He runs the risk of loss and robbery just as if he were hoarding coin. He would run no more risk by the failure of the bank if he made a deposit there, and he would be free from the risk of

keeping the cash. No doubt it takes time before even this simple reasoning is understood by uneducated minds. So strong is the wish of most people to *see* their money that they for some time continue to hoard bank-notes ; for a long period a few do so. But in the end common-sense conquers. The circulation of bank-notes decreases, and the deposit of money with the banker increases. The credit of the banker having been efficiently advertised by the note, and accepted by the public, he lives on the credit so gained years after the note issue itself has ceased to be very important to him.

The efficiency of this introduction is proportional to the diffusion of the right of note issue. A single monopolist issuer, like the Bank of France, works its way with difficulty through a country, and advertises banking very slowly. Even now the Bank of France, which, I believe, by law ought to have a branch in each Department, has only branches in sixty out of eighty-six. On the other hand, the Swiss banks, where there is always one or more to every Canton, diffuse banking rapidly. We have seen that the liabilities of the Bank of France stand thus :

Notes	£112,000,000
Deposits	15,000,000

But the aggregate Swiss banks, on the contrary, stand : —

Notes	£761,000
Deposits	4,709,000

The reason is that a central bank, which is governed in the capital and descends on a country district, has much fewer modes of lending money safely than a bank of which the partners belong to that district, and know the men and things in it. A note issue is mainly begun by loans ; there are then no deposits to be paid. But the mass of loans in a rural district are of small amount ; the bills to be discounted are trifling ; the persons borrowing are of small means and only local repute ; the value of any property they wish to pledge depends on local changes and local circumstances. A banker who lives in the district, who has always lived there, whose whole mind is a history of the district and its changes, is easily able to lend money safely there. But a manager deputed by a single central establishment does so with difficulty. The worst people will come

to him and ask for loans. His ignorance is a mark for all the shrewd and crafty people thereabouts. He will have endless difficulties in establishing the circulation of the distant bank, because he has not the local knowledge which alone can teach him how to issue that circulation with safety.

A system of note issues is therefore the best introduction to a large system of deposit banking. As yet, historically, it is the only introduction: no nation as yet has arrived at a great system of deposit banking without going first through the preliminary stage of note issue, and of such note issues the quickest and most efficient in this way is one made by individuals resident in the district, and conversant with it.

And this explains why deposit banking is so rare. Such a note issue as has been described is possible only in a country exempt from invasion, and free from revolution. During an invasion note-issuing banks must stop payment; a run is nearly inevitable at such a time, and in a revolution too. In such great and close civil dangers a nation is always demoralized; every one looks to himself, and every one likes to possess himself of the precious metals. These are sure to be valuable, invasion or no invasion, revolution or no revolution. But the goodness of bank-notes depends on the solvency of the banker, and that solvency may be impaired if the invasion is not repelled or the revolution resisted.

Hardly any continental country has been till now exempt for long periods *both* from invasion and revolution. In Holland and Germany—two countries where note issue and deposit banking would seem as natural as in England and Scotland—there was never any security from foreign war. A profound apprehension of external invasion penetrated their whole habits, and men of business would have thought it insane not to contemplate a contingency so frequent in their history, and perhaps witnessed by themselves.

France indeed, before 1789, was an exception. For many years under the old régime she was exempt from serious invasion or attempted revolution. Her government was fixed, as was then thought, and powerful; it could resist any external enemy, and the prestige on which it rested seemed too firm to fear any enemy from within. But then it was not an honest government, and it had shown its dishonesty in this particular matter of note issue. The regent in Law's time had given a monopoly of note issue to a bad bank, and had paid off the

debts of the nation in worthless paper. The government had created a machinery of ruin, and had thriven on it. Among so apprehensive a race as the French the result was fatal. For many years no attempt at note issue or deposit banking was possible in France. So late as the foundation of the *Caisse d'Escompte*, in Turgot's time, the remembrance of Law's failure was distinctly felt, and impeded the commencement of better attempts.

This therefore is the reason why Lombard Street exists; that is, why England is a very great money market, and other European countries but small ones in comparison. In England and Scotland a diffused system of note issues started banks all over the country; in these banks the savings of the country have been lodged, and by these they have been sent to London. No similar system arose elsewhere, and in consequence London is full of money, and all continental cities are empty as compared with it.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Of all institutions in the world, the Bank of England is now probably the most remote from party politics and from "financing"; but in its origin it was not only a finance company, but a Whig finance company,—it was founded by a Whig government because it was in desperate want of money, and supported by the "City" because the "City" was Whig. Very briefly, the story was this:—

The government of Charles II. (under the Cabal ministry) had brought the credit of the English state to the lowest possible point: it had perpetrated one of those monstrous frauds which are likewise gross blunders. The goldsmiths, who then carried on upon a trifling scale what we should now call "banking," used to deposit their reserve of treasure in the Exchequer, with the sanction and under the care of the government. In many European countries, the credit of the state had been so much better than any other credit that it had been used to strengthen the beginnings of banking. The credit of the state had been so used in England: though there had lately been a civil war and several revolutions, the honesty of the English government was trusted implicitly. But Charles II. showed that it was trusted undeservedly: he shut up the Exchequer, would pay no one, and so the goldsmiths were ruined.

The credit of the Stuart government never recovered from this monstrous robbery, and the government created by the revolution of 1688 could hardly expect to be more trusted with money than its predecessor. A government created by a revolution hardly ever is: there is a taint of violence which capitalists dread instinctively, and there is always a rational apprehension that the government which one revolution thought fit to set up, another revolution may think fit to pull down. In 1694 the credit of William III.'s government was so low in London that it was impossible for it to borrow any large sum; and the evil was the greater, because in consequence of the French war the financial straits of the government were extreme. At last a scheme was hit upon which would relieve their necessities. "The plan," says Macaulay, "was that twelve hundred thousand pounds should be borrowed by the government, on what was then considered as the moderate interest of 8 per cent. In order to induce capitalists to advance the money promptly on terms so favorable to the public, the subscribers were to be incorporated by the name of 'The Governor and Company of the Bank of England';" they were so incorporated, and the £1,200,000 was obtained.

On many succeeding occasions, their credit was of essential use to the government. Without their aid, our National Debt could not have been borrowed; and if we had not been able to raise that money we should have been conquered by France and compelled to take back James II. And for many years afterwards, the existence of that debt was a main reason why the industrial classes never would think of recalling the Pretender or of upsetting the Revolution settlement: the "fundholder" is always considered in the books of that time as opposed to his "legitimate" sovereign, because it was to be feared that this sovereign would repudiate the debt which was raised by those who dethroned him, and which was spent in resisting him and his allies. For a long time the Bank of England was the focus of London Liberalism, and in that capacity rendered to the state inestimable services; in return for these substantial benefits, the Bank of England received from the government, either at first or afterwards, three most important privileges:—

First. The Bank of England had the exclusive possession of the government balances. In its first period, as I have shown, the Bank gave credit to the government; but after-

wards it derived credit from the government. There is a natural tendency in men to follow the example of the government under which they live: the government is the largest, most important, and most conspicuous entity with which the mass of any people are acquainted; its range of knowledge must always be infinitely greater than the average of their knowledge, and therefore, unless there is a conspicuous warning to the contrary, most men are inclined to think their government right, and when they can, to do what it does. Especially in money matters, a man might fairly reason, "If the government is right in trusting the Bank of England with the great balance of the nation, I cannot be wrong in trusting it with my little balance."

Second. The Bank of England had till lately the monopoly of limited liability in England. It was an exception of the greatest value to the Bank of England, because it induced many quiet merchants to be directors of the Bank, who certainly would not have joined any bank where *all* their fortunes were liable, and where the liability was not limited.

Third. The Bank of England had the privilege of being the sole *joint-stock company* permitted to issue bank notes in England. Private London bankers did indeed issue notes down to the middle of the last century, but no joint-stock company could do so. Its effect was very important: it in time gave the Bank of England the monopoly of the note issue of the metropolis. No company but the Bank of England could issue notes, and unincorporated individuals gradually gave way and ceased to do so.

With so many advantages over all competitors, it is quite natural that the Bank of England should have far outstripped them all. Inevitably it became *the* bank in London; all the other bankers grouped themselves round it and lodged their reserve with it. Thus our *one-reserve* system of banking was not deliberately founded upon definite reasons: it was the gradual consequence of many singular events, and of an accumulation of legal privileges on a single bank which has now been altered, and which no one would now defend.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

A BURLESQUE BY SWIFT.

[JONATHAN SWIFT: the greatest English prose satirist; born in Dublin, November 30, 1667; died October 19, 1745. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin; was for many years secretary to Sir William Temple in England, and in 1695 became a priest, being made dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. From the beginning of his literary career his brilliant and iconoclastic satires attracted attention in the literary world, his writings, though often coarse and usually brutal, being always powerful and artistic. His more famous works include: "Battle of the Books" (1697), "Tale of a Tub" (1704), "Argument to prove the Inconvenience of abolishing Christianity" (1708), "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (1708), "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708), "Conduct of the Allies" (1711), "Advice to the October Club" (1712), "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty" (1712), "Cadenus and Vanessa" (1713), "Public Spirit of the Whigs" (1714), "Drapier's Letters" (1724), "Gulliver's Travels" (1726), and "A Modest Proposal" (1729).]

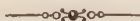
THIS single stick, which you behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; 'tis now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; 'tis now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself. *Surely man is a Broomstick!* Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the ax of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder), that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity.

Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies and other men's defaults !

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head ; and pray what is man, but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, groveling on the earth ! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of Nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before ; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away ; his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving, till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

[In the yearly visits which Swift made to London, during his stay there he passed much of his time at Lord Berkeley's, officiating as chaplain to the family, and attending Lady Berkeley in her private devotions ; after which the doctor, by her desire, used to read to her some moral or religious discourse. The Countess had at this time taken a great liking to Mr. Boyle's Meditations, and was determined to go through them in that manner : but as Swift had by no means the same relish for that kind of writing which her ladyship had, he soon grew weary of the task : and a whim coming into his head, resolved to get rid of it in a way which might occasion some sport in the family ; for which they had as high a relish as himself. The next time he was employed in reading one of these Meditations, he took an opportunity of conveying away the book, and dexterously inserted a leaf, on which he had written his own "Meditation on a Broomstick" ; after which he took care to have the book restored to its proper place, and in his next attendance on my lady, when he was desired to proceed to the next Meditation, Swift opened upon the place where the leaf had been inserted, and with great composure read the title, "A Meditation on a Broomstick." Lady Berkeley, a little surprised at the oddity of the title, stopped him, repeating the words, "A Meditation on a Broomstick ! What a strange subject ! But there is no knowing what useful lessons of instruction this wonderful man may draw from things apparently the most trivial. Pray let us hear what he says upon it." Swift then, with an inflexible gravity of countenance, proceeded to read the Meditation, in the same solemn tone which he had used in delivering the former. Lady Berkeley, not at all suspecting a

trick, in the fullness of her prepossession, was every now and then, during the reading of it, expressing her admiration of this extraordinary man, who could draw such fine moral reflections from so contemptible a subject; with which, though Swift must have been inwardly not a little tickled, yet he preserved a most perfect composure of features, so that she had not the least room to suspect any deceit. Soon after, some company coming in, Swift pretended business, and withdrew, foreseeing what was to follow. Lady Berkeley, full of the subject, soon entered upon the praises of those heavenly Meditations of Mr. Boyle. "But," said she, "the doctor has been just reading one to me, which has surprised me more than all the rest." One of the company asked which of the Meditations she meant? She answered directly, in the simplicity of her heart, "I mean, that excellent Meditation upon a Broomstick." The company looked at each other with some surprise, and could scarce refrain from laughing. But they all agreed that they had never heard of such a Meditation before, "Upon my word," said my lady, "there it is, look into that book, and convince yourselves." One of them opened the book, and found it there indeed, but in Swift's handwriting; upon which a general burst of laughter ensued; and my lady, when the first surprise was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them. — THOMAS SHERIDAN.]



THE TWO BROTHERS.

By SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

(From "The Relapse.")

[SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, English dramatist of the Restoration period, was born about 1666; died in London, March 26, 1726. His best-known comedies are "The Relapse" and "The Provoked Wife," both of date 1697. He wrote also, among others, "The False Friend" (1702), "The Confederacy" (1705), and the unfinished "Journey to London," completed by Colley Cibber.]

Scene: Whitehall. YOUNG FASHION, LORY, and Waterman.

Young Fashion — Come, pay the waterman, and take the portmanteau.

Lory — Faith, sir, I think the waterman had as good take the portmanteau, and pay himself.

Young Fashion — Why, sure there's something left in't.

Lory — But a solitary old waistcoat, upon my honor, sir.

Young Fashion — Why, what's become of the blue coat, sirrah?

Lory — Sir, 'twas eaten at Gravesend; the reckoning came to thirty shillings, and your privy purse was worth but two half-crowns.

Young Fashion — 'Tis very well.

Waterman — Pray, master, will you please to dispatch me?

Young Fashion — Ay, here a — Canst thou change me a guinea?

Lory [*aside*] — Good.

Waterman — Change a guinea, master! Ha, ha, your honor's pleas'd to compliment.

Young Fashion — I'gad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but gold about me.

Lory [*aside*] — Hum, hum.

Young Fashion — What dost thou expect, friend?

Waterman — Why, master, so far against wind and tide, is richly worth half a piece.

Young Fashion — Why, faith, I think thou art a good conscience fellow. I'gad, I begin to have so good an opinion of thy honesty, I care not if I leave my portmanteau with thee, till I send thee thy money.

Waterman — Ha! God bless your honor; I should be as willing to trust you, master, but that you are, as a man may say, a stranger to me, and these are nimble times; there are a great many sharpers stirring. [*Taking up the portmanteau.*] Well, master, when your worship sends the money, your portmanteau shall be forthcoming. My name's Tugg, my wife keeps a brandy shop in Drab Alley at Wapping.

Young Fashion — Very well; I'll send for't to-morrow.

[*Exit Waterman.*]

Lory — So — Now, sir, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, you have outliv'd all your cares.

Young Fashion — How so, sir?

Lory — Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Young Fashion — Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory — Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Young Fashion — Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little money, and so much humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

Lory — Why then, sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty, your elder brother.

Young Fashion — D—— my elder brother.

Lory — With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however.

Young Fashion — My annuity! 'Sdeath, he's such a dog, he would not give his powder puff to redeem my soul.

Lory — Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Young Fashion — Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lory — Why? what will you do then?

Young Fashion — I'll go into the army.

Lory — You can't take the oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Young Fashion — Thou mayst as well say I can't take orders because I'm an atheist.

Lory — Sir, I ask your pardon; I find I did not know the strength of your conscience so well as I did the weakness of your purse.

Young Fashion — Methinks, sir, a person of your experience should have known that the strength of the conscience proceeds from the weakness of the purse.

Lory — Sir, I am very glad to find you have a conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I desire you'll please to consider that the army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for a person of your generosity (at least as rents now are paid); I shall see you stand in damnable need of some auxiliary guineas for your *menus plaisirs*; I will therefore turn fool once more for your service, and advise you to go directly to your brother.

Young Fashion — Art thou then so impregnable a block-head, to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

Lory — Not if you treat him *de haut en bas*, as you used to do.

Young Fashion — Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

Lory — Like a trout, tickle him.

Young Fashion — I can't flatter ——

Lory — Can you starve?

Young Fashion — Yes ——

Lory — I can't; Good-by t'ye, sir ——

[*Going.*

Young Fashion — Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wouldst thou have me to say to him?

Lory — Say nothing to him, apply yourself to his favorites; speak to his periwig, his cravat, his feather, his snuffbox, and when you are well with them — desire him to lend you a thousand pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

Young Fashion — 'Sdeath and Furies! Why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune — Fortune — thou art a —, by Gad ——— [Exeunt.

Scene: A Dressing Room.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON in his nightgown.

Lord Foppington — Page ———

Enter Page.

Page — Sir.

Lord Foppington — Sir! Pray, sir, do me the favor to teach your tongue the title the king has thought fit to honor me with.

Page — I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord.

Lord Foppington — O, you can pronounce the word then — I thought it would have chok'd you — D'ye hear?

Page — My lord.

Lord Foppington — Call La Varole, I wou'd dress ———

[Exit Page.

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality — Strike me dumb — My lord — Your lordship — My Lord Foppington — Ah! *c'est quelque chose de beau, que la Diable m'emporte* — Why, the ladies were ready to puke at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Navelty to recommend me to 'em — Sure whilst I was but a knight, I was a very nauseous fellow — Well, 'tis ten thousand pawnd well given — Stap my vitals ———

Enter LA VAROLE.

La Varole — Me Lord, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord Foppington — 'Tis well; admit 'em.

La Varole — Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Tailor, etc.

Lord Foppington — So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions.

Tailor — I think I may presume to say, sir —

La Varole — My lord — you clawn you.

Tailor — Why, is he made a lord? — My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon; my lord, I hope, my lord, your lordship will please to own, I have brought your lordship as accomplish'd a suit of clothes, as ever peer of England trode the stage in, my lord. Will your lordship please to try 'em now?

Lord Foppington — Ay, but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all raund —

[*Whilst he puts on his clothes, enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY.*

Young Fashion — Heydey, what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman's gown a favorite at Court, he has got so many people at his levee.

Lory — Sir, these people come in order to make him a favorite at Court; they are to establish him with the ladies.

Young Fashion — Good God! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it shou'd be in the power of a lac'd coat to recommend a gallant to 'em —

Lory — Sir, tailors and periwig makers are now become the bawds of the nation; 'tis they debauch all the women.

Young Fashion — Thou sayest true; for there's that fop now, has not by nature wherewithal to move a cookmaid, and by that time these fellows have done with him, I'gad he shall melt down a countess — But now for my reception, I engage it shall be as cold a one as a courtier's to his friend who comes to put him in mind of his promise.

Lord Foppington [*to his tailor*] — Death and eternal tortures! Sir, I say the packet's too high by a foot.

Tailor — My lord, if it had been an inch lower, it would not have held your lordship's pocket handkerchief.

Lord Foppington — Rat my packet handkerchief! Have not I a page to carry it? You may make him a packet up to his chin a purpose for it; but I will not have mine come so near my face.

Tailor — 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Young Fashion [to Lory] — His lordship ! Lory, did you observe that ?

Lory — Yes, sir ; I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more respect for him.

Young Fashion — Respect ! D—— him for a coxcomb ; now has he ruined his estate to buy a title, that he may be a fool of the first rate. But let's accost him. — [To LORD FOPPINGTON] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord Foppington — O Lard, Tam ; I did not expect you in England : Brother, I am glad to see you. — [Turning to his tailor] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconcil'd to this nauseous packet ; therefore pray get me another suit with all manner of expedition, for this is my eternal aversion. Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my mind ?

Sempstress — O, directly, my lord, it can never be too low ——

Lord Foppington — You are passitively in the right on't, for the packet becomes no part of the body but the knee.

Sempstress — I hope your lordship is pleas'd with your steenkirk [neckcloth].

Lord Foppington — In love with it, stap my vitals. Bring your bill, you shall be paid to-marrow ——

Sempstress — I humbly thank your honor ——

[Exit Sempstress.

Lord Foppington — Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes a'n't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoemaker — My lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

Lord Foppington — They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoemaker [feeling his foot] — My lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord Foppington — I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoemaker — My lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hanged, that's all.

Lord Foppington — Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel ?

Shoemaker — Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit ; but that shoe does not hurt you — I think I understand my trade ——

Lord Foppington — Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb ; but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoemaker — My lord, I have work'd for half the people of

quality in town these twenty years ; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord Foppington — Well, prithee, begone about thy business.

[*Exit* Shoemaker.]

[*To the Hosier*] Mr. Mend Legs, a word with you ; the calves of the stockings are thicken'd a little too much. They make my legs look like a chairman's —

Mend Legs — My lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

Lord Foppington — Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am, I have study'd them all my life ; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crawnpiece less.

[*Aside*] If the town takes notice my legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the violence of some new intrigue. [*To the Periwig Maker*] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the fatigue of the morning will be over.

Foretop — My lord, I have done what I defy any prince in Europe to outdo ; I have made you a periwig so long, and so full of hair, it will serve you for a hat and cloak in all weathers.

Lord Foppington — Then thou hast made me thy friend to eternity. Come, comb it out.

Young Fashion — Well, Lory, what do'st think on't ? A very friendly reception from a brother after three years' absence !

Lory — Why, sir, 'tis your own fault ; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love : if you wou'd creep into his heart, you must enter into his pleasures. Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Young Fashion — Nor never shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.

Lory — Then, sir, you must be content to pick a hungry bone.

Young Fashion — No, sir, I'll crack it, and get to the marrow before I have done.

Lord Foppington — Gad's curse ! Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full periwig ?

Foretop — Not a full one, my lord ! I don't know what your lordship may please to call a full one, but I have cramm'd twenty ounces of hair into it.

Lord Foppington — What it may be by weight, sir, I shall not dispute ; but by tale, there are not nine hairs on a side.

Foretop — O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord ! Why, as God shall judge me, your honor's side face is reduc'd to the tip of your nose.

Lord Foppington — My side face may be in an eclipse for aught I know ; but I'm sure my full face is like the full moon.

Foretop — Heaven bless my eyesight. [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Sure I look thro' the wrong end of the perspective ; for by my faith, an't please your honor, the broadest place I see in your face does not seem to me to be two inches' diameter.

Lord Foppington — If it did, it would just be two inches too broad ; for a periwig to a man should be like a mask to a woman, nothing should be seen but his eyes —

Foretop — My lord, I have done ; if you please to have more hair in your wig, I'll put it in.

Lord Foppington — Passitively, yes.

Foretop — Shall I take it back now, my lord ?

Lord Foppington — No : I'll wear it to-day, tho' it show such a manstrous pair of cheeks, stap my vitals, I shall be taken for a trumpeter. [*Exit FORETOP.*]

Young Fashion — Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

Lord Foppington — Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lards immediately ; my Lady Teaser's case is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the salvation of mankind. Hey, page ! is the coach at the door ?

Page — Yes, my lord.

Lord Foppington — You'll excuse me, brother. [*Going.*]

Young Fashion — Shall you be back at dinner ?

Lord Foppington — As Gad shall jedge me, I can't tell ; far 'tis passible I may dine with some of aur haouse at Lacket's.

Young Fashion — Shall I meet you there ? for I must needs talk with you.

Lord Foppington — That, I'm afraid, mayn't be so praper ; far the lards I commonly eat with are a people of a nice conversation ; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large : but if you'll stay here, you'll find a family dinner. Hey, fellow ! What is there for dinner ? There's beef : I suppose my brother will eat beef. Dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals.

[*Exit, with his equipage.*]

Young Fashion — Hell and Furies, is this to be borne?

Lory — Faith, sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o' th' pate myself.



A SHORT VIEW OF THE IMMORALITY AND PROFANENESS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

BY JEREMY COLLIER.

[JEREMY COLLIER, reformer, was born in Cambridgeshire, England, in 1650. He was educated at Cambridge, became a clergyman, and was a "nonjuror" after the Revolution; not only refusing the oath, but twice imprisoned, once for a pamphlet denying that James had abdicated, and once for treasonable correspondence. In 1696 he was outlawed for absolving on the scaffold two conspirators hanged for attempting William's life; and though he returned later and lived unmolested in London, the sentence was never rescinded. Besides polemics and moral essays, he wrote a cyclopedia and an "Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain," and translated Moreri's Dictionary. His one still famous and readable set of works are the two here excerpted, with the further replies and rejoinders, lasting for ten years, from 1698 on. They were aimed at the drama in general about as much as at the Restoration drama in particular, Shakespeare receiving harder measure than some of the worst contemporaries; but the living jades were the ones which winced, and the current drama grew cleaner.]

PREFACE.

BEING convinc'd that nothing has gone farther in debauching the age than the stage-poets, and playhouse, I thought I could not employ my time better than in writing against them. These men sure take virtue and regularity for great enemies; why else is the disaffection so very remarkable? It must be said, they have made their attack with great courage, and gained no inconsiderable advantage. But, it seems, lewdness without atheism is but half their business. Conscience might possibly recover, and revenge be thought on; and therefore, like foot-pads, they must not only rob, but murder. To do them right, their measures are politiciely taken: to make sure work on't, there's nothing like destroying of principles; practice must follow, of course. For to have no good principles, is to have no reason to be good. Now 'tis not to be expected

that people should check their appetites and balk their satisfactions, they don't know why. If virtue has no prospect, 'tis not worth the owning. Who would be troubled with conscience, if 'tis only a bugbear, and has nothing in't but vision and the spleen?

My collection from the English stage is much short of what they are able to furnish. An inventory of their warehouse would have been a large work; but being afraid of overcharging the reader, I thought a pattern might do.

There's one thing more to acquaint the reader with; 'tis that I have ventured to change the terms of mistress and lover for others somewhat more plain, but much more proper. I don't look upon this as any failure in civility. As good and evil are different in themselves, so they ought to be differently marked. To confound them in speech is the way to confound them in practice. Ill qualities ought to have ill names, to prevent their being catching. Indeed, things are in a great measure governed by words: to gild over a foul character serves only to perplex the idea, to encourage the bad, and mislead the unwary. To treat honor and infamy alike is an injury to virtue and a sort of leveling in morality. I confess I have no ceremony for debauchery, for to compliment vice is but one remove from worshiping the devil.

THE IMMODESTY OF THE STAGE.

In treating this head, I hope the reader does not expect that I should set down chapter and page, and give him the citations at length. To do this would be a very unacceptable and foreign employment. Indeed the passages, many of them, are in no condition to be handled; he that is desirous to see these flowers, let him do it in their own soil: 'tis my business rather to kill the root than transplant it. But that the poets may not complain of injustice, I shall point to the infection at a distance, and refer in general to play and person.

Now among the curiosities of this kind we may reckon Mrs. Pinchwife, Horner, and Lady Fidget in the *Country Wife*; Widow Blackacre and Olivia in the *Plain Dealer*. These, though not all the exceptionable characters, are the most remarkable. I'm sorry the author should stoop his wit thus low, and use his understanding so unkindly. Some people appear coarse and slovenly out of poverty: they can't well go to the

charge of sense. They are offensive, like beggars, for want of necessaries. But this is none of the Plain-Dealer's case; he can afford his muse a better dress when he pleases. But then, the rule is, where the motive is the less, the fault is the greater. To proceed, Jacinta, Elvira, Dalinda, and Lady Plyant, in the Mock Astrologer, Spanish Fryar, Love Triumphant, and Double Dealer, forget themselves extremely: and almost all the characters in the Old Bachelor are foul and nauseous. Love for Love, and the Relapse, strike sometimes upon this sand, and so likewise does Don Sebastian.

I don't pretend to have read the stage through, neither am I particular to my utmost. Here is quoting enough unless 'twere better. Besides, I may have occasion to mention somewhat of this kind afterwards. But from what has been hinted already, the reader may be over-furnished. Here is a large collection of debauchery; such pieces are rarely to be met with. 'Tis sometimes painted at length, too, and appears in great variety of progress and practice. It wears almost all sorts of dresses to engage the fancy, and fasten upon the memory, and keep up the charm from languishing. Sometimes you have it in image and description; sometimes by way of allusion; sometimes in disguise; and sometimes without it. And what can be the meaning of such a representation, unless it be to tincture the audience, to extinguish shame, and make lewdness a diversion? This is the natural consequence, and therefore one would think 'twas the intention too. Such licentious discourse tends to no point but to stain the imagination, to awaken folly, and to weaken the defenses of virtue. It was upon the account of these disorders that Plato banished poets his commonwealth, and one of the Fathers calls poetry *vinum dæmonum* — an intoxicating draught made up of the devil's dispensatory.

I grant the abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it. However, young people particularly should not entertain themselves with a lewd picture, especially when it is drawn by a masterly hand; for such a liberty may probably raise those passions which can neither be discharged without trouble nor satisfied without a crime. 'Tis not safe for a man to trust his virtue too far, for fear it should give him the slip. But the danger of such an entertainment is but part of the objection; 'tis all scandal and meanness into the bargain. It does in effect degrade human nature, sinks reason into appetite, and breaks down the distinction between man and beast. Goats

and monkeys, if they could speak, would express their brutality in such language as this.

To argue the matter more at large.

Smuttiness is a fault in behavior as well as in religion. 'Tis a very coarse diversion; the entertainment of those who are generally least both in sense and station. The looser part of the mob have no true relish of decency and honor, and want education and thought to furnish out a genteel conversation. Barrenness of fancy makes them often take up those scandalous liberties. A vicious imagination may blot a great deal of paper at this rate with ease enough, and 'tis possible convenience may sometimes invite to the expedient. The modern poets seem to use smut as the old ones did machines—to relieve a fainting invention. When Pegasus is jaded and would stand still, he is apt, like other tits, to run into every puddle.

Obscenity in any company is a rustic uncreditable talent; but among women 'tis particularly rude. Such talk would be very affrontive in conversation, and not endured by any lady of reputation. Whence, then, comes it to pass that those liberties which disoblige so much in conversation should entertain upon the stage? Do the women leave all the regards to decency and conscience behind them when they come to the playhouse? Or does the place transform their inclinations and turn their former aversions into pleasure? Or were their pretenses to sobriety elsewhere nothing but hypocrisy and grimace? Such suppositions as these are all satire and invective. They are rude imputations upon the whole sex. To treat the ladies with such stuff is no better than taking their money to abuse them. It supposes their imagination vicious and their memories ill furnished; that they are practiced in the language of the stews, and pleased with the scenes of brutishness, when at the same time the customs of education and the laws of decency are so very cautious and reserved in regard to women. I say so very reserved that 'tis almost a fault for them to understand they are ill used. They can't discover their disgust without disadvantage, nor blush without disservice to their modesty. To appear with any skill in such cant, looks as if they had fallen upon ill conversation, or managed their curiosity amiss. In a word, he that treats the ladies with such discourse must conclude either that they like it or they do not. To suppose the first is a gross reflection upon their virtue; and as for the later case, it entertains them with their own aversion, which is ill nature and ill man-

ners enough in conscience. And in this particular, custom and conscience, the forms of breeding and the maxims of religion, are on the same side. In other instances vice is often too fashionable; but here a man can't be a sinner without being a clown.

In this respect the stage is faulty to a scandalous degree of nauseousness and aggravation. For, —

1st. The poets make women speak smuttily. Of this the places before mentioned are sufficient evidence; and if there was occasion they might be multiplied to a much greater number: indeed, the comedies are seldom clear of these blemishes. And sometimes you have them in tragedy. For instance, *The Orphan's Monimia* makes a very improper description; and the royal *Lenora*, in the *Spanish Fryar*, runs a strange length in the history of love. And do princesses use to make their reports with such fulsome freedoms? Certainly this *Lenora* was the first queen of her family. Such raptures are too luscious for *Joan of Naples*. Are these the tender things *Mr. Dryden* says the ladies call on him for? I suppose he means the ladies that are too modest to show their faces in the pit. This entertainment can be fairly designed for none but such. Indeed, it hits their palate exactly. It regales their lewdness, graces their character, and keeps up their spirits for their vocation. Now to bring women under such misbehavior is violence to their native modesty and a misrepresentation of their sex. For modesty, as *Mr. Rapin* observes, is the character of women. To represent them without this quality, is to make monsters of them, and throw them out of their kind. *Euripides*, who was no negligent observer of human nature, is always careful of this decorum. Thus *Phædra*, when possessed with an infamous passion, takes all imaginable pains to conceal it. She is as regular and reserved in her language as the most virtuous matron. 'Tis true, the force of shame and desire, the scandal of satisfying and the difficulty of parting with her inclinations, disorder her to distraction. However, her frenzy is not lewd; she keeps her modesty even after she has lost her wits. Had *Shakespeare* secured this point for his young virgin *Ophelia*, the play had been better contrived. Since he was resolved to drown the lady like a kitten, he should have set her a swimming a little sooner. To keep her alive only to sully her reputation and discover the rankness of her breath was very cruel. But it

may be said the freedoms of distraction go for nothing ; a fever has no faults, and a man *non compos* may kill without murder. It may be so : but then such people ought to be kept in dark rooms, and without company. To show them, or to let them loose, is somewhat unreasonable. But after all, the modern stage seems to depend upon this expedient. Women are sometimes represented silly and sometimes mad, to enlarge their liberty and screen their imprudence from censure. This politic contrivance we have in Marcella, Hoyden, and Miss Prue. However, it amounts to this confession : that women, when they have their understandings about them, ought to converse otherwise.

In fine, modesty is the distinguishing virtue of that sex, and serves both for ornament and defense : modesty was designed by Providence as a guard to virtue ; and that it might be always at hand, 'tis wrought into the mechanism of the body. 'Tis likewise proportioned to the occasions of life, and strongest in youth when passion is so too. 'Tis a quality as true to innocence as the senses are to health ; whatever is ungrateful to the first is prejudicial to the latter. The enemy no sooner approaches but the blood rises in opposition, and looks defiance to an indecency. It supplies the room of reasoning and reflection ; intuitive knowledge can scarcely make a quicker impression ; and what, then, can be a surer guide to the unexperienced ? It teaches by sudden instinct and aversion ; this is both a ready and a powerful method of instruction. The tumult of the blood and spirits and the uneasiness of the sensation are of singular use. They serve to awaken reason, and prevent surprise. Thus the distinctions of good and evil are refreshed, and the temptation kept at a proper distance.

2ly. They represent their single ladies and persons of condition, under these disorders of liberty. This makes the irregularity still more monstrous, and a greater contradiction to nature and probability ; but rather than not be vicious, they will venture to spoil a character. This mismanagement we have partly seen already. Jacinta and Belinda are further proof ; and the Double Dealer is particularly remarkable. There are but four ladies in this play, and three of the biggest of them are whores. A great compliment to quality, to tell them there is not above a quarter of them honest ! This was not the Roman breeding. Terence and Plautus his strumpets were little people ; but of this more hereafter.

3ly. They have oftentimes not so much as the poor refuge of a double meaning to fly to. So that you are under a necessity either of taking ribaldry or nonsense. And when the sentence has two handles, the worst is generally turned to the audience. The matter is so contrived that the smut and scum of the thought rises uppermost; and, like a picture drawn to sight, looks always upon the company.

4ly. And, which is still more extraordinary, the prologues and epilogues are sometimes scandalous to the last degree. I shall discover them for once, and let them stand like rocks in the margin. Now here, properly speaking, the actors quit the stage and remove from fiction into life. Here they converse with the boxes and pit, and address directly to the audience. These preliminary and concluding parts are designed to justify the conduct of the play, and bespeak the favor of the company. Upon such occasions one would imagine, if ever, the ladies should be used with respect, and the measures of decency observed. But here we have lewdness without shame or example: here the poet exceeds himself. Here are such stains as would turn the stomach of an ordinary debauchee, and be almost nauseous in the stews. And to make it the more agreeable, women are commonly picked out for this service. Thus the poet courts the good opinion of the audience. This is the dessert he regales the ladies with at the close of the entertainment: it seems, he thinks, they have admirable palates! Nothing can be a greater breach of manners than such liberties as these. If a man would study to outrage quality and virtue, he could not do it more effectually. But—

5ly. Smut is still more insufferable with respect to religion. The heathen religion was in a great measure a mystery of iniquity. Lewdness was consecrated in the temples, as well as practiced in the stews. Their deities were great examples of vice, and worshiped with their own inclination. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, their poetry should be tinctured with their belief, and that the stage should borrow some of the liberties of their theology. This made Mercury's procuring and Jupiter's adultery the more passable in *Amphitryon*: upon this score *Gymnasium* is less monstrous in praying the gods to send her store of gallants. And thus *Chærea* defends his adventure by the precedent of Jupiter and *Danaë*. But the Christian religion is quite of another complexion. Both its precepts and authorities are the highest discouragement to licentiousness.

It forbids the remotest tendencies to evil, banishes the follies of conversation, and obliges the sobriety of thought. That which might pass for raillery and entertainment in heathenism is detestable in Christianity. The restraint of the precept, and the quality of the deity, and the expectations of futurity quite alter the case.

But notwithstanding the latitudes of paganism, the Roman and Greek theaters were much more inoffensive than ours. . . .

Some things are dangerous in report as well as in practice, and many times a disease in the description. This Euripides was aware of, and managed accordingly, and was remarkably regular both in style and manners. How wretchedly do we fall short of the decencies of heathenism! There's nothing more ridiculous than modesty on the stage: 'tis counted an ill-bred quality, and almost shamed out of use. One would think mankind were not the same, that reason was to be read backward, and virtue and vice had changed place.

What then? Must life be huddled over, nature left imperfect, and the humor of the town not shown? And pray where lies the grievance of all this? Must we relate whatever is done, and is everything fit for representation? Is a man that has the plague proper to make a sight of? and must he needs come abroad when he breathes infection, and leaves the tokens upon the company? What then, must we know nothing? Look you! All experiments are not worth the making. 'Tis much better to be ignorant of a disease than to catch it. Who would wound himself for information about pain, or smell a stench for the sake of the discovery?

(From Collier's "Defense" of the foregoing.)

Pleasure, especially the pleasure of libertines, is not the supreme law of comedy. Vice must be under discipline and discountenance, and folly shown with great caution and reserve. Luscious descriptions and common-places of lewdness are unpardonable. They affront the virtuous and debauch the unwary, and are a scandal to the country where they are suffered. The pretense of nature and imitation is a lamentable plea. Without doubt there's a great deal of nature in the most brutal practices. The infamous stews 'tis likely talk in their own way, and keep up to their character. But what person of probity would visit them for their propriety or take

poison because 'tis true in its kind? All characters of immodesty (if there must be any such) should only be hinted in remote language, and thrown off in general.

If there must be strumpets, let Bridewell be the scene. Let them come, not to prate, but to be punished. To give success and reputation to a stage libertine, is a sign either of ignorance, of lewdness, or atheism, or all together. Even those instances which will bear the relating ought to be punished.

But as for smut and profaneness, 'tis every way criminal and infectious, and no discipline can atone for the representation. When a poet will venture on these liberties, his persuasion must suffer, and his private sentiments fall under censure. For as Mr. Dryden rightly observes, *vita proba est*, is no excuse. For 'twill scarcely be admitted that either a poet or a painter can be chaste, who give us the contrary examples in their writings and their pictures. I agree with Mr. Congreve it would be very hard a painter should be believed to resemble all the ugly faces he draws. But if he suffers his pencil to grow licentious, if he gives us obscenities, the merits of Raphael won't excuse him. No, to do an ill thing well, doubles the fault. The mischief rises with the art, and the man ought to smart in proportion to his excellency. 'Tis one of the rules in painting according to Mr. Dryden and Fresnoy: to avoid everything that's immoral and filthy, unseemly, impudent, and obscene. And Mr. Dryden continues, that a poet is bound up to the same restraint, and ought neither to design or color an offensive piece. Mr. Congreve proceeds to acquaint us how careful the stage is for the instruction of the audience. That the moral of the whole is generally summed in the concluding lines of the poem, and put into rhyme that it may be easy and engaging to the memory. To this I answer, —

1st. That this expedient is not always made use of. And not to trouble the reader with many instances, we have nothing of it in *Love in a Nunnery* and the *Relapse*, both of which plays are in my opinion not a little dangerous.

2ly. Sometimes these comprehensive lines do more harm than good. They do so in the *Souldier's Fortune*. They do so likewise in the *Old Bachelor*, which instructs us to admirable purpose in these words :—

But, oh ——

What rugged ways attend the noon of life?

Our sun declines, and with what anxious strife,
What pain we tug that galling load, a wife ?

This moral is uncourtly, and vicious ; it encourages lewdness and agrees extremely well with the fable. Love for Love may have somewhat a better farewell, but would do a man little service should he remember it to his dying day. Here Angelica, after a fit of profane vanity in prose, takes her leave as follows :—

The miracle to-day is that we find
A lover true: not that a woman's kind.

This last word is somewhat ambiguous, and with a little help may strike off into a light sense. But take it at the best, 'tis not overlaid with weight and apothegme. A ballad is every jot as sententious.

3ly. Supposing the moral grave and unexceptionable, it amounts to little in the present case. Alas ! the doctor comes too late for the disease, and the antidote is much too weak for the poison. When a poet has flourished on an ill subject for some hours, when he has larded his scenes with smut, and played his jests on religion, and exhausted himself upon vice : what can a dry line or two of good counsel signify ? The tincture is taken, the fancy is preëngaged, and the man is gone off into another interest. Profane wit, luscious expressions, and the handsome appearance of a libertine solicit strongly for debauchery. These things are mighty recruits to folly and make the will too hard for the understanding. A taste of philosophy has a very flat relish after so full an entertainment. An agreeable impression is not easily defaced by a single stroke, especially when 'tis worn deep by force and repetition. And as the audience are not secured, so neither are the poets this way. A moral sentence at the close of a lewd play is much like a pious expression in the mouth of a dying man who has been wicked all his lifetime. This, some ignorant people call making a good end, as if one wise word would atone for an age of folly. To return to the stage. I suppose other parts of a discourse, besides the conclusion, ought to be free from infection. If a man was sound only at his fingers' ends, he would have little comfort in his constitution. *Bonum fit ex integra causa* ; a good action must have nothing bad. The quality must be uniform, and reach to every circumstance. In short, this expedient of Mr. Congreve's, as 'tis insignificant to the purpose 'tis

brought, so it looks very like a piece of formal hypocrisy, and seems to be made use of to conceal the immorality of the play and cover the poet from censure.

Mr. Congreve, in the *Double Dealer*, makes three of his ladies strumpets. This I thought an odd compliment to quality. But my reflection it seems is over-severe. However, by his favor, the characters in a play ought to be drawn by Nature: to write otherwise is to make a farce. The stage, therefore, must be supposed an image of the world, and quality in fiction resemble quality in life. This resemblance should likewise hold in number, as well as in other respects, though not to a mathematical strictness. Thus in *Plautus* and *Terence*, the slaves are generally represented false, and the old men easy and over-credulous. Now, if the majority in these divisions should not answer to the world; if the drama should cross upon conversation, the poets would be to blame, as I believe they are in the later instance. Thus when the greatest part of quality are debauched on the stage, 'tis a broad innuendo they are no better in the boxes.

This argument he pretends proves too much, and would make us believe that by this way of reasoning, if four women were shown upon the stage, and three of them were vicious, it is as much as to say that three parts in four of the whole sex are stark naught. I answer, the case is not parallel. The representation of the play turns more upon condition than sex. 'Tis the quality which makes the appearance, marks the character, and points out to the comparison abroad. . . .

Mr. Congreve drops the defense of *Fondlewife*, and makes merry with the entertainment. His excuse is, he was very much a boy when this comedy was written. Not unlikely. He and his muse might probably be minors; but the libertines there are full grown. But why should the man laugh at the mischief of the boy, why should he publish the disorders of his nonage, and make them his own by an after approbation? He wrote it, it seems, to amuse himself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness. What his disease was, I am not to inquire; but it must be a very ill one to be worse than the remedy. The writing of that play is a very dangerous amusement either for sickness or health, or I'm much mistaken.

ALDERMAN SMUGGLER TRAPPED.

By GEORGE FARQUHAR.

(From "The Constant Couple.")

[GEORGE FARQUHAR, one of the four great comic dramatists of the Restoration, was a clergyman's son, born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1678; attended Trinity College, Dublin, as a "poor scholar," but left in disgust at the humiliations, and became an actor in Dublin; nearly killing a fellow-actor by accident, left the stage, and became by favor a lieutenant in the army; at twenty wrote "Love and a Bottle," whose remarkable success turned him into a playwright for good. He next produced "The Constant Couple" (1700); its sequel, "Sir Harry Wildair" (1701); a volume of poems, letters, and an essay on Comedy (1702); "The Inconstant" (1703); "The Stage Coach" (with Mottoux; an adaptation: 1704); "The Twin Rivals" (1705); "The Recruiting Officer" (1706); "The Beaux' Stratagem" (the last two his masterpieces), written when dying in 1707, at twenty-nine. He was a shy man, free only with his pen; and was entrapped, to his disaster, into a penniless marriage in 1703.]

SCENE. — *A Room in LADY LUREWELL'S House. Present:*
LADY LUREWELL and PARLY, her maid.

Lady Lurewell — Has my servant brought me the money from my merchant?

Parly — No, madam, he met Alderman Smuggler at Charing-cross, who has promised to wait on you himself immediately.

Lady Lurewell — 'Tis odd that this old rogue should pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my money.

Parly — 'Tis well, madam, if he don't cheat you of your estate; for you say the writings are in his hands.

Lady Lurewell — But what satisfaction can I get of him? —

Enter ALDERMAN SMUGGLER.

Mr. Alderman, your servant: have you brought me my money, sir?

Smuggler — Faith, madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the taxes, raising the customs, losses at sea abroad, and maintaining our wives at home, the bank is reduced very low.

Lady Lurewell — Come, come, sir, these evasions won't serve your turn; I must have money, sir; — I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smuggler — Cheat you, madam! have a care what you say: I'm an alderman, madam. Cheat you, madam! I have been an honest citizen these five-and-thirty years!

Lady Lurewell — An honest citizen! bear witness, Parly! I shall trap him in more lies presently. — Come, sir, though I am a woman I can take a course.

Smuggler — What course, madam? You'll go to law, will ye? I can maintain a suit of law, be it right or wrong, these forty years, I'm sure that, thanks to the honest practice of the courts.

Lady Lurewell — Sir, I'll blast your reputation, and so ruin your credit.

Smuggler — Blast my reputation! he! he! he! — Why, I'm a religious man, madam! I have been very instrumental in the reformation of manners. Ruin my credit! ah, poor woman. There is but one way, madam. You have a sweet, leering eye!

Lady Lurewell — Here's a religious rogue for you now! As I hope to be saved, I have a good mind to beat the old monster.

[*Aside to PARLY.*]

Smuggler — Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty guineas (a great deal of money as times go), and —

Lady Lurewell — Come, give it me.

Smuggler — Ah, that hand! that hand! that pretty, soft, white — I have brought it, you see; but the condition of the obligation is such, that whereas that leering eye, that pouting lip, that pretty, soft hand, that — you understand me; you understand, I'm sure you do, you little rogue —

Lady Lurewell [*aside to PARLY*] — Here's a villain now, so covetous that he won't wench upon his own cost, but would bribe me with my own money! I will be revenged. — [*Aloud*] Upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush: what d'ye mean, pray?

Smuggler — See here, madam. — [*Puts a piece of money in his mouth.*] Buss and guinea, buss and guinea, buss and guinea.

Lady Lurewell — Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty yellow teeth, and green gums, that I will, ha! ha! ha!

Smuggler — Will you, indeed? he! he! he! my little cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lady Lurewell — 'Twill be a difficult point, sir, to secure both our honors; you must therefore be disguised, Mr. Alderman.

Enter Footman, whispers LADY LUREWELL.

Lady Lurewell — Oh! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into the next room? here are some strangers coming up.

Smuggler — Buss and guinea first; ah, my little cocket!

[*Exit with Footman.*]

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR, *Footman attending.*

Sir Harry — *My life, my soul, my all that heaven can give!*

Lady Lurewell — *Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.* Welcome, my dear Sir Harry, I see you got my directions.

Sir Harry — Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear Machiavel of intrigue!

Lady Lurewell — Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry — The sight of you, madam, exalts my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

Lady Lurewell — I have a thousand questions to ask you, Sir Harry. — How d'ye like France?

Sir Harry — *Ah! est le plus beau pays du monde.*

Lady Lurewell — Then what made you leave it so soon?

Sir Harry — *Madame, vous voyez que je vous suis partout.*

Lady Lurewell — *O, monsieur, je vous suis fort obligée.* — But where's the court now?

Sir Harry — At Marli, madam.

Lady Lurewell — And where my count Le Valiér?

Sir Harry — His body's in the church of Notre Dame; I don't know where his soul is.

Lady Lurewell — What disease did he die of?

Sir Harry — A duel, madam; I was his doctor.

Lady Lurewell — How d'ye mean?

Sir Harry — As most doctors do, I killed him.

Lady Lurewell — *En chevalier*, my dear knight-errant? well, and how? And now, what intrigues, what gallantries are carrying on in the *beau monde*?

Sir Harry — I should ask you that question, madam, since your ladyship makes the *beau monde* wherever you come.

Lady Lurewell — Ah, Sir Harry ! I've been almost ruined, pestered to death here, by the incessant attacks of a mighty colonel ; he has besieged me as close as our army did Namur.

Sir Harry — I hope your ladyship did not surrender, though?

Lady Lurewell — No, no, but was forced to capitulate ; but since you are come to raise the siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Sir Harry — And love and kiss. — *Montrez-moi votre chambre.*

Lady Lurewell — *Attende, attende, un peu.* — I remember, Sir Harry, you promised me in Paris never to ask that impertinent question again.

Sir Harry — Psha, madam, that was above two months ago ; besides, madam, treaties made in France are never kept.

Lady Lurewell — Would you marry me, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry — Oh ! — *Le mariage est un grand mal* — but I will marry you.

Lady Lurewell — Your word, sir, is not to be relied on : if a gentleman will forfeit his honor in dealings of business, we may reasonably suspect his fidelity in an amour.

Sir Harry — My honor in dealings of business ! why, madam, I never had any business in all my life.

Lady Lurewell — Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd story, and am sorry that a gentleman of your figure should undergo the scandal.

Sir Harry — Out with it, madam.

Lady Lurewell — Why, the merchant, sir, that transmitted your bills of exchange to you in France, complains of some indirect and dishonorable dealings.

Sir Harry — Who, old Smuggler ?

Lady Lurewell — Aye, aye, you know him, I find.

Sir Harry — I have no less than reason, I think : why, the rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pound within these three years.

Lady Lurewell — 'Tis your business then to acquit yourself publicly ; for he spreads the scandal everywhere.

Sir Harry — Acquit myself publicly ! — [*To Footman.*] Here, sirrah, my coach ; I'll drive instantly into the city, and cane the old villain round the Royal Exchange ; he shall run the gantlet through a thousand brush-beavers and formal cravats.

Lady Lurewell — Why, he is in the house now, sir.

Sir Harry — What, in this house?

Lady Lurewell — Aye, in the next room.

Sir Harry — Then, sirrah, lend me your cudgel.

Lady Lurewell — Sir Harry, you won't raise a disturbance in my house?

Sir Harry — Disturbance, madam! no, no, I'll beat him with the temper of a philosopher. — Here Mrs. Parly, show me the gentleman. *[Exit with PARLY and Footman.]*

Lady Lurewell — Now shall I get the old monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pestered next term with bloodsheds, batteries, costs and damages, solicitors and attorneys; and if they don't tease him out of his good humor, I'll never plot again. *[Exit.]*

Scene: Another Room in the same. ALDERMAN SMUGGLER alone.

Smuggler — Oh, this damned tidewaiter! A ship and cargo worth five thousand pound! Why, 'tis richly worth five hundred perjuries.

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Sir Harry — Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Smuggler — My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Sir Harry — I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smuggler — O Lord, sir, you travelers have the most obliging ways with you!

Sir Harry — There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by — I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome; but necessity, Mr. Alderman.

Smuggler — Aye, sir, as you say, necessity — but upon my word, sir, I am very short of money, at present, but —

Sir Harry — That's not the matter, sir. I'm above an obligation that way; but the business is, I am reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating. Here, take this cudgel.

Smuggler — A beating, Sir Harry ! ha ! ha ! ha ! I beat a knight baronet ! an alderman turned cudgel-player ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Harry — Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you ; take your choice.

Smuggler — Psha, psha, you jest !

Sir Harry — Nay, 'tis as sure as fate : so, alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. [*Strikes him.*]

Smuggler — Curiosity ! deuce take your curiosity, sir ! what d'ye mean ?

Sir Harry — Nothing at all : I'm but in jest, sir.

Smuggler — Oh, I can take anything in jest ; but a man might imagine by the smartness of the stroke that you were in downright earnest.

Sir Harry — Not in the least, sir. [*Strikes him.*] Not in the least, indeed, sir !

Smuggler — Pray, good sir, no more of your jests ; for they are the bluntest jests that I ever knew.

Sir Harry [*strikes*] — I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, sir.

Smuggler — Pardon, sir ! well, sir, that is satisfaction enough from a gentleman ; but seriously now, if you pass any more of your jests upon me I shall grow angry.

Sir Harry — I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [*Striking him.*]

Smuggler — O Lord, sir, you'll break my bones ! Are you mad, sir ? Murder ! felony ! manslaughter !

[*SIR HARRY knocks him down.*]

Sir Harry — Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons ; but I am absolutely compelled to't. Upon my honor, sir, nothing can be more averse to my inclinations than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend, the alderman.

[*Striking him all this while, SMUGGLER tumbles over and over, and shakes out his pocket-book on the floor.*]

Enter LADY LUREWELL.

Lady Lurewell [*Aside*] — The old rogue's pocket-book ; this may be of use. [*Takes it up.*] — O Lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man !

Smuggler — Oh, dear madam, I was beaten in jest till I am murdered in good earnest.

Lady Lurewell—Well, well, I'll bring you off. [*To* SIR HARRY.] *Seigneur, frappez, frappez!*

Smuggler—Oh, for charity's sake, madam, rescue a poor citizen!

Lady Lurewell—Oh, you barbarous man! hold, hold! *Frappez plus rudement, frappez!* I wonder you are not ashamed!—[*Holding* SIR HARRY.] A poor, reverend, honest elder!—[*Helps* SMUGGLER *up.*] It makes me weep to see him in this condition, poor man! Now the devil take you, Sir Harry, for not beating him harder!—[*To* SMUGGLER.] Well, my dear, you shall come at night, and I'll make you amends!

[*Here* SIR HARRY *takes snuff.*

Smuggler—Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place. Sir, how durst you use me thus?

Sir Harry—Sir!

Smuggler—Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction!

Sir Harry—With all my heart! [*Throws snuff into his eyes.*

Smuggler—Oh, murder! blindness! fire! Oh, madam, madam! get me some water! water! fire! fire! water!

[*Exit with* LADY LUREWELL.

Sir Harry—How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'Tis the beauty of revenge!

Let statesmen plot, and under business groan,
And settling public quiet lose their own:
Let soldiers drudge and fight for pay or fame,
For when they're shot I think 'tis much the same.
Let scholars vex their brains with mood and tense,
And mad with strength of reason, fools commence,
Losing their wits in searching after sense;
Their *summum bonum* they must toil to gain,
And seeking pleasure, spend their life in pain.
I make the most of life, no hour misspend,
Pleasure's the means, and pleasure is my end.
No spleen, no trouble, shall my time destroy;
Life's but a span, I'll every inch enjoy.

[*Exit.*

THE CAPTURE OF MILLAMANT.

By WILLIAM CONGREVE.

(From "The Way of the World.")

[WILLIAM CONGREVE, one of the foremost English comedy writers, was born near Leeds in 1670. His father becoming an officer in Ireland, he was educated with Swift at Kilkenny, and at Trinity College, Dublin. After studying law a little, he turned to literature; wrote a boyish novel, "Incognita"; and then within seven years produced four comedies and a tragedy which have immortalized him, — "The Old Bachelor" and "The Double Dealer" (1693), "Love for Love" (1695), "The Mourning Bride" (1697), and "The Way of the World" (1700). The failure of the latter, now reckoned his best, and one of the masterpieces of modern English comedy, so disgusted him that he wrote no more except a few verses, his sinecures enabling him to live without work. He wrote in 1698 a weak reply to Collier's "Short View"; his real reply — and confession — was "The Way of the World." He died in 1729.]

SCENE: *A Chocolate House.* MIRABELL and FAINALL rising from cards, BETTY waiting.

Mirabell — You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall!

Fainall — Have we done?

Mirabell — What you please: I'll play on to entertain you.

Fainall — No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

Mirabell — You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

Fainall — Prithee, why so reserved? Something has put you out of humor.

Mirabell — Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day, and you are gay; that's all.

Fainall — Confess, Millamant and you quarreled last night after I left you; my fair cousin has some humors that would tempt the patience of a Stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

Mirabell — Witwoud and Petulant; and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius: or to sum up all in her own name, my old Lady Wishfort came in.

Fainall — Oh, there it is, then! She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason. — What, then my wife was there?

Mirabell — Yes, and Mrs. Marwood, and three or four more, whom I never saw before. Seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whispered one another ; then complained aloud of the vapors, and after fell into a profound silence.

Fainall — They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mirabell — For which reason I resolved not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose, and, with a constrained smile, told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome. She reddened, and I withdrew, without expecting [waiting] her reply.

Fainall — You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

Mirabell — She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such a resignation.

Fainall — What ! though half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation ?

Mirabell — I was then in such a humor, that I should have been better pleased if she had been less discreet.

Fainall — Now, I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you ; last night was one of their cabal nights ; they have 'em three times a-week, and meet by turns at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murdered reputations of the week. You and I are excluded ; and it was once proposed that all the male sex should be excepted ; but somebody moved that, to avoid scandal, there might be one man of the community ; upon which motion Witwoud and Petulant were enrolled members.

Mirabell — And who may have been the foundress of this sect ? My Lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind ; and full of the vigor of fifty-five, declares for a friend and ratafia ; and let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

Fainall — The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation ; had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

Mirabell — I did as much as man could, with any reasonable conscience ; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with

the imputation of an affair with a young fellow, which I carried so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden ; and when she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labor. The devil's in't, if an old woman is to be flattered further, unless a man should endeavor downright personally to debauch her ; and that my virtue forbade me. But for the discovery of this amour I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

Fainall — What should provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted ? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

Mirabell — She was always civil to me till of late. — I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice, and think that she who does not refuse 'em everything, can refuse 'em nothing.

Fainall — You are a gallant man, *Mirabell* ; and though you may have cruelty enough not to satisfy a lady's longing, you have too much generosity not to be tender of her honor. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected, and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

Mirabell — You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you than is your wife.

Fainall — Fy, fy, friend ! if you grow censorious I must leave you.

* * * * *

Mrs. Fainall — Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle ?

Mirabell — Waitwell, my servant.

Mrs. Fainall — He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

Mirabell — Care is taken for that — she is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

Mrs. Fainall — Who ?

Mirabell — Waitwell and Foible. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in the Fox [Ben Jonson's *Volpone*], stand upon terms ; so I made him sure beforehand.

Mrs. Fainall — So if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes ; and release her by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage ?

Mirabell — Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

Mrs. Fainall — She talked last night of endeavoring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

Mirabell — That was by Foible's direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fainall — Well, I have an opinion of your success ; for I believe my lady will do anything to get a husband ; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to anything to get rid of him.

Mirabell — Yes, I think the good lady would marry anything that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

Mrs. Fainall — Female frailty ! we must all come to it, if we live to be old and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decayed.

Mirabell — An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl — 'tis the green sickness of a second childhood ; and, like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall, and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. Fainall — Here's your mistress.

Enter Mrs. MILLAMANT, WITWOUND, and MINCING.

Mirabell — Here she comes, i'faith, full sail, with her fan spread and her streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders ; ha, no, I cry her mercy !

* * * * *

Mrs. Millamant — Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night ? O aye, and went away. — Now I think on't I'm angry — no, now I think on't I'm pleased — for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mirabell — Does that please you ?

Mrs. Millamant — Infinitely ; I love to give pain.

Mirabell — You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature ; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mrs. Millamant — Oh, I ask your pardon for that — one's cruelty is one's power ; and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power ; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mirabell — Aye, aye, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover — and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be ! Nay, 'tis true : you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover ; your beauty dies upon the instant ; for beauty is the lover's gift ; 'tis he bestows your charms — your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it, for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mrs. Millamant — O the vanity of these men ! — Fainall, d'ye hear him ? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome ! Now you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift ! — Lord, what is a lover, that it can give ? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases ; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

Witwoud — Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Mrs. Millamant — One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say ; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mirabell — Yet to those two vain empty things you owe the two greatest pleasures of your life.

Mrs. Millamant — How so ?

Mirabell — To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourself praised ; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Witwoud — But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play ; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

Mrs. Millamant — O fiction ! — Fainall, let us leave these men.

Mirabell — Draw off Witwoud. [*Aside to Mrs. FAINALL.*

Mrs. Fainall — Immediately. — I have a word or two for Mr. Witwoud. [*Exeunt Mrs. FAINALL and WITWOUND.*

Mirabell — I would beg a little private audience too. You had the tyranny to deny me last night ; though you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concerned my love.

Mrs. Millamant — You saw I was engaged.

Mirabell — Unkind! You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools; things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they should admire you, they are not capable: or if they were, it should be to you as a mortification; for sure to please a fool is some degree of folly.

Mrs. Millamant — I please myself: besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

Mirabell — Your health! is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

Mrs. Millamant — Yes, the vapors; fools are physic for it, next to asafetida.

Mirabell — You are not in a course of fools?

Mrs. Millamant — *Mirabell*, if you persist in this offensive freedom, you'll displease me. — I think I must resolve, after all, not to have you: we shan't agree.

Mirabell — Not in our physic, it may be.

Mrs. Millamant — And yet our distemper, in all likelihood, will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded nor instructed: 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults — I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell* — I'm resolved — I think — you may go. — Ha! ha! ha! what would you give, that you could help loving me?

Mirabell — I would give something that you did not know I could not help it.

Mrs. Millamant — Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

Mirabell — I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman by plain dealing and sincerity.

Mrs. Millamant — Sententious *Mirabell*! — Prithee, don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

Mirabell — You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

Mrs. Millamant — What, with that face? no, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha! ha! ha! — well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish — Heigho! now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well,

Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now. — Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well; I see they are walking away.

Mirabell — Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment —

Mrs. Millamant — To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot like to speed; — no.

Mirabell — But how came you to know it?

Mrs. Millamant — Without the help of the devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me. *[Exit.]*

Mirabell — I have something more. — Gone! — Think of you? to think of a whirlwind, though't were in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turned: and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct.

* * * * *

MILLAMANT *has taken refuge in a parlor with but one door.*

MIRABELL *enters there.*

Mirabell — “Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.”

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? or is this pretty artifice contrived to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuits be crowned? For you can fly no further.

Mrs. Millamant — Vanity! no — I'll fly, and be followed to the last moment. Though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

Mirabell — What, after the last?

Mrs. Millamant — Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mirabell — But do not you know that when favors are conferred upon instant [pressing] and tedious solicitation, they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

Mrs. Millamant — It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air independent of the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatistical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mirabell — Would you have 'em both before marriage? or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

Mrs. Millamant — Ah! don't be impertinent. — My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? my faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you, then, adieu? Ay-h adieu — my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu? — I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible — positively, *Mirabell*, I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please.

Mirabell — Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

Mrs. Millamant — Ah! idle creature, get up when you will — and d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

Mirabell — Names!

Mrs. Millamant — Aye, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar — I shall never bear that — good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis: nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never to be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together; but let us be very strange and well bred: let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

Mirabell — Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mrs. Millamant — Trifles! — As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance: or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please; dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humor, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

Mirabell — Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. — Well, have I liberty to offer conditions — that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

Mrs. Millamant — You have free leave; propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

Mirabell — I thank you. — *Imprimis* then, I covenant, that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask — then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out — and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up, and prove my constancy.

Mrs. Millamant — Detestable *imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

Mirabell — *Item*, I article, that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall; and while it passes current with me, that you endeavor not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled skins, and I know not what — hogs' bones, hares' gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewomen in what-d'ye-call-it court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets and penny-worths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, etc. — *Item*, when you shall be breeding —

Mrs. Millamant — Ah! name it not.

Mirabell — Which may be presumed with a blessing on our endeavors.

Mrs. Millamant — Odious endeavors!

Mirabell — I denounce against all strait-lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mold my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit — but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee: as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk — such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth — but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of clary — but for cowslip wine, poppy water, and all dormitives, those I allow. — These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Mrs. Millamant — O horrid provisos! filthy strong-waters! I toast fellows! odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

Mirabell — Then we are agreed! shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

Enter Mrs. FAINALL.

Mrs. Millamant — Fainall, what shall I do? shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. Fainall — Aye, aye, take him, take him, what should you do?

Mrs. Millamant — Well then — I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright — Fainall, I shall never say it — well — I think — I'll endure you.

Mrs. Fainall — Fy! fy! have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms: for I am sure you have a mind to him.

Mrs. Millamant — Are you? I think I have — and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too — well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you — I won't be kissed, nor I won't be thanked — here, kiss my hand though. — So, hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

LIBERTY AND NATURE.

By ALGERNON SIDNEY.

(From "Discourses concerning Government.")

[ALGERNON SIDNEY, English patriot, born 1622, was son of Robert earl of Leicester and grandson of Henry earl of Northumberland; grandnephew of Sir Philip Sidney. Early trained in diplomacy and war by his father, and of republican principles, he became a cavalry colonel under Manchester and Cromwell in the Civil War, and held important military governorships, being at one time lieutenant-governor of the cavalry in Ireland and governor of Dublin. An Independent, he was a commissioner to try Charles I., but took no part in the trial; and of committee to regulate the succession. He was on the Council of State, and was of the Parliament ejected in 1653 by Cromwell, whose protectorate he refused to recognize. After Cromwell's death he again became a councilor and foreign ambassador. For seventeen years after the Restoration he remained abroad for safety, finally returning to the south of France and pensioned by Louis XIV. In 1677 his father died, and he obtained leave to return to England, where he engaged in politics, much suspected by the Court. He was active against the Popish Plot, and supported the interest of Monmouth against William of Orange, who was regarded then by many as a danger to English liberty. His "Discourses concerning Government" was written about 1680, maintaining the supreme authority of parliaments and the right of resistance. The Court was watching its chance to make an end of him, further incensed by his dealings with Monmouth; and on occasion of the Rye House Plot he was arrested, tried by Jeffreys and a packed jury, convicted in defiance of every principle of law, and executed December 7, 1683.]

HAVING lately seen a book entitled "Patriarcha," written by Sir Robert Filmer, concerning the universal and undistinguished right of all kings, I thought a time of leisure might be well employed in examining his doctrine, and the questions arising from it; which seem so far to concern all mankind, that, besides their influence upon our future life, they may be said to comprehend all that in this world deserves to be cared for. If he say true, there is but one government in the world that can have anything of justice in it; and those who have hitherto been constituted commonwealths, and taken much pains so to proportion the powers of several magistracies, or so to divide the powers between the magistrates and people, that a well-regulated harmony might be preserved in the whole, were the most unjust and stupid of all men. They were not builders, but overthrowers of governments. Their business was to set up aristocratical, democratical, or mixed governments, in opposition to that monarchy which by the immutable laws of God and nature it imposed upon mankind; or presumptuously to put shackles upon the monarch, who by the

same laws is to be absolute and uncontrolled. They were rebellious and disobedient sons, who rose up against their father; and not only refused to hearken to his voice, but made him bend to their will. In their opinion, such only deserved to be called good men, who endeavored to be good to mankind; or to that country to which they were more particularly related: and inasmuch as that good consists in a felicity of estate, and of person, they highly valued such as had endeavored to make men better, wiser, and happier. This they understood to be the end for which men entered into societies. And though Cicero says, that commonwealths were instituted "to obtain justice," he contradicts them not, but comprehends all in that word; because it is just that whosoever received a power, should employ it for the accomplishment of the ends for which it was given. This work could be performed only by such as excelled in virtue; but lest they should depart from it, no government was thought to be well constituted, unless "the laws prevailed above the commands of men"; and they were accounted no better than brutes who did not prefer such a condition before a subjection to the fluctuating and irregular will of a man.

If we believe Sir Robert, all this is a silly mistake. Nothing of this kind was ever left to the choice of men. They are not to inquire what conduces to their own good. God and nature have put us into a way from which we are not to swerve. We are not to live to "Him," nor to ourselves, but to the master that He has set over us! One government is established over all, and no limits can be set to the power of the person that manages it. This is the "famous PREROGATIVE!" or, as another of the same stamp calls it, the "Royal Charter granted to kings by God"! They all have an equal right to it. Women and children are patriarchs! and the next in blood, without regard to age, sex, or other qualities of the mind or body, are fathers of as many nations as fall under their power! We are not to examine whether he or she be young or old, virtuous or vicious, sober-minded or stark mad; the right and power is the same in all. Whether virtue be exalted or suppressed; whether he that bears the sword be a praise to those that do well, and a terror to those that do evil; or a praise to those that do evil, and a terror to such as do well, it concerns us not! for the king must not lose his right, nor have his power diminished, on any account. I have been sometimes

inclined to wonder, how things of this nature could enter into the head of a human being ; or, if no wickedness or folly be so great but some may fall into it, I could not well conceive what devil could set them on publishing it to the world. But these thoughts ceased, when I considered that a people, from all ages lovers of liberty, and desirous to maintain their rights, could never be brought to resign them, unless they were made to believe that in conscience they ought to do it ; which could not be, unless they were also persuaded that there was a law set to mankind which none might transgress, and which put the examination of those matters out of their power. This is our author's work. By this it will appear whose throne he seeks to advance, and "whose servant he is," whilst he pretends to serve the king. And that it may be evident he has employed means suitable to the ends proposed for the service of his great master, I hope to show that he has not used one argument that is not false, nor cited one author whom he hath not perverted and abused. Whilst my work is so to lay open these snares that the most simple may not be taken in them, I shall not examine how Sir Robert came to think himself a man fit to undertake so great a work, as to destroy the principles, which from the beginning seem to have been common to all mankind ; but, only weighing his positions and arguments will, if there be either truth or strength in them, confess the discovery comes from him that gave us least reason to expect it, and that in spite of the ancients, there is not on earth a block out of which a Mercury may not be made.

The common notions of liberty are not from school-divines, but from nature.

In the first lines of his book Sir Robert seems bravely to denounce war against mankind ; endeavoring to overthrow the principle of liberty in which God created us, and which includes the chief felicities of this life, as well as the greatest helps to those that are the end of our hopes in the other. To this end he absurdly imputes to the school-divines that which was very innocently taken up by them as a common notion, (written in the heart of every man, and denied by none but beasts,) from whence they might prove such points as of themselves were less evident. Thus did Euclid lay down certain axioms, which none could deny that did not renounce common

sense, from whence he drew the proofs of such propositions as were less obvious to the understanding. And they may with as much reason be accused of paganism, who say, that "the whole is greater than a part" . . . that "two halves make the whole," . . . or, that "a straight line is the shortest way from point to point," as to say, that they who in politics lay such foundations, as have been taken up by schoolmen as undeniable truths, do therefore follow them, or have any regard to their authority. Though the schoolmen were corrupt, they were neither stupid nor unlearned. They could not but see that which all men saw, nor lay more approved foundations, than, that "man is naturally free; that he cannot justly be deprived of that liberty without cause; and, that he doth not resign it, or any part of it, unless it be in consideration of a greater good, which he proposes to himself." But if he unjustly imputes the invention of this to school-divines, he in some measure repairs his fault in saying: "This hath been fostered by all succeeding papists for good divinity. The divines of the reformed churches have entertained it, and the common people everywhere tenderly embrace it." That is to say, all Christian divines, whether reformed or unreformed, approve it, and the people everywhere magnify it, as the height of human felicity. But Filmer, and such as are like him, being neither reformed nor unreformed Christians, can have no title to Christianity; and, inasmuch as they set themselves against that which is the height of human felicity, they declare themselves enemies to all that are concerned in it,—that is, to all mankind.

But, says he, "They do not remember that the desire of liberty was the first cause of the fall of man." And I desire it may also be remembered that the liberty here asserted is not a licentiousness of doing what is pleasing to every one against the command of God; but an exemption from all human laws, to which they have not given their assent. If he would make us believe there was anything of this in Adam's sin, he ought to have proved, that the law which he transgressed was imposed upon him by man, and consequently that there was a man to impose it; for it will easily appear that neither the reformed or unreformed divines, ever placed the felicity of man in an exemption from the laws of God, but in a most perfect conformity to them. Our Saviour taught us "not to fear such as could kill the body, but him that could kill and cast into hell." And

the apostle tells us that we should obey God rather than man. It has ever been observed, that they who most precisely adhere to the laws of God, are least solicitous concerning the commands of men, unless they are well grounded. And those who most delight in the "glorious liberty of the sons of God," do not only subject themselves to Him, but are most regular observers of the just ordinances of man, made by the consent of such as are concerned, according to the will of God.

The error of not observing this may perhaps deserve to be pardoned in a man that has read no books, as proceeding from ignorance; if such as are grossly ignorant can be excused, when they take upon them to write of such matters as require the highest knowledge. But in Sir Robert it is a rank prevarication and fraud to impute to schoolmen and Puritans that which in his first page he acknowledges to be the doctrine of all reformed and unreformed Christian churches, and that he knows to have been the principle in which the Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Gauls, Germans, Britons, and all other generous nations ever lived, before the name of Christ was known in the world; insomuch that the base effeminate Asiatics and Africans, for being careless of their liberty, or unable to govern themselves, were by Aristotle and other wise men called "slaves by nature," and looked upon as little different from beasts.

This which has its root in common sense, not being to be overthrown by reason, he spares his pains of seeking any; but thinks it enough to render his doctrine plausible to his own party, by joining the Jesuits to Geneva, and coupling Buchanan to Doleman, as both maintaining the same doctrine; though he might as well have joined the Puritans with the Turks, because they all think that one and one makes two. But whoever marks the proceedings of Filmer and his masters, as well as his disciples, will rather believe that they have learned from Rome and the Jesuits to hate Geneva, than that Geneva and Rome can agree in anything further than as they are obliged to submit to the evidence of truth; or that Geneva and Rome can concur in any design or interest that is not common to mankind.

"These men allowed to the people a liberty of deposing their princes! This is a desperate opinion! Bellarmin and Calvin look askint at it." But why is this a desperate opinion? If disagreements happen between king and people, why

is it a more desperate opinion to think the king should be subject to the censures of the people, than the people subject to the will of the king? Did the people make the king, or the king make the people? Is the king for the people, or the people for the king? Did God create the Hebrews that Saul might reign over them? Or did they, from an opinion of procuring their own good, ask a king, that might "judge them, and fight their battles"? If God's interposition, which shall be hereafter explained, do alter the case, did the Romans make Romulus, Numa, Tullus Hostilius, and Tarquinius Priscus kings? or did they make or beget the Romans? If they were made kings by the Romans, it is certain they that made them sought their own good in so doing; and if they were made by and for the city and people, I desire to know if it was not better, that when their successors departed from the end of their institution, by endeavoring to destroy it, or all that was good in it, they should be censured and ejected, than be permitted to ruin that people for whose good they were created? Was it more just that Caligula or Nero should be suffered to destroy the poor remains of the Roman nobility and people, with the nations subject to that empire, than that the race of such monsters should be extinguished, and a great part of mankind, especially the best, against whom they were most fierce, preserved by their deaths?

I presume our author thought these questions might be easily decided; and that no more was required to show the forementioned assertions were not at all desperate, than to examine the grounds of them; but he seeks to divert us from this inquiry by proposing the dreadful consequences of subjecting kings to the censures of their people! whereas no consequence can destroy truth; and the worst of this is, that if it were received, some princes might be restrained from doing evil, or punished if they will not be restrained. We are therefore only to consider whether the people, senate, or any magistracy made by and for the people, have, or can have such a right. For if they have, whatsoever the consequences may be, it must stand. And as the one tends to the good of mankind, in restraining the lusts of wicked kings; the other exposes them without remedy to the fury of the most savage of all beasts. I am not ashamed in this to concur with Buchanan, Calvin, or Bellarmin, and without envy leave to Filmer and his associates the glory of maintaining the contrary.

But notwithstanding our author's aversion to truth, he confesses, "That Hayward, Blackwood, Barclay, and others, who have bravely vindicated the right of kings in this point, do with one consent admit, as an unquestionable truth, and assent unto the natural liberty and equality of mankind, not so much as once questioning or opposing it." And indeed I believe, that though since the sin of our first parents the earth has brought forth briars and brambles, and the nature of man has been fruitful only in vice and wickedness; neither the authors he mentions nor any others have had impudence enough to deny such evident truth as seems to be planted in the hearts of all men; or to publish doctrines so contrary to common-sense, virtue, and humanity, until these times. The production of Laud, Manwaring, Sibthorp, Hobbs, Filmer, and Heylin seems to have been reserved as an additional curse to complete the shame and misery of our age and country. Those who had wit and learning, with something of ingenuity and modesty, though they believed that nations might possibly make an ill use of their power, and were very desirous to maintain the cause of kings, as far as they could put any good color upon it; yet never denied that some had suffered justly (which could not be, if there were no power of judging them), nor ever asserted anything that might arm them with an irresistible power of doing mischief, animate them to persist in the most flagitious courses, with assurance of perpetual impunity, or engage nations in an inevitable necessity of suffering all manner of outrages. They knew that the actions of those princes who were not altogether detestable, might be defended by particular reasons drawn from them, or the laws of their country; and would neither undertake the defense of such as were abominable, nor bring princes, to whom they wished well, into the odious extremity of justifying themselves, by arguments that favored Caligula and Nero, as well as themselves, and that must be taken for a confession, that they were as bad as could be imagined; since nothing could be said for them that might not as well be applied to the worst that had been, or could be.

But Filmer, Heylin, and their associates, scorning to be restrained by such considerations, boldly lay the ax to the root of the tree, and rightly enough affirm, "That the whole fabric of that which they call popular sedition would fall to the ground, if the principle of natural liberty were removed." And on the other hand it must be acknowledged, that the whole

fabric of tyranny will be much weakened, if we prove that nations have a right to make their own laws, constitute their own magistrates, and that such as are so constituted owe an account of their actions to those by whom, and for whom they are appointed.



THE DECADENCE OF SPAIN.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

(From the essay on "The War of the Succession in Spain.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 149.]

WHOEVER wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche-Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that, during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the Continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had made necessities. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to manufacture coffee out of succory and sugar out of beet root. The influence of Philip on the continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain, ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty, by gaining the East Indies: so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great: . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbor to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

The ascendancy which Spain then had in Europe was, in

one sense, well deserved. It was an ascendancy which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic and of his immediate successors. That majestic art, "*regere imperio populos*," was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic, than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortes and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivaled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier, where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy, the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception, than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and courage, a more solemn demeanor, a stronger sense of honor. The subject had more subtlety in speculation, the ruler more energy in action. The vices of the former were those of a coward; the vices of the latter were those of a tyrant. It may be added that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the poetry of Latium: "*Capta ferum victorem cepit*." The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch, and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto, as the national songs of Rome

were driven out by imitations of Theocritus, and translations from Menander.

In no modern society, not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth, has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier or a politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco, which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of "*Gil Blas*," has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was, in their apprehension, a kind of demon, horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. "They be verye wyse and politticke," says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, "and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the maners of those men with whom they meddell gladlye by friendshippe; whose mischievous maners a man shall never knowe untyll he come under ther subjection: but then shall he perfectlye parceyve and fele them: which thyng I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untyll they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye, when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times might use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

But how art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, that didst

weaken the nations! If we overleap a hundred years, and look at Spain towards the close of the seventeenth century, what a change do we find! The contrast is as great as that which the Rome of Gallienus and Honorius presents to the Rome of Marius and Cæsar. Foreign conquest had begun to eat into every part of that gigantic monarchy on which the sun never set. Holland was gone, and Portugal, and Artois, and Roussillon, and Franche-Comté. In the East, the empire founded by the Dutch far surpassed in wealth and splendor that which their old tyrants still retained. In the West, England had seized, and still held, settlements in the midst of the Mexican sea.

The mere loss of territory was, however, of little moment. The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth. Empires which branch out widely are often more flourishing for a little timely pruning. Adrian acted judiciously when he abandoned the conquests of Trajan; and England was never so rich, so great, so formidable to foreign princes, so absolutely mistress of the sea, as since the loss of her American colonies. The Spanish empire was still, in outward appearance, great and magnificent. The European dominions subject to the last feeble Prince of the House of Austria were far more extensive than those of Lewis the Fourteenth. The American dependencies of the Castilian crown still extended far to the North of Cancer and far to the South of Capricorn. But within this immense body there was an incurable decay, an utter want of tone, an utter prostration of strength. An ingenious and diligent population, eminently skilled in arts and manufactures, had been driven into exile by stupid and remorseless bigots. The glory of the Spanish pencil had departed with Velasquez and Murillo. The splendid age of Spanish literature had closed with Solis and Calderon. During the seventeenth century many states had formed great military establishments. But the Spanish army, so formidable under the command of Alva and Farnese, had dwindled away to a few thousand men, ill paid and ill disciplined. England, Holland, and France had great navies. But the Spanish navy was scarcely equal to the tenth part of that mighty force which, in the time of Philip the Second, had been the terror of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were ungarrisoned. The police was utterly inefficient

for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the face of day with perfect impunity. Bravoos and discarded serving men, with swords at their sides, swaggered every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the public peace, and setting at defiance the ministers of justice. The finances were in frightful disorder. The people paid much. The government received little. The American viceroys and the farmers of the revenue became rich, while the merchants broke, while the peasantry starved, while the body servants of the sovereign remained unpaid, while the soldiers of the royal guard repaired daily to the doors of convents and battled there with the crowd of beggars for a porringer of broth and a morsel of bread. Every remedy which was tried aggravated the disease. The currency was altered; and this frantic measure produced its never-failing effects. It destroyed all credit, and increased the misery which it was intended to relieve. The American gold, to use the words of Ortiz, was to the necessities of the state but as a drop of water to the lips of a man raging with thirst. Heaps of unopened dispatches accumulated in the offices, while the Ministers were concerting with bedchamber women and Jesuits the means of tripping up each other. Every foreign power could plunder and insult with impunity the heir of Charles the Fifth. Into such a state had the mighty kingdom of Spain fallen, while one of its smallest dependencies, a country not so large as the province of Estremadura or Andalusia, situated under an inclement sky, and preserved only by artificial means from the inroads of the ocean, had become a power of the first class, and treated on terms of equality with the courts of London and Versailles.

TELEMACHUS AND MENTOR.

BY FÉNELON.

[FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE-FÉNELON, French divine and author, was born at the Château de Fénelon in Périgord, August 6, 1651. He received holy orders at the seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, and on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) was sent on a mission for the conversion of Protestants in Saintonge and Poitou. He was later intrusted with the education of Louis XIV.'s grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, and received as a reward for his services the abbey of St. Valery and the archbishopric of Cambrai. For many years Fénelon was engaged in a theological dispute with Bossuet concerning the devotional mysticism of the celebrated Madame Guyon, whose opinions he defended in the "Maxims of the Saints." Fénelon's masterpiece, "The Adventures of Telemachus," was published in 1699. Intended by the author only for the amusement and instruction of the young Duke of Burgundy, it was regarded by the king as a satire on the court. In consequence the book was suppressed and Fénelon was restrained within his own diocese. Other works are, "Dialogues of the Dead," "Dialogues on Eloquence," "Letters on Religion," etc. Fénelon died at Cambrai in 1715.]

"I BELIEVE," said Telemachus to Mentor, "that I now perfectly understand the maxims of government which you have given me. They appear at first like the confused images of a dream; but by degrees they become clear and distinct,—as all objects appear obscure and cloudy at the first dawn of the morning, but at length rise gradually, like a new creation out of chaos, as the light, increasing by insensible degrees, gives them their true forms and natural colors. I am persuaded that the great secret of government is to distinguish the different characters of men, to select them for different purposes, and allot to each the employment which is most suited to his talents; but I am still to learn how characters are thus to be distinguished."

"Men," replied Mentor, "to be known, must be studied, and to be studied, they must frequently be seen and talked to. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, hear their sentiments, and consult them; they should also trust them with some small employment, and see how they discharge it, in order to judge whether they are capable of more important service. By what means, my dear Telemachus, did you acquire, in Ithaca, your knowledge of horses? Was it not by seeing them frequently, and by conversing with persons of experience concerning their excellences and defects? In the same manner, converse with the wise and good, who have grown old in the study of human nature, concerning the defects and excellences

of men; you will thus, insensibly, acquire a nice discernment of character, and know what may be expected from every man that falls under your observation. How have you been taught to distinguish the poet from the mere writer of verses, but by frequent reading, and conversation with persons who have a good taste for poetry? And how have you acquired judgment in music, but by the same application to the subject? How is it possible that men should be well governed, if they are not known? and how can the knowledge of men be acquired, but by living among them? But seeing them in public, where they talk of indifferent subjects, and say nothing that has not been premeditated, is by no means living among them. They must be seen in private, their latent sentiments must be traced to the secret recesses of the heart, they must be viewed in every light, they must be sounded, and their principles of action ascertained. But to form a right judgment of men, it is principally necessary to know what they ought to be; a clear and definite idea of real merit is absolutely necessary to distinguish those who have it from those who have it not.

“Men are continually talking of virtue and merit, but there are few who know precisely what is meant by either. They are splendid terms, indeed, but, to the greater part of those who take a pride in perpetually repeating them, of uncertain signification. Justice, reason, and virtue must be resolved into some certain principles before it can be determined who are just, reasonable, and virtuous. The maxims of a wise and good administration must be known before those who adopt them can be distinguished from those who substitute false refinement and political cunning in their stead. To take the dimensions of different bodies, we must have a standard measure; to judge of qualities and characters, we must have some fixed and invariable principles to which they may be referred. We must know precisely what is the great purpose of human life, and to what end the government of mankind should be directed. The sole end of all government is to render mankind virtuous and happy; and with this great end, the notion that a prince is invested with the regal power and authority for his own sake, is wholly incompatible. This notion can only gratify the pride of a tyrant; a good king lives but for his people, and sacrifices his own ease and pleasure to their advantage. He whose eye is not invariably fixed upon this great end,—the public good,—if in any instance he attains it, will attain it by

chance; he will float in the stream of time like a ship in the ocean without a pilot, the stars unobserved and the shores unknown. In such a situation, is it possible to escape shipwreck?

“It frequently happens that princes, not knowing in what virtue consists, know not what they ought to seek in men. They mistake virtue for austerity; it offends them by appearing to want complacency, and to affect independence; and touched at once with fear and disgust, they turn from it to flattery. From this moment sincerity and virtue are to be found no more; the prince is seduced by a phantom of false glory, which renders him unworthy of the true. He persuades himself that there is no such thing as virtue upon the earth; for, though the good can distinguish the wicked, the wicked cannot distinguish the good, and what they cannot distinguish they suppose not to exist. They know enough to render them suspicious; but not knowing more, they suspect all alike: they retire from the public eye, and immure themselves in the palace; they impute the most casual trifles to craft and design; they are a terror to men, and men a terror to them. They love darkness, and disguise their character, which, however, is perfectly known; for the malignant curiosity of their subjects penetrates every veil and investigates every secret. But he that is thus known by all knows nobody. The self-interested who surround him rejoice to perceive that he is inaccessible. A prince that is inaccessible to men is inaccessible to truth; those who avail themselves of his blindness are busy to calumniate or to banish from his presence all who would open his eyes. He lives in a kind of savage and unsocial magnificence, always the dupe of that imposition which he at once dreads and deserves. He that converses only with a small number, almost necessarily adopts their passions and their prejudices, and from passions and prejudices the best are not free. He must also receive his knowledge by report, and therefore lie at the mercy of tale-bearers, a despicable and detestable race, who are nourished by the poison that destroys others; who make what is little great and what is blameless criminal; who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who, to answer their own purposes, play upon the causeless suspicion and unworthy curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

“Let the great object of your knowledge, therefore, O my dear Telemachus, be men. Examine them; hear one man’s opin-

ion of another; try them by degrees; trust yourself implicitly to none. Profit by your experience when you shall have been deceived in your judgment, which sometimes will certainly happen; for wicked men disguise themselves with too much art to be always detected. Form your opinion of others, therefore, with caution; do not hastily determine either that they are bad or good; for, in either case, a mistake may be dangerous; thus even from error you will derive wisdom. When you find a man of virtue and abilities, do not use him only, but trust him; for such men like to have others appear sensible of their merit, and set a much higher value upon confidence and esteem than upon pecuniary rewards. But do not endanger their virtue by trusting them with absolute power; for many men who have stood firm against common temptations, have fallen when unlimited authority and boundless wealth have brought their virtue to a severe test. The prince who shall be so far favored of the gods as to find two or three whose wisdom and virtue render them worthy of his friendship, will, by their means, find others of the same character to fill the inferior departments of state. Thus, by the few that he can trust, he will acquire the knowledge of others whom his own eye could never reach."

"But I have often heard," said Telemachus, "that men of ability should be employed, even though virtue be wanting."

"The service of such men," replied Mentor, "is sometimes necessary. When a nation is in a state of tumult and disorder, authority is often found in the hands of wicked and designing men, who are possessed of important employments from which they cannot immediately be removed, and have acquired the confidence of persons in power who must not abruptly be opposed; nor must they be abruptly opposed themselves, lest they should throw all things into irremediable confusion. They must be employed for a time, but care must constantly be taken to lessen their importance by degrees; and even while they are employed, they must not be trusted. He that trusts them with a secret, invests them with power which they will certainly abuse, and of which from that moment he will be the slave. By his secret, as with a chain, he will be led about at pleasure; and, however he may regret his bondage, he will find it impossible to be free. Let them negotiate superficial affairs, and be treated with attention and kindness; let them be attached to their duty even by their passions, for by their passions only they can be held; but let them never be admitted to secret and important

deliberations. Some spring should be always ready to put them in motion when it is fit they should act ; but a king should never trust them with the key either of his bosom or his state. When the public commotion subsides, and government is regularly administered by men of approved integrity and wisdom, the wicked, whose services were forced upon their prince for a time, will insensibly become unnecessary and insignificant. But even they should be well treated, for to be ungrateful even to the wicked is to be like them ; for all kindness shown to such characters should be with a view to their amendment. Some of their faults should be overlooked as incident to human infirmity ; but the king's authority should be gradually resumed, and those mischiefs prevented which they would openly perpetrate if not restrained. It must, however, be confessed that, after all, the necessity of using wicked men as instruments of doing good is a misfortune ; and though it is sometimes inevitable, it should be remedied as soon as possible. A wise prince who has no wish but to establish order and administer justice, will soon find honest men of sufficient ability to effect his purposes, and be able to shake off the fraudulent and crafty, whose characters disgrace the best service they can perform."



THE STORY OF ALI-BEY, THE PERSIAN.

BY FÉNELON.

SHAH ABBAS, king of Persia, once when making a journey, withdrew from all his court, in order to travel through the country without being recognized, and to see the people in all their natural liberty ; he therefore took with him only one of his courtiers. "I do not know at all," said the king to him, "the true manners of men ; everything that we come in contact with is disguised. It is art, and not simple nature, that we see. I wish to study rustic life, and to see the class of men that is so scorned, although it is the true support of human society. I am tired of seeing courtiers who observe me in order to surprise me with flatteries, and I desire to visit laborers and shepherds who do not know me." He passed with his follower through several villages where the country people were dancing, and he was charmed to find far from courts these tranquil and inexpensive pleasures. He had a meal in

a hut, and as he was very hungry, having walked an unusual distance, the coarse food of the peasants seemed to him more agreeable than all the delicate dishes of his own table.

While passing through a meadow sown with flowers and bordering on a clear stream, he saw a young shepherd playing the flute under a great elm, among his sheep. He accosted him, and on questioning him found his expression pleasant and his manner simple and ingenuous, but noble and gracious. The rags in which he was clad did not lessen the effect of his beauty, and the king supposed at first that it was some person of illustrious birth tending sheep in disguise; but he learned from the shepherd that his father and mother were in a neighboring village, and that his name was Ali-bey. As the king questioned him, he admired his sensible answers. The lad's eyes were bright, but neither burning nor fierce, and his voice was gentle and sympathetic. His face was not in the least coarse, neither was it weak and effeminate. The shepherd boy, about seventeen years old, had no idea how he appeared to others, and supposed that he thought and spoke like all the other shepherds of his village; whereas he had learned, without education, all that reason can teach those who listen to her. The king, having conversed with him familiarly, was charmed by him. He found out from the boy about the state of the people, which kings never learn from the crowd of flatterers who surround them. From time to time he laughed at the innocence of this child, who made no effort to please by his answers. It was a great novelty for the king to hear any one speak so naturally. He made a sign to the courtier who accompanied him not to reveal that he was the king, for he feared that Ali-bey would lose in a moment all his naturalness if he should learn to whom he was speaking. "I see clearly," said the king to the courtier, "that nature is not less beautiful in the lowest ranks than in the highest. Never did a king's son appear better than this lad who keeps sheep. I should consider myself most happy to have a son as stalwart, as sensible, and as gentle. He seems to me fit for any career, and if any one would take the pains to educate him, he would surely be one day a great man."

So the king carried off Ali-bey, who was greatly surprised to know to whom he had made himself agreeable. He was taught to read, to write, to sing, and finally had masters for the ornamental arts and sciences. At first he was somewhat

dazzled by the court, and his great change of fortune changed his heart a little. His youth and popularity together altered a little his wisdom and moderation. Instead of his crook, his flute, and shepherd's dress, he had a robe of purple embroidered with gold, and a turban covered with precious stones. His beauty surpassed all that was in the court before him; he made himself capable of dealing with serious affairs, and won the confidence of his master; who, knowing Ali-bey's exquisite taste in all the magnificent splendors of a palace, gave him finally an office, in Persia very important, involving the charge of all the king's jewels and most precious possessions.

During the life of the Shah Abbas, the favor of Ali-bey continued to increase. As he gradually grew to a mature age, he often thought of his former condition and often regretted it. "O beautiful days!" he used to say to himself, "innocent days when I enjoyed a pure and untroubled happiness; days since when I have seen nothing so sweet, shall I never see you again? He who has deprived me of you, though giving me so great riches, has deprived me of everything." He went back to see his village, and visited with sadness all the places where he had once danced, sung, and played the flute with his companions. He made presents to all his relatives and friends; but he wished them, as the greatest happiness, never to leave their country life, never to experience the sorrows of the court.

He himself experienced these sorrows after the death of his good master Shah Abbas. His son, Shah Sephi, succeeded him, and envious and treacherous courtiers found means of warning him against Ali-bey. "He has abused the confidence of the late king," they said; "he has amassed enormous treasures, and has appropriated several costly articles of which he was guardian." Shah Sephi was at the same time young and a prince, which was enough to render him credulous, neglectful, and reckless. He had the vanity to wish to seem to reform what his father had done, and to judge better than he. In order to have a pretext for removing Ali-bey from his office, he followed the advice of the envious courtiers, and ordered him to produce a scimitar ornamented with diamonds of enormous price, which the king's grandfather had been accustomed to carry in battle. Shah Abbas had long ago caused all the diamonds to be removed from the scimitar, and Ali-bey proved by trustworthy witnesses that the removal had taken place by the order of the late king, and before he had received his office.

When Ali-bey's enemies saw that they could not employ this pretext to destroy him, they advised Shah Sephi to command him to make within two weeks an exact inventory of all the precious objects in his charge. At the end of the two weeks the king desired to see all the things himself. Ali-bey opened all the doors, and showed the king all that he had in his care. Nothing was lacking, all was well cared for and in good order. The king, greatly astonished at finding everything so carefully kept, had almost decided to restore Ali-bey to favor, when he noticed, at the end of a long gallery full of sumptuous furnishings, an iron door with three large locks. "There is the place," whispered the jealous courtiers, "in which Ali-bey has hidden all the precious jewels that he has stolen from you." Immediately the king cried out angrily, "I wish to see what is the other side of that door. What have you put there? Show me." At these words Ali-bey threw himself on his knees, and begged the king not to deprive him of his most precious possessions on earth. "It is not just," said he, "that I should lose in one moment all that remains to me, and gives me repose, after having labored so many years for your royal father. Take from me, if you will, all the rest, but leave me this." The king did not doubt that it was some wrongfully acquired treasure that Ali-bey had hoarded, so he took a more imperative tone, and ordered absolutely that the door should be opened. Finally Ali-bey, who had the keys, opened it himself. But nothing was to be found there except the crook, flute, and shepherd's dress that Ali-bey had worn of old, which he often came to see, from fear of forgetting his early life. "Behold, great king," said he, "the precious relics of my former happiness; neither fortune nor your power have been able to deprive me of them. Here is my treasure, that I am keeping to enrich me when you have made me poor. Take back all the rest, but leave me these dear pledges of my early happiness. O, dear symbol of a quiet and happy life, it is with you that I would live and die!" The king, hearing these words, understood Ali-bey's innocence, and being indignant at the courtiers who had tried to ruin him, exiled them from the court. Ali-bey became his chief minister, and had charge of the most private affairs of state; but every day he went to see his crook, flute, and shepherd's dress, which he kept always ready in case a change of fortune should deprive him of the royal favor. He died in a ripe old age, without having wished either to punish his enemies, or to accumulate

a treasure, and left to his heirs only enough to maintain them as shepherds, a condition of life which he thought the most secure and the most happy.



LOTHARIO.

By NICHOLAS ROWE.

(From the "Fair Penitent.")

[NICHOLAS ROWE, poet and playwright, one of the Queen Anne group, friend of Addison and Steele, was born in 1673; wrote plays, of which "The Fair Penitent" is a permanent classic from the character of Lothario, which has made that name the common term for a successful libertine, and was the model of Lovelace in "Clarissa Harlowe." His best work, however, is the translation of Lucan's "Pharsalia," which in force and fire is equal to the original. Rowe was also the first editor of Shakespeare, and poet laureate succeeding Nahum Tate. He died in 1718, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

Enter LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

Lothario —

The father, and the husband!

Rossano —

Let them pass.

They saw us not.

Lothario —

I care not if they did;

Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,

And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

Rossano —

You loved her once.

Lothario —

I liked her, would have married her,

But that it pleased her father to refuse me,

To make this honorable fool her husband:

For which, if I forget him, may the shame

I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

Rossano —

She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

Lothario —

She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;

Till, by long listening to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Rossano —

I've heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain; it moves my wonder,
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Lothario —

Hear then, I'll tell thee:

Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When every eye was closed, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Haply I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Rossano —

That minute sure was lucky.

Lothario —

Oh, 'twas great!

I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattired, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honor,
Were charmed to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm
As peaceful seas, that know no storm, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatched the glorious golden opportunity
And with prevailing, youthful ardor pressed her,
Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Ev'n all the livelong night we passed in bliss,
In ecstasies too fierce to last forever;
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Rossano —

You saw her soon again?

Lothario —

Too soon I saw her:

For, oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
No more I sighed, and languished for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While every weakness fell before her throne.

Rossano —

What of the lady?

Lothario —

With uneasy fondness

She hung upon me, wept, and sighed, and swore
She was undone; talked of a priest, and marriage;
Of flying with me from her father's pow'r;
Called every saint and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.

Rossano —

What answer made you

Lothario —

None; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
Escaped the persecution. Two nights since,
By message urged, and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
With all the subtleties and powerful arts
Of willful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told me the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmoved, I begged her spare the ungrateful subject,
Since I resolved, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain;
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend!
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill nature, cares, and quarrels.

Rossano —

How bore she this reply?

Lothario —

Ev'n as the earth,

When, winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
Shaking the mass, she labors with destruction.
At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud.
Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swelled her breast,
Enlarged her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud and disdainful of the love I proffered,
She called me Villain! Monster! Base Betrayer!
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vowed severely ne'er to see me more;

Then bid me fly that minute: I obeyed,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.

Rossano —

She has relented since, else why this message,
To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning?

Lothario —

See the person who you named!

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war; and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally
And make her husband party to the agreement.

Lucilla —

Is this well done, my lord? Have you put off
All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel; should disclaim you;
And judge you to be numbered with the brutes.

Lothario —

I see thou'st learnt to rail.

Lucilla —

I've learnt to weep;

That lesson my sad mistress often gives me;
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario.

Lothario —

Oh, no more!

I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune:
Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Lucilla —

What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!

The base, professed betrayer of our sex !
 Let me grow old in misfortunes else,
 Rather than know the sorrows of Calista !

Lothario —

Does she send thee to chide in her behalf ?
 I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
 That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

Lucilla —

Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad lines,
[Giving a letter.]
 Which best can tell the story of her woes,
 That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

Lothario [*reads*] —

Your cruelty — Obedience to my father — give my hand
 to Altamont.
 By Heaven, 'tis well ! such ever be the gifts
 With which I greet the man whom my soul hates.

[*Aside*,

But to go on !
 — Wish — Heart — Honor — too faithless —
 Weakness — to-morrow — last trouble — lost Calista.
 Woman, I see, can change as well as man.
 She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
 That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
 For she has given her hand to Altamont :
 Yet, tell the fair inconstant —

Lucilla —

How, my lord !

Lothario —

Nay, no more angry words : say to Calista,
 The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure ;
 If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
 To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Lucilla —

Alas ! for pity, come with gentler looks :
 Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph ;
 And, though you love her not, yet swear you do,
 So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Lothario —

Ha ! who comes here ?

Lucilla —

The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
 He must not see us here. To-morrow early
 Be at the garden gate.

Lothario—

Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

[*LOTHARIO, putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt LOTHARIO and ROSSANO one way, LUCILLA another.*

Enter HORATIO.

Horatio—

Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seemed conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started, and retired.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate—what paper's this?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Ha! To Lothario!—'sdeath! Calista's name!

[*Opening it.*]

Confusion and misfortunes!

[*Reads.*]

“Your cruelty has at length determined me, and I have resolved this morning to yield a perfect obedience to my father, and to give my hand to Altamont, in spite of my weakness for the false Lothario. I could almost wish I had that heart, and that honor to bestow with it, which you have robbed me of:”

Damnation to the rest—

[*Reads again.*]

“But, oh, I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lothario. This is the last weakness of my pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from

“THE LOST CALISTA.”

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes,
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age;
At the sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
(For, oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,

Like merit scorned by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues. —

* * * * *

LOTHARIO and CALISTA discovered.

Lothario —

Weep not, my fair; but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Calista —

Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,
To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain:
Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruined.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain
Are doomed to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account,
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.

Lothario —

Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height?
To die with joy, and straight to live again;
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—

Calista —

Oh, let me hear no more; I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;
Let not the voice of mirth or music know it;
Let it be dark and desolate; no stars
To glitter o'er it; let it wish for light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn.
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Lothario —

Hear this, ye Powers! mark how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, even she, the faithless she,

Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have
heard

Sighing to vow and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.

Calista —

Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urged me to a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be revenged on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario;
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and prayers of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevailed, or won me to forsake thee.

Lothario —

How have I failed in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.

Calista —

How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,
To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Lothario —

The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doomed,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them ALTAMONT.

Altamont —

I have lost my peace — Ha! do I live and wake?

Calista —

Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!
Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore named I happiness with thee?

It is for thee, for thee that I am curst;
 For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
 Calls me to answer for my virtue stained,
 My honor lost to thee: for thee it haunts me;
 With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me:
 With Altamont complaining for his wrongs —

Altamont —

Behold him here—

[*Coming-forward.*

Calista —

Ah!

[*Starting.*

Altamont —

The wretch! whom thou hast made.
 Curses and sorrows hast thou heaped upon him,
 And vengeance is the only food that's left.

[*Drawing.*

Lothario —

Thou hast taken me somewhat unawares, 'tis true:
 But love and war take turns, like day and night,
 And little preparation serves my turn,
 Equal to both, and armed for either field.
 We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
 Earth, Heaven, and fair Calista judge the combat!

Calista —

Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and Death!

Altamont —

Thou hast talked too much, thy breath is poison to me;
 It taints the ambient air; this for my father,
 This for Sciolto, and this last for Altamont.

[*They fight ;* *LOTHARIO is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

Lothario —

Oh, Altamont! thy genius is stronger!
 Thou hast prevailed!— My fierce ambitious soul
 Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
 Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
 I conquered in my turn, in love I triumphed.
 Those joys are lodged beyond the reach of fate;
 That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
 Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.

[*Dies.*



TERENCE. (Fifteenth Century.)

A page from a MS. of the Comedies of Terence, in the Library of the Arsenal, Paris.

Terence

(Fifteenth Century)

A page from a MS. of the Comedies of Terence in the Library of the Arsenal, Paris. The book, as indicated by the royal banners, was evidently written and illuminated for a sovereign of France—possibly Charles VI.; but most probably, as the style of illumination would suggest, for his son, Charles VII., during his early predilection for learning and the arts, fostered by the beautiful and accomplished Agnes Sorel.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME XVI.

	PAGE
Poems	<i>Matthew Prior</i> 13
The Lady's Looking-Glass 13	Full Discharge 16
Euphelia and Cloe 14	Democritus and Heraclitus 16
The Lady to Venus 15	Misinformed 16
Love Disarmed 15	
The Grumbling Hive, or Knaves turned Honest	<i>Bernard Mandeville</i> 17
The Family of Sullen	<i>George Farquhar</i> 27
Bickerstaff on Partridge	<i>Jonathan Swift</i> 36
Predictions for the Year 1708 36
The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions 39
A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. 42
The Good-Humored Club	<i>Sir Richard Steele</i> 47
The Spacious Firmament on High	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 50
Apologues	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 51
The Vision of Mirza 51
Endeavors of Mankind to get rid of their Burdens 55
Sir Roger de Coverley	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 60
Introduction of Sir Roger 60
Sir Roger and Will. Wimble 61
Sir Roger at the Assizes 63
Sir Roger at the Play 63
Death of Sir Roger 69
The Windsor Prophecy	<i>Jonathan Swift</i> 72
The History of John Bull	<i>John Arbuthnot</i> 73
The Occasion of the Lawsuit 73
How Bull and Frog grew Jealous of Lord Strutt's Intentions 74
Bull and Frog's Letter to Lord Strutt 75
How Bull and Frog went to Law with Lord Strutt 75
The True Character of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus 76
Of the Various Success of the Lawsuit 77
How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his Success that he was going to leave off his Trade and turn Lawyer 78
The Character of John Bull's Mother 79
The Character of John Bull's Sister 81
A Dialogue on the Unreality of Matter	<i>Bishop Berkeley</i> 83
On the Prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America	<i>Bishop Berkeley</i> 95

	PAGE
Mazeppa's Ride	<i>Lord Byron</i> 96
Charles XII. at Bender	<i>Voltaire</i> 104
Adventures of Count Grammont	<i>Count Hamilton</i> 120
Persian Letters	<i>Montesquieu</i> 130
The Day of Judgment	<i>Jonathan Swift</i> 140
Japanese Poems	<i>Tr. Basil H. Chamberlain</i> 141
The Fisher Boy Urashima 141
No Tidings 143
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter 143
The Forty-seven Rônins	<i>A. B. Mitford</i> 144
Esmond's Friends and Foes	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i> 157
Advice from Fifty Years' Experience	<i>Bishop Burnet</i> 174
Adventures of Gil Blas	<i>Le Sage</i> 179
Enters into Dr. Sangrado's Service 179
Adventure of the Recovered Ring 184
Becomes the Archbishop's Favorite 192
Gets into a Dilemma 197
The Nature of the Soul	<i>Leibnitz</i> 201
The Hermit	<i>Thomas Parnell</i> 205
Alexander Selkirk	<i>Daniel Defoe</i> 211
Supposed Lines of Alexander Selkirk	<i>William Cowper</i> 214
The Footprint on the Sand	<i>Daniel Defoe</i> 216
Sermon on Penitence	<i>Massillon</i> 237
The Mississippi Bubble	<i>Thiers</i> 241
Defense of Free Thought	<i>Lord Shaftesbury</i> 247
Early Life of Benjamin Franklin	<i>Autobiography</i> 252
Pedantry against Inertia	<i>Ludvig Holberg</i> 265
Peggy and Jenny	<i>Allan Ramsay</i> 274
How Self-Indulgence paralyzes Virtue	<i>William Lav</i> 281
The Struldbruggs	<i>Jonathan Swift</i> 287
Fables	<i>John Gay</i> 294
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan	<i>John Gay</i> 302
The Universal Prayer	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 303
A Modest Proposal	<i>Jonathan Swift</i> 305
The Seasons	<i>James Thomson</i> 313
The Father of Frederick the Great:	
I. By Thomas Carlyle 321
II. From the Diary of Wilhelmine of Bayreuth 329
Manon Lescaut	<i>Abbé Prevost</i> 345
The Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature	<i>Joseph Butler</i> 364
Pen Caricatures and Self-Portraiture	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 368
Essay on Man	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 373
A Dialogue to the Memory of Mr. Alexander Pope	<i>Austin Dobson</i> 380
Peg Woffington's Portrait; and Mabel Vane	<i>Charles Reade</i> 383

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME 16.

TERENCE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	252
PEG WOFFINGTON	382

POEMS OF PRIOR.

[MATTHEW PRIOR, English poet and diplomatist, was born at Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire, England, July 21, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, September 18, 1721. He was graduated at St. John's College in 1686; became intimate with Charles Montagu, and with him wrote "The Hind and the Panther, transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse" (1687), a parody on Dryden, who was deeply annoyed. Prior was secretary to Lord Dursley, ambassador to the Hague, 1690-1697; secretary to the Earl of Portland's embassy to France in 1698. He was afterward a member of Parliament and an ambassador to Paris, and in 1715 was impeached and imprisoned two years in his own house. His poems are not great, but are graceful, polished, and witty. A collection entitled "Carmen Seculare" was published in 1700, and "Alma, or the Progress of the Mind" in 1715.]

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other day
Walked o'er the sand hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;

And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humor drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh:
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds, and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labors less than I.

Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make;
While Love and Fate still drive me back:
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

EUPHELIA AND CLOE.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
I sung and gazed: I played and trembled:

And Venus to the Loves around
 Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

THE LADY TO VENUS.

Venus, take my votive glass,
 Since I am not what I was;
 What from this day I shall be,
 Venus, let me never see.

LOVE DISARMED.

Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
 As Chloë half asleep was laid,
 Cupid perched lightly on her breast,
 And in that heaven desired to rest;
 Over her paps his wings he spread;
 Between he found a downy bed,
 And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the god; the nymph, surprised,
 Yet mistress of herself, devised
 How she the vagrant might intrall,
 And captive him who captives all.

Her bodice half-way she unlaced;
 About his arms she slyly cast
 The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awakes; and thrice in vain
 He strove to break the cruel chain;
 And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
 Incumbered in the silken string.

Fluttering, the god, and weeping, said: —
 "Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
 Who happened, being blind, to stray,
 And on thy bosom lost his way;
 Who strayed, alas! but knew too well
 He never there must hope to dwell.
 Set an unhappy prisoner free,
 Who ne'er intended harm to thee."

"To me pertains not," she replies,
 "To know or care where Cupid flies;
 What are his haunts, or which his way;
 Where he would dwell, or whither stray;
 Yet will I never set thee free;
 For harm was meant, and harm to me."

"Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
 I'll give thee up my bow and dart:
 Untangle but this cruel chain,
 And freely let me fly again."

"Agreed: secure my virgin heart;
 Instant give up thy bow and dart:
 The chain I'll in return untie;
 And freely thou again shalt fly."

Thus she the captive did deliver;
 The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god, disarmed, e'er since that day
 Passes his life in harmless play;
 Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
 A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous maid
 Governs the world in Cupid's stead;
 Directs his arrow as she wills;
 Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.

FULL DISCHARGE.

To John I owed great obligation;
 But John, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation;
 So John and I are more than quit.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,
 And with our follies glut thy heightened mirth;
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
 Between you both I unconcerned stand by:
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

MISINFORMED.

When Bibò thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He woke in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.
 "Trim the boat and sit quiet," stern Charon replied:
 "You may have forgot — You were drunk when you died."

THE GRUMBLING HIVE, OR KNAVES TURNED HONEST.

By BERNARD MANDEVILLE.

[BERNARD MANDEVILLE, ethical speculator and satirist, was born 1670, at Rotterdam; studied and took M.D. at the University of Leyden; and settled in London as a physician in 1691. The popular resentment over the corruptions incident to the War of the Spanish Succession led him, in 1705, to publish the skit "The Grumbling Hive," a half-serious paradox whose moral was afterwards digested as "Private vices are public benefits." His rejoinders to attacks upon it drew him on to maintain this principle as a serious basis of society, in "An Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue" (1714), and "A Search into the Origin of Society" (1723), etc., aimed at Shaftesbury; and it fills a large space in the ethical speculation of the eighteenth century. He wrote other works, medical and general, not now important. Died 1733.]

A SPACIOUS hive well stockt with bees,
That lived in luxury and ease,
And yet as famed for laws and arms
As yielding large and early swarms,
Was counted the great nursery
Of sciences and industry.
No bees had better government,
More fickleness, or less content:
They were not slaves to tyranny,
Nor ruled by wild democracy;
But kings, that could not wrong, because
Their power was circumscribed by laws.

These insects lived like men, and all
Our actions they performed in small;
They did whatever's done in town,
And what belongs to sword or gown.
Though th' artful works, by nimble flight
Of minute limbs, 'scaped human sight,
Yet we've no engines, laborers,
Ships, castles, arms, artificers,
Craft, science, shop or instrument,
But they had an equivalent;
Which, since their language is unknown,
Must be called as we do our own.
As grant, that among other things,
They wanted dice, yet they had kings;
And those had guards: from whence we may
Justly conclude, they had some play;
Unless a regiment be shown
Of soldiers that make use of none.

Vast numbers thronged the fruitful hive.
 Yet those vast numbers made 'em thrive:
 Millions endeavoring to supply
 Each other's lust and vanity;
 Whilst other millions were employed
 To see their handiworks destroyed;
 They furnished half the universe,
 Yet had more work than laborers.
 Some with vast stocks and little pains,
 Jumped into business of great gains;
 And some were damned to scythes and spades,
 And all those hard laborious trades,
 Where willing wretches daily sweat,
 And wear out strength and limbs to eat:
 Whilst others followed mysteries,
 To which few folks bind 'prentices,
 That want no stock but that of brass,
 And may set up without a cross;
 As sharpers, parasites, pimps, players,
 Pickpockets, coiners, quacks, soothsayers,
 And all those that in enmity
 With downright working, cunningly
 Convert to their own use the labor
 Of their good-natured heedless neighbor.
 These were called knaves, but bar the name,
 The grave industrious were the same:
 All trades and places knew some cheat,
 No calling was without deceit.

The lawyers, of whose art the basis
 Was raising feuds and splitting cases,
 Opposed all registers, that cheats
 Might make more work with dipt estates;
 As wer't unlawful that one's own
 Without a lawsuit should be known.
 They kept off hearings wilfully,
 To finger the refreshing fee;
 And to defend a wicked cause,
 Examined and surveyed the laws,
 As burglars shops and houses do,
 To find out where they'd best break through.

Physicians valued fame and wealth
 Above the drooping patient's health,
 Or their own skill: the greatest part
 Studied, instead of rules of art,
 Grave pensive looks and dull behavior,
 To gain th' apothecaries' favor;

The praise of midwives, priests, and all
 That served at birth or funeral;
 To bear with th' ever-talking tribe,
 And hear my lady's aunt prescribe;
 With formal smile, and kind how d'ye,
 To fawn on all the family;
 And, which of all the greatest curse is,
 T' endure th' impertinence of nurses.

Among the many priests of Jove,
 Hired to draw blessings from above,
 Some few were learned and eloquent,
 But thousands hot and ignorant:
 But all past muster that could hide
 Their sloth, lust, avarice, and pride;
 For which they were as famed as tailors
 For cabbage, or for brandy sailors.
 Some meager-looking, and meanly clad,
 Would mystically pray for bread,
 Meaning by that an ample store,
 Yet lit'rally received no more;
 And whilst these holy drudges starved,
 The lazy ones, for which they served,
 Indulged their ease, with all the graces
 Of health and plenty in their faces.

The soldiers that were forced to fight,
 If they survived, got honor by't,
 Though some, that shunned the bloody fray,
 Had limbs shot off, that ran away;
 Some valiant gen'rals fought the foe,
 Others took bribes to let them go;
 Some ventured always where 'twas warm,
 Lost now a leg, and then an arm,
 Till quite disabled, and put by,
 They lived on half their salary;
 Whilst others never came in play,
 And stayed at home for double pay.

Their kings were served, but knavishly,
 Cheated by their own ministry:
 Many that for their welfare slaved,
 Robbing the very Crown they saved;
 Pensions were small, and they lived high,
 Yet boasted of their honesty.
 Calling, whene'er they strained their right,
 The slipp'ry trick a perquisite;
 And when folks understood their cant,
 They changed that for emolument;

Unwilling to be short or plain,
 In anything concerning gain :
 For there was not a bee but would
 Get more — I won't say, than he should,
 But than he dared to let them know
 That paid for't ; as your gamesters do,
 That, though at fair play, ne'er will own
 Before the losers what they've won.

But who can all their frauds repeat ?
 The very stuff which in the street
 They sold for dirt t'enrich the ground,
 Was often by the buyers found
 Sophisticated with a quarter
 Of good-for-nothing stones and mortar ;
 Though Flail had little cause to mutter,
 Who sold the other salt for butter.

Justice herself, famed for fair dealing,
 By blindness had not lost her feeling :
 Her left hand, which the scales should hold,
 Had often dropt them, bribed with gold ;
 And though she seemed impartial
 Where punishment was corporal,
 Pretended to a reg'lar course,
 In murther, and all crimes of force —
 Though some, first pilloried for cheating,
 Were hanged in hemp of their own beating :
 Yet, it was thought, the sword she bore
 Checked but the desp'rate and the poor ;
 That, urged by mere necessity,
 Were tied up to the wretched tree
 For crimes which not deserved that fate,
 But to secure the rich and great.

Thus ev'ry part was full of vice,
 Yet the whole mass a paradise ;
 Flattered in peace, and feared in wars,
 They were th' esteem of foreigners,
 And lavish of their wealth and lives,
 The balance of all other hives.
 Such were the blessings of that state :
 Their crimes conspired to make them great ;
 And virtue, who from politics
 Had learned a thousand cunning tricks,
 Was, by their happy influence,
 Made friends with vice ; and ever since,

The worst of all the multitude
Did something for the common good.

This was the state's craft, that maintained
The whole, of which each part complained:
This, as in music harmony
Made jarrings in the main agree;
Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other, as 'twere for spite;
And temp'rance with sobriety
Serve drunkenness and gluttony.

The root of evil, avarice,
That damned ill-natured baneful vice,
Was slave to prodigality,
That noble sin; whilst luxury
Employed a million of the poor,
And odious pride a million more:
Envy itself, and vanity,
Were ministers of industry;
Their darling folly, fickleness
In diet, furniture, and dress,
That strange ridic'ulous vice was made
The very wheel that turned the trade.
Their laws and clothes were equally
Objects of mutability;
For what was well done for a time,
In half a year became a crime:
Yet whilst they altered thus their laws,
Still finding and correcting flaws,
They mended by inconstancy
Faults which no prudence could foresee.

Thus vice nursed ingenuity,
Which joined with time and industry,
Had carried life's conveniencies,
Its real pleasures, comforts, ease,
To such a height, the very poor
Lived better than the rich before,
And nothing could be added more.

How vain is mortal happiness!
Had they but known the bounds of bliss,
And that perfection here below
Is more than gods can well bestow,
The grumbling brutes had been content
With ministers and government.
But they, at every ill success,
Like creatures lost without redress,

Cursed politicians, armies, fleets;
 Whilst ev'ry one cried, "Damn the cheats,"
 And would, though conscious of his own,
 In others barb'rously bear none.

One, that had got a princely store
 By cheating master, king, and poor,
 Dared cry aloud, "The land must sink
 For all its fraud;" and whom d'ye think
 The sermonizing rascal chid?
 A glover that sold lamb for kid.

The least thing was not done amiss,
 Or crossed the public business,
 But all the rogues cried brazenly,
 "Good gods, had we but honesty!"
 Mercury smiled at the impudence,
 And others called it want of sense,
 Always to rail at what they loved:
 But Jove, with indignation moved,
 At last in anger swore "he'd rid
 The bawling hive of fraud," and did.
 The very moment it departs,
 And honesty fills all their hearts;
 There shows 'em, like th' instructive tree,
 Those crimes which they're ashamed to see,
 Which now in silence they confess,
 By blushing at their ugliness:
 Like children that would hide their faults,
 And by their color own their thoughts;
 Imag'ning when they're lookt upon,
 That others see what they have done.

But, oh, ye gods! what consternation,
 How vast and sudden was th' alteration!
 In half an hour, the nation round,
 Meat fell a penny in the pound.
 The mask hypocrisy's flung down,
 From the great statesman to the clown;
 And some in borrowed looks well known,
 Appeared like strangers in their own.
 The bar was silent from that day;
 For now the willing debtors pay,
 Ev'n what's by creditors forgot;
 Who quitted them that had it not.
 Those that were in the wrong stood mute,
 And dropt the patched vexatious suit;
 On which, since nothing less can thrive

Than lawyers in an honest hive,
 All, except those that got enough,
 With inkhorns by their sides trooped off.
 Justice hanged some, set others free;
 And after jail delivery,
 Her presence being no more required,
 With all her train and pomp retired.
 First marched some smiths with locks and grates,
 Fetters, and doors with iron plates;
 Next jailers, turnkeys, and assistants;
 Before the goddess, at some distance,
 Her chief and faithful minister,
 'Squire Catch, the law's great finisher,
 Bore not th' imaginary sword,
 But his own tools, an ax and cord;
 Then on a cloud the hoodwinked fair,
 Justice herself, was pushed by air;
 About her chariot and behind,
 Were sergeants, bums of ev'ry kind,
 Tip-staffs, and all those officers,
 That squeeze a living out of tears.

Though physic lived, whilst folks were ill,
 None would prescribe but bees of skill,
 Which through the hive dispersed so wide,
 That none of them had need to ride;
 Waived vain disputes, and strove to free
 The patients of their misery;
 Left drugs in cheating countries grown,
 And used the product of their own,
 Knowing the gods sent no disease
 To nations without remedies.

Their clergy, roused from laziness,
 Laid not their charge on journey-bees,
 But served themselves, exempt from vice,
 The gods with prayer and sacrifice:
 All those that were unfit, or knew
 Their service might be spared, withdrew;
 Nor was there business for so many,
 (If th' honest stand in need of any);
 Few only with the high-priest stayed,
 To whom the rest obedience paid:
 Himself employed in holy cares,
 Resigned to others state affairs.
 He chased no starv'ling from his door,
 Nor pinched the wages of the poor;

But at his house the hungry's fed,
The hireling finds unmeasured bread,
The needy trav'ler board and bed.

Among the king's great ministers,
And all th' inferior officers,
The change was great; for frugally
They now lived on their salary:
That a poor bee should ten times come
To ask his due, a trifling sum,
And by some well-hired clerk be made
To give a crown, or ne'er be paid,
Would now be called a downright cheat,
Though formerly a perquisite.
All places managed first by three,
Who watched each other's knavery,
And often for a fellow-feeling
Promoted one another's stealing,
Are happily supplied by one,
By which some thousands more are gone.

No honor now could be content,
To live and owe for what was spent;
Liv'ries in brokers' shops are hung,
They part with coaches for a song;
Sell stately horses by whole sets;
And country-houses, to pay debts.

Vain cost is shunned as much as fraud;
They have no forces kept abroad;
Laugh at th' esteem of foreigners,
And empty glory got by wars;
They fight, but for their country's sake,
When right or liberty's at stake.

Now mind the glorious hive, and see
How honesty and trade agree.
The show is gone, it thins apace;
And looks with quite another face:
For 'twas not only that they went,
By whom vast sums were yearly spent,
But multitudes that lived on them,
Were daily forced to do the same.
In vain to other trades they'd fly;
All were o'erstocked accordingly.

The price of lands and houses falls;
Mirac'lous palaces, whose walls,
Like those of Thebes, were raised by play,
Are to be let; whilst the once gay,

Well-seated household gods would be
 More pleased t' expire in flames, than see
 The mean inscription on the door
 Smile at the lofty ones they bore.
 The building trade is quite destroyed,
 Artificers are not employed ;
 No limner for his art is famed,
 Stone-cutters, carvers, are not named.

Those that remain, grown temp'rate, strive,
 Not how to spend, but how to live ;
 And when they paid their tavern score,
 Resolved to enter it no more.
 No vintner's jilt in all the hive
 Could wear now cloth of gold, and thrive ;
 Nor Torcol such vast sums advance
 For Burgundy and ortolans.
 The courtier's gone, that with his miss
 Supped at his house on Christmas peas ;
 Spending as much in two hours' stay,
 As keeps a troop of horse a day.

The haughty Chloe, to live great,
 Had made her husband rob the state :
 But now she sells her furniture,
 Which th' Indies had been ransacked for ;
 Contracts th' expensive bill of fare,
 And wears her strong suit a whole year :
 The slight and fickle age is past,
 And clothes, as well as fashions, last.
 Weavers, that joined rich silk with plate,
 And all the trades subordinate,
 Are gone. Still peace and plenty reign,
 And ev'rything is cheap, though plain :
 Kind Nature, free from gard'ners' force,
 Allows all fruits in her own course ;
 But rarities cannot be had,
 Where pains to get 'em are not paid.

As pride and luxury decrease,
 So by degrees they leave the seas.
 Not merchants now, but companies
 Remove whole manufactories.
 All arts and crafts neglected lie ;
 Content, the bane of industry,
 Makes them admire their homely store,
 And neither seek nor covet more.

So few in the vast hive remain,
 The hundredth part they can't maintain

Against th' insults of num'rous foes,
 Whom yet they valiantly oppose;
 'Til some well-fenced retreat is found,
 And here they die, or stand their ground.
 No hireling in their army's known;
 But bravely fighting for their own,
 Their courage and integrity
 At last were crowned with victory.
 They triumphed not without their cost,
 For many thousand bees were lost.
 Hardened with toils and exercise,
 They counted ease itself a vice;
 Which so improved their temperance,
 That, to avoid extravagance,
 They flew into a hollow tree,
 Blest with content and honesty.

THE MORAL.

Then leave complaints: fools only **strive**
 To make a great an honest hive.
 T' enjoy the world's conveniencies,
 Be famed in war, yet live in ease,
 Without great vices, is a vain
 UTOPIA, seated in the brain.
 Fraud, luxury, and pride, must live,
 Whilst we the benefits receive.
 Hunger's a dreadful plague, no doubt,
 Yet who digests or thrives without?
 Do we not owe the growth of wine
 To the dry, shabby, crooked vine?
 Which, whilst its shoots neglected stood,
 Choked other plants, and ran to wood;
 But blest us with its noble fruit,
 As soon as it was tied and cut:
 So vice is beneficial found,
 When 'tis by justice lopped and bound;
 Nay, where the people would be great,
 As necessary to the state
 As hunger is to make 'em eat.
 Bare virtue can't make nations live
 In splendor; they that would **revive**
 A golden age, must be as free
 For acorns as for honesty.

THE FAMILY OF SULLEN.

(From "The Beaux' Stratagem.")

By GEORGE FARQUHAR.

[GEORGE FARQUHAR, one of the four great comic dramatists of the Restoration, was a clergyman's son, born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1678; attended Trinity College, Dublin, as a "poor scholar," but left in disgust at the humiliations, and became an actor in Dublin; nearly killing a fellow-actor by accident, left the stage, and became by favor a lieutenant in the army; at twenty wrote "Love and a Bottle," whose remarkable success turned him into a playwright for good. He next produced "The Constant Couple" (1700); its sequel, "Sir Harry Wildair" (1701); a volume of poems, letters, and an essay on Comedy (1702); "The Inconstant" (1703); "The Stage Coach" (with Motteux; an adaptation: 1704); "The Twin Rivals" (1705); "The Recruiting Officer" (1706); "The Beaux' Stratagem" (the last two his masterpieces), written when dying in 1707, at twenty-nine. He was a shy man, free only with his pen; and was entrapped, to his disaster, into a penniless marriage in 1703.]

SCENE: *A Gallery in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S House. Enter*
MRS. SULLEN and DORINDA, meeting.

Dorinda — Morrow, my dear sister: are you for church this morning?

Mrs. Sullen — Anywhere to pray; for Heaven alone can help me. But I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

Dorinda — But there's a form of law in Doctors Commons; and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that: for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband and friend to the wife, your example gives me such an impression of matrimony that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life. But supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? My brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. Sullen — The most constant husband, I grant ye.

Dorinda — He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sullen — No, he always sleeps with me.

Dorinda — He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. Sullen — A maintenance! do you take me, madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down and bless my benefactors

for meat, drink, and clothes? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called pleasures.

Dorinda — You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs. Sullen — Country pleasures! racks and torments! Dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles? or that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whisk [now whist], and smoking tobacco, with my husband? or of spreading plasters, brewing of diet-drinks, and stilling rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law?

Dorinda — I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I could wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refined. But pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that labored so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. Sullen — Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town. Did you ever see a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds? if you can show me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pound you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them: in their landscape, every Phillis has her Corydon, every murmuring stream and every flowery mead gives fresh alarms to love. Besides, you'll find that their couples were never married; but yonder I see my Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows! Come, Dorinda, don't be angry: he's my husband and your brother, and between both, is he not a sad brute?

Dorinda — I have nothing to say to your part of him: you're the best judge.

Mrs. Sullen — O sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks. There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see, but take this by the way: he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream of something else by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his

man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon in a fishmonger's basket ; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap. O matrimony ! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tunable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose ! Oh, the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband ! But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter SQUIRE SULLEN.

Squire Sullen — My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. Sullen — Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning ? It may do your head good.

Squire Sullen — No.

Dorinda — Coffee, brother ?

Squire Sullen — Psha !

Mrs. Sullen — Will you please to dress and go to church with me ? The air may help you.

Squire Sullen — Scrub !

[*Calls.*

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub — Sir !

Squire Sullen — What day o' th' week is this ?

Scrub — Sunday, an't please your worship.

Squire Sullen — Sunday ! bring me a dram ; and d'ye hear, set out the venison pasty and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall table ; I'll go to breakfast. [*Going.*

Dorinda — Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so : you were very naught last night, and must make your wife reparation ; come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon ?

Squire Sullen — For what ?

Dorinda — For being drunk last night.

Squire Sullen — I can afford it, can't I ?

Mrs. Sullen — But I can't, sir.

Squire Sullen — Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sullen — But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Squire Sullen — I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sullen — What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Squire Sullen — Scrub!

Scrub — Sir!

Squire Sullen — Get things ready to shave my head.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sullen — Have a care of coming near his temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that will turn the edge of your razor. — [*Exit SCRUB.*] Inveterate stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister, sister! I shall never ha' good of the beast till I get him to town. London, dear London, is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dorinda — And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. Sullen — No, no, child: 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man would enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheels her baby up to town. A man dare not play the tyrant in London, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject to rebel. O Dorinda! Dorinda! a fine woman may do anything in London: o' my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

Dorinda — I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in Lichfield: you have drawn the French count to your colors already.

Mrs. Sullen — The French are people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dorinda — And some English that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. Sullen — Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish husband, is to give him a rival: security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarmed to make 'em alert in their duty. Women are like pictures — of no value in the hands of a fool till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dorinda — This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinced into a passion for you: but I fancy there's a natural aversion of his side; and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sullen — I own it, we are united contradictions, fire and water ; but I could be contented, with a great many other wives, to humor the censorious mob, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dorinda — But how do you know, sister, but that, instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury.

Mrs. Sullen — Let him : if I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dorinda — But how must I behave myself between ye ?

Mrs. Sullen — You must assist me.

Dorinda — What, against my own brother ?

Mrs. Sullen — He's but half a brother, and I'm your entire friend. If I go a step beyond the bounds of honor, leave me ; till then, I expect you should go along with me in everything : while I trust my honor in your hands, you may trust your brother's in mine. The count is to dine here to-day.

Dorinda — 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. Sullen — You like nothing ; your time is not come : love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other ; you'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye. But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church time. [*Exeunt.*

* * * * *

Scene : A Room in BONIFACE'S Inn. Knocking without ; enter BONIFACE.

Boniface — Coming ! coming ! — A coach and six foaming horses at this time o' night ! some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter SIR CHARLES FREEMAN.

Sir Charles — What, fellow ! a public house, and abed when other people sleep ?

Boniface — Sir, I an't abed, as the saying is.

Sir Charles — Is Mr. Sullen's family abed, think'ee ?

Boniface — All but the squire himself, sir, as the saying is, he's in the house.

Sir Charles — What company has he ?

Boniface — Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. Gage, the

exciseman, the hunch-backed barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir Charles — I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse. [*Aside.*]

Enter SQUIRE SULLEN, drunk.

Boniface — Sir, here's the squire.

Squire Sullen — The puppies left me asleep — Sir!

Sir Charles — Well, sir.

Squire Sullen — Sir, I am an unfortunate man ; I have three thousand pound a year, and I can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir Charles — That's very hard.

Squire Sullen — Ay, sir ; and unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir Charles — But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to-night : she'll be gone to bed. You don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle?

Squire Sullen — What ! not lie with my wife ! why, sir, do you take me for an atheist or a rake?

Sir Charles — If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Squire Sullen — I think so too, friend. But I'm a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir Charles — Law ! As I take it, Mr. Justice, nobody observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Squire Sullen — But if the law orders me to send you to jail, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir Charles — Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Squire Sullen — A crime ! oons, an't I married?

Sir Charles — Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

Squire Sullen — Eh ! I must be acquainted with you, sir. — But, sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir Charles — Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Squire Sullen — Look'ee, sir, I have nothing to say to your

sea of truth; but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the country.

Boniface—I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Squire Sullen—Because I never met with a man that I liked before.

Boniface—Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir Charles—You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh, because ye are nothing else; but rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Squire Sullen—Minds!

Sir Charles—Aye, minds, sir: don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Squire Sullen—In some people.

Sir Charles—Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of the servant.

Squire Sullen—Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow! Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Charles—Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Squire Sullen—Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Charles—Why don't you part with her, sir?

Squire Sullen—Will you take her, sir?

Sir Charles—With all my heart.

Squire Sullen—You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison pasty into the bargain.

Sir Charles—You'll let me have her fortune, too?

Squire Sullen—Fortune! why, sir, I have no quarrel at her fortune: I only hate the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir Charles—But her fortune, sir—

Squire Sullen—Can you play at whisk, sir?

Sir Charles—No, truly, sir.

Squire Sullen—Not at all-fours?

Sir Charles—Neither.

Squire Sullen [*Aside*]—Oons! where was this man bred?
—[*Aloud*] Burn me, sir! I can't go home, 'tis but two a clock.

Sir Charles—For half an hour, sir, if you please—but you must consider 'tis late.

Squire Sullen — Late ! that's the reason I can't go to bed.—
Come, sir ! [*Exeunt.*

* * * * *

Enter SQUIRE SULLEN.

Squire Sullen — What's all this ? They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robbed.

Mrs. Sullen — Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it — had not these gentlemen interposed.

Squire Sullen — How came these gentlemen here ?

Mrs. Sullen [*to the others*]. — That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

Foigard — Aye, but upon my consience de question be àpropos for all dat.

Sir Charles — You promised last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Squire Sullen — Hump ?

Archer — Hump ! what do you mean by Hump ? — Sir, you shall deliver her. — In short, sir, we have saved you and your family ; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house. — What does the man mean ? Not part with his wife !

Foigard — Arra, not part wid your wife ! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common shivility.

Mrs. Sullen — Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent. Compulsion would spoil us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Squire Sullen — Let me know first, who are to be our judges. — Pray, sir, who are you ?

Sir Charles — I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

Squire Sullen — And you, good sir ?

Aimwell — Thomas, Viscount Aimwell, come to take away your sister.

Squire Sullen — And you, pray, sir ?

Archer — Francis Archer, esq., come —

Squire Sullen — To take away my mother, I hope. — Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome. I never met with three more obliging people since I was born. — And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

Archer — And the last, for five pounds.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Sullen — Spouse.

Squire Sullen — Rib.

Mrs. Sullen — How long have you been married?

Squire Sullen — By the almanac, fourteen months; but by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. Sullen — 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

Foigard — Upon my consience, dere accounts vil agree.

Mrs. Sullen — Pray, spouse, what did you marry for?

Squire Sullen — To get an heir to my estate.

Sir Charles — And have you succeeded?

Squire Sullen — No.

Archer — The condition fails of his side. — Pray, madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. Sullen — To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sir Charles — Are your expectations answered?

Mrs. Sullen — No.

Foigard — Arra, honeys, a clear caase, a clear caase!

Sir Charles — What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. Sullen — In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

Squire Sullen — Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. Sullen — I can't hunt with you.

Squire Sullen — Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sullen — I hate cocking and racing.

Squire Sullen — I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. Sullen — Your silence is intolerable.

Squire Sullen — Your prating is worse.

Mrs. Sullen — Have we not been a perpetual offense to each other — a gnawing vulture at the heart!

Squire Sullen — A frightful goblin to the sight.

Mrs. Sullen — A poreupine to the feeling.

Squire Sullen — Perpetual wormwood to the taste.

Mrs. Sullen — Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

Squire Sullen — Yes — to part.

Mrs. Sullen — With all my heart.

Squire Sullen — Your hand.

Mrs. Sullen — Here.

Squire Sullen — These hands joined us, these shall part us —

Away —

Mrs. Sullen — East.

Squire Sullen — West.

Mrs. Sullen — North.

Squire Sullen — South; far as the poles asunder.

BICKERSTAFF ON PARTRIDGE.

BY JONATHAN SWIFT.

[JONATHAN SWIFT: the greatest English prose satirist; born in Dublin, November 30, 1667; died October 19, 1745. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin; was for many years secretary to Sir William Temple in England, and in 1695 became a priest, being made dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. From the beginning of his literary career his brilliant and iconoclastic satires attracted attention in the literary world, his writings, though often coarse and usually brutal, being always powerful and artistic. His more famous works include: "Battle of the Books" (1697), "Tale of a Tub" (1704), "Argument to prove the Inconvenience of abolishing Christianity" (1708), "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (1708), "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708), "Conduct of the Allies" (1711), "Advice to the October Club" (1712), "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty" (1712), "Cadenus and Vanessa" (1713), "Public Spirit of the Whigs" (1714), "Drapier's Letters" (1724), "Gulliver's Travels" (1726), and "A Modest Proposal" (1729).]

[PARTRIDGE was a slender-witted fortune-teller and "astrologer," whom Swift, Yalden, and that group were perpetually "guying." The pamphlet below was ostensibly issued by "Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Astrologer."]

PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1708.

I HAVE considered the gross abuse of astrology in this kingdom, and upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon those gross impostors who set up to be the artists. I know several learned men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine the stars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations; and whoever has not bent his studies that way may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean, illiterate traders between us and the stars; who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly, and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they descend from no greater a height than their own brains.

I intend in a short time to publish a large and rational defense of this art, and therefore shall say no more in its justification at present, than that it hath been in all ages defended by many learned men, and among the rest by Socrates himself, whom I look upon as undoubtedly the wisest of uninspired mortals: to which if we add that those who have condemned

this art, though otherwise learned, having been such as either did not apply their studies this way, or at least did not succeed in their applications; their testimony will not be of much weight to its disadvantage, since they are liable to the common objection of condemning what they did not understand.

Nor am I at all offended, or think it an injury to the art, when I see the common dealers in it, the *Students in astrology*, the *Philomaths*, and the rest of that tribe, treated by wise men with the utmost scorn and contempt; but rather wonder, when I observe gentlemen in the country, rich enough to serve the nation in Parliament, poring in Partridge's Almanack, to find out the events of the year, at home and abroad; not daring to propose a hunting match, till Gadbury or he have fixed the weather.

I will allow either of the two I have mentioned, or any other of the fraternity, to be not only astrologers, but conjurers too, if I do not produce an hundred instances in all their almanacks to convince any reasonable man that they do not so much as understand common grammar and syntax; that they are not able to spell any word out of the usual road, nor, even in their prefaces, to write common sense, or intelligible English. Then, for their observations and predictions, they are such as will equally suit any age or country in the world. "This month a certain great person will be threatened with death or sickness." This the newspaper will tell them, for there we find, at the end of the year, that no month passes without the death of some person of note; and it would be hard if it should be otherwise, when there are at least two thousand persons of note in this kingdom, many of them old, and the almanack-maker has the liberty of choosing the sickliest season of the year, where he may fix his prediction. Again, "this month an eminent clergyman will be preferred;" of which there may be many hundreds, half of them with one foot in the grave. Then, "Such a planet in such a house shows great machinations, plots, and conspiracies, that may in time be brought to light;" after which, if we hear of discovery, the astrologer gets the honor; if not, his prediction still stands good. And at last, "God preserve King William from all his open and secret enemies. Amen." When, if the king should happen to have died, the astrologer plainly foretold it; otherwise it passes but for the pious ejaculation of a loyal subject: though it unluckily happened in some of their almanacks, that poor King William

was prayed for many months after he was dead, because it fell out that he died about the beginning of the year.

Having long observed and lamented these and an hundred other abuses of this art too tedious to repeat, I resolved to proceed in a new way, which I doubt not will be to the general satisfaction of the kingdom: I can this year produce but a specimen of what I design for the future; having employed most part of my time in adjusting and correcting the calculations I made for some years past, because I would offer nothing to the world of which I am not as fully satisfied as that I am now alive. For these two last years I have not failed in above one or two particulars, and those of no very great moment. I exactly foretold the miscarriage at Toulon, with all its particulars; and the loss of Admiral Shovel, although I was mistaken as to the day, placing that accident about thirty-six hours sooner than it happened; but upon reviewing my schemes, I quickly found the cause of that error. I likewise foretold the battle of Almanza to the very day and hour, with the loss on both sides, and the consequences thereof. All which I showed to some friends many months before they happened; that is, I gave them papers sealed up, to open at such a time, after which they were at liberty to read them; and there they found my predictions true in every article, except one or two very minute.

As for the few following predictions I now offer the world, I forbore to publish them till I had perused the several almanacks for the year we are now entered on. I found them all in the usual strain, and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine: and here I make bold to tell the world that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of these predictions; and I will be content that Partridge and the rest of his clan may hoot me for a cheat and impostor, if I fail in any single particular of moment. I believe any man who reads this paper, will look upon me to be at least a person of as much honesty and understanding as a common maker of almanacks. I do not lurk in the dark; I am not wholly unknown in the world; I have set my name at length to be a mark of infamy to mankind, if they shall find I deceive them. . . .

But now it is time to proceed to my predictions, which I have begun to calculate from the time that the sun enters into Aries. And this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I pursue them to the time that he enters Libra,

or somewhat more, which is the busy period of the year. The remainder I have not yet adjusted; upon account of several impediments needless here to mention: besides, I must remind the reader again that this is but a specimen of what I design in succeeding years to treat more at large, if I may have liberty and encouragement.

My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant those sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: it relates to Partridge the almanack-maker; I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time.

The month of APRIL will be observable for the death of many great persons. On the 4th will die the Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris: on the 11th, the young Prince of Asturias, son to the Duke of Anjou: on the 14th, a great peer of this realm will die at his country-house: on the 19th, an old layman of great fame for learning: and on the 23d, an eminent goldsmith in Lombard Street. I could mention others, both at home and abroad, if I did not consider such events of very little use or instruction to the reader, or to the world.

[Many other "predictions" follow.]

THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE FIRST OF MR. BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS.

MY LORD,

IN obedience to your Lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity, I have some days past inquired constantly after Partridge the almanack-maker, of whom it was foretold in Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, published about a month ago, that he should die the 29th instant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. I had some sort of knowledge of him, when I was employed in the revenue, because he used every year to present me with his almanack, as he did other gentlemen, upon the score of some little gratuity we gave him. I saw him accidentally once or twice, about ten days before he died, and observed he began very much to droop and languish, though, I hear, his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three

days ago he grew ill, was confined first to his chamber, and in a few hours after to his bed ; where Dr. Case and Mrs. Kirleus were sent for to visit and to prescribe to him. Upon this intelligence I sent thrice every day one servant or other to inquire after his health ; and yesterday, about four in the afternoon, word was brought me that he was past hopes. Upon which I prevailed with myself to go and see him, partly out of commiseration, and, I confess, partly out of curiosity. He knew me very well, seemed surprised at my condescension, and made me compliments upon it, as well as he could in the condition he was. The people about him said he had been for some time delirious ; but when I saw him he had his understanding as well as ever I knew, and spoke strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint. After I had told him I was sorry to see him in those melancholy circumstances, and said some other civilities suitable to the occasion, I desired him to tell me freely and ingenuously, whether the predictions Mr. Bickerstaff had published relating to his death had not too much affected and worked on his imagination. He confessed he had often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension till about a fortnight before ; since which time it had the perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cause of his present distemper : for, said he, “ I am thoroughly persuaded, and I think I have very good reasons, that Mr. Bickerstaff spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year than I did myself.” I told him, his discourse surprised me ; and I would be glad he were in a state of health to be able to tell me what reason he had to be convinced of Mr. Bickerstaff’s ignorance. He replied, “ I am a poor, ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have sense enough to know that all pretenses of foretelling by astrology are deceits, for this manifest reason : because the wise and the learned, who can only judge whether there be any truth in this science, do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it ; and none but the poor, ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows who can hardly write or read.” I then asked him, why he had not calculated his own nativity, to see whether it agreed with Bickerstaff’s prediction ? At which he shook his head, and said, “ Oh ! sir, this is no time for jesting, but for repenting

those fooleries, as I do now from the very bottom of my heart."—"By what I can gather from you," said I, "the observations and predictions you printed with your almanacks, were mere impositions on the people." He replied: "If it were otherwise, I should have the less to answer for. We have a common form for all those things: as to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that, but leave it to the printer, who takes it out of any old almanack, as he thinks fit: the rest was my own invention, to make my almanack sell, having a wife to maintain, and no other way to get my bread; for mending old shoes is a poor livelihood; and" (added he, sighing) "I wish I may not have done more mischief by my physic, than my astrology; though I had some good receipts from my grandmother, and my own compositions were such as I thought could at least do no hurt."

I had some other discourse with him, which I now cannot call to mind; and I fear have already tried your lordship. I shall only add one circumstance, that on his death-bed he declared himself a nonconformist, and had a fanatic preacher to be his spiritual guide. After half an hour's conversation I took my leave, being almost stifled with the closeness of the room. I imagined he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffee-house hard by, leaving a servant at the house with orders to come immediately and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge should expire, which was not above two hours after; when looking upon my watch, I found it to be above five minutes after seven: by which it is clear that Mr. Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation. In the other circumstances he was exact enough. But whether he hath not been the cause of this poor man's death, as well as the predictor, may be very reasonably disputed. However, it must be confessed, the matter is odd enough, whether we should endeavor to account for it by chance, or the effect of imagination: for my own part, though I believe no man hath less faith in these matters, yet I shall wait with some impatience, and not without some expectation, the fulfilling of Mr. Bickerstaff's second prediction, that the Cardinal de Noailles is to die upon the fourth of April; and if that should be verified as exactly as this of poor Partridge, I must own I should be wholly surprised, and at a loss, and infallibly expect the accomplishment of all the rest,

A VINDICATION OF ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

MR. PARTRIDGE hath been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner, in that which is called his almanack for the present year: such usage is very indecent from one gentleman to another, and does not at all contribute to the discovery of truth, which ought to be the great end in all disputes of the learned. To call a man fool, and villain, and impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education. I appeal to the learned world, whether, in my last year's predictions, I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all ages, but the discreetest among them have always differed as became philosophers. Scurrility and passion, in a controversy among scholars, is just so much of nothing to the purpose; and at best a tacit confession of a weak cause: my concern is not so much for my own reputation, as that of the republic of letters, which Mr. Partridge hath endeavored to wound through my sides. If men of public spirit must be superciliously treated for their ingenious attempts, how will true useful knowledge be ever advanced? I wish Mr. Partridge knew the thoughts which foreign universities have conceived of his ungenerous proceeding with me; but I am too tender of his reputation to publish them to the world. That spirit of envy and pride, which blasts so many rising geniuses in our nation, is yet unknown among professors abroad: the necessity of justifying myself will excuse my vanity, when I tell the reader, that I have received near a hundred honorary letters from several parts of Europe (some as far as Muscovy) in praise of my performance. Beside several others, which, as I have been credibly informed, were opened in the post office, and never sent me. It is true, the Inquisition in Portugal was pleased to burn my predictions, and condemn the author and the readers of them: but I hope at the same time, it will be considered, in how deplorable a state learning lies at present in that kingdom; and with the profoundest veneration for crowned heads, I will presume to add, that it a little concerned his Majesty of Portugal to interpose his authority in behalf of a scholar and a gentleman, the subject of a nation with which he is now in so strict an alliance. But the other kingdoms and states of Europe have treated me with more candor and generosity. If I had leave to print the

Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defense against all that Mr. Partridge or his accomplices of the Portugal Inquisition will be ever able to object; who, by the way, are the only enemies my predictions have ever met with at home or abroad. But I hope I know better what is due to the honor of a learned correspondence, in so tender a point. Yet some of those illustrious persons will perhaps excuse me for transcribing a passage or two in my vindication. The most learned Monsieur Leibnitz thus addresses to me his third letter: "*Illustrissimo Bickerstaffio astrologie instauratori*," etc. Monsieur Le Clerc, quoting my predictions in a treatise he published last year, is pleased to say, "*Ita nuperrime Bickerstaffius, magnum illud Angliæ sidus*." Another great professor, writing of me, has these words: "*Bickerstaffius, nobilis Anglus, astrologorum hujusce sæculi facile princeps*." Signior Magliabecchi, the Great Duke's famous library-keeper, spends almost his whole letter in compliments and praises. 'Tis true the renowned professor of astronomy at Utrecht seems to differ from me in one article; but it is after the modest manner that becomes a philosopher; as "*pace tanti viri dixerim*:" and, page 55, he seems to lay the error upon the printer (as indeed it ought), and says, "*vel forsan, error typographi, cum alioquin Bickerstaffius vir doctissimus*," &c.

If Mr. Partridge had followed this example in the controversy between us, he might have spared me the trouble of justifying myself in so public a manner. I believe few men are readier to own their errors than I, or more thankful to those who will please to inform him of them. But, it seems, this gentleman, instead of encouraging the progress of his own art, is pleased to look upon all attempts of that kind as an invasion of his province. He has been indeed so wise as to make no objection against the truth of my predictions, except in one single point relating to himself: and to demonstrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do solemnly assure the reader, that he is the only person from whom I ever heard that objection offered; which consideration alone, I think, will take off all its weight.

With my utmost endeavors I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made against the truth of my last year's prophecies: the first was, of a Frenchman, who was pleased to publish to the world, "that the Cardinal de Noailles was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended prophecy of

Monsieur Biquerstaffe"; but how far a Frenchman, a Papist, and an enemy, is to be believed in his own case, against an English Protestant, who is true to the government, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader.

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this discourse, and relates to an article in my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanack he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly asserts, that he "is not only now alive, but was likewise alive on that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die." This is the subject of the present controversy between us; which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness: in this dispute, I am sensible the eyes, not only of England, but of all Europe, will be upon us; and the learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that side where they find most appearance of reason and truth.

Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is thus: above a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanacks for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, "they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this." Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed: so that Mr. Partridge lies under a dilemma, either of disowning his almanack, or allowing himself to be no man alive. Secondly, Death is defined by all philosophers, a separation of the body and soul. Now it is certain, that the poor woman who has best reason to know, has gone about for some time to every alley in the neighborhood, and sworn to the gossips, that her husband had neither life nor soul in him. Therefore, if an uninformed carcass walks still about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself anyway answerable for that. Neither had the said carcass any right to beat the poor boy, who happened to pass by it in the street, crying, "A full and true account of Dr. Partridge's death," etc.

Thirdly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell fortunes, and recover stolen goods; which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil, and other evil spirits: and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead.

Fourthly, I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanack for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, "he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March, which I foretold he should die on:" by this, he declares his opinion, that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And indeed, there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert he was alive ever since that 29th of March, but that he "is now alive, and was so on that day": I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge. This indeed is perfect caviling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

Fifthly, I will appeal to Mr. Partridge himself, whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet, to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that ever was pretended to be in them? and this in an affair at home, where I had so many opportunities to be exact, and must have given such advantages against me to a person of Mr. Partridge's wit and learning, who, if he could possibly have raised one single objection more against the truth of my prophecies, would hardly have spared me.

And here I must take occasion to reprove the above-mentioned writer of the relation of Mr. Partridge's death, in a letter to a lord; who was pleased to tax me with a mistake of four whole hours in my calculation of that event. I must confess, this censure, pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that so nearly concerned me, and by a grave, judicious author, moved me not a little. But though I was at that time out of town, yet several of my friends, whose curiosity had led them to be exactly informed (for as to my own part, having no doubt at all in the matter, I never once thought of it), assured me, I computed to something under half an hour; which (I speak my private opinion) is an error of no very great magnitude, that men should raise a clamor about it. I shall only say, it would not be amiss, if that author would henceforth be more tender of other men's reputation, as well as his own. It is well there were no more mistakes of that kind; if there had, I presume he would have told me of them with as little ceremony.

There is one objection against Mr. Partridge's death, which I have sometimes met with, though, indeed, very slightly

offered : that he still continues to write almanacks. But this is no more than what is common to all of that profession ; Gadbury, Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others, do yearly publish their almanacks, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution. Now, the natural reason of this I take to be, that, whereas it is the privilege of authors to live after their death, almanack-makers are alone excluded ; because their dissertations, treating only upon the minutes as they pass, become useless as those go off. In consideration of which, Time, whose registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their works after death. Or, perhaps, a name can *make* an almanack as well as it can *sell* one. And to strengthen this conjecture, I have heard the booksellers affirm, that they have desired Mr. Partridge to spare himself further trouble, and only lend them his name, which could make almanacks much better than himself.

I should not have given the public, or myself, the trouble of this vindication, if my name had not been made use of by several persons to whom I never lent it ; one of which, a few days ago, was pleased to father on me a new set of predictions. But I think these are things too serious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart, when I saw my labors, which had cost me so much thought and watching, hawled about by the common hawkers of Grub Street, which I only intended for the weighty consideration of the gravest persons. This prejudiced the world so much at first, that several of my friends had the assurance to ask me whether I were in jest ? to which I only answered coldly, "that the event would show." But it is the talent of our age and nation, to turn things of the greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had verified all my predictions, out comes Mr. Partridge's Almanack, disputing the point of his death ; so that I am employed like the general who was forced to kill his enemies twice over, whom a necromancer had raised to life. If Mr. Partridge has practiced the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive, long may he continue so ; that does not the least contradict my veracity ; but I think I have clearly proved, by invincible demonstration, that he died, at farthest, within half an hour of the time I foretold (and not four hours sooner, as the above-mentioned author in his letter to a lord, has maliciously suggested, with a design to blast my credit, by charging me with so gross a mistake).

THE GOOD-HUMORED CLUB.

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.

[SIR RICHARD STEELE, Irish essayist, dramatist, and politician, was a native of Dublin, where his father, an English barrister, was secretary to the Duke of Ormond. He was born March, 1672, and attended Merton College, Oxford, where he became the firm friend of Addison. Leaving college without taking a degree, he entered the Horse Guards, and subsequently rose to the rank of captain. He was a gazetteer (1707-1710); a member of Parliament, from which he was expelled for seditious language in "The Crisis," a political pamphlet; and was knighted by George I. He founded and edited the *Tatler*, under the name of "Isaac Bickerstaff," and next to Addison was chief contributor to the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. The last years of his life were spent in retirement in Wales, and his death occurred at Carmarthen, September 1, 1729. Besides the treatise "The Christian Hero," and several pamphlets, Steele wrote the comedies: "The Funeral," "The Lying Lover," "The Tender Husband," and "The Conscious Lovers."]

I AM gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed, which was barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most of our time in town, dispense with a long vacation in the country; how uneasy we grow to ourselves and to one another when our conversation is confined; insomuch that, by Michaelmas, it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our faces as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs.

After these plain observations, give me leave to give you a hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves to avoid the inconveniences above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations: from hence they hope that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill humor or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts anything which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved till, by his manner of submission and the sentiments

expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or anything that betrays inattention or dishumor, are also criminal without reprieve. But it is provided that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods it is expected that, if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill humor of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity.

On Monday the assembly was in very good humor, having received some recruits of French claret that morning; when, unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion and the insult it had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day: this was a gentleman who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest boobies, about town. This you will say is a strange character; but, what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him here to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had 't been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we dispatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president, observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner

that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

On Tuesday we had no sooner sat down, but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there, then. This insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave directions to take them both from the table and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us he knew, by a pain in his shoulder, that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather glass in the apartment above mentioned.

On Wednesday a gentleman, having received a letter written in a woman's hand, and changing color twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent by finding fault with every dish that was served up and refusing to laugh at anything that was said, the president told him that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner, a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbor cried out, "To the infirmary!" at the same time pretending to be sick at it, having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted, and his neighbor sent off.

On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water gruel till he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

On Friday there passed but little remarkable, saving only that several petitions were read of the persons in custody,

desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good behavior for the future.

On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was, indeed, never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till, upon my going abroad, I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter.



THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

By ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

APOLOGUES OF ADDISON.

[JOSEPH ADDISON, English essayist, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672, and was educated at Magdalen and Queen's College, Oxford, where he acquired a high reputation as a writer of Latin verse. Through the Earl of Halifax he obtained, in 1699, a pension of three hundred pounds and proceeded to qualify himself for the diplomatic service of the government by travel and study on the Continent (1699-1703). In 1704 his poem "The Campaign," written in commemoration of the victory of Blenheim, secured for him the commissioner-ship of excise. He was also undersecretary of state; secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland (Wharton); commissioner for trade and the colonies; and shortly after his marriage to the Countess of Warwick received the appointment of secretary of state. He contributed most of his famous essays to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* from their commencement, and wrote 274 numbers for the latter. His tragedy of "Cato," produced at Drury Lane in 1713, had an uninterrupted run of thirty-five nights, and obtained more celebrity among his contemporaries than any other of his works. Addison died at Holland House, London, June 17, 1719, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.]

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, "The Visions of Mirzah," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to

the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

“I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

“He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, says he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me, further,

said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

“There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

“I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of baubles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimeters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

“The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said, the

genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life.

“I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending

for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

ENDEAVORS OF MANKIND TO GET RID OF THEIR BURDENS.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further; he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her

garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were numbers of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under their bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who,

I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on the occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length. I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a secret proclamation that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and parceled out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommending to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the Rheumatism, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been

thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of vertigo, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his Rheumatism: but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure united and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman who went off a very well shaped person, but suffering from some terrible malady; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clasped my finger upon my upper

lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, having compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was seen in her place a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She, every now and then, cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, nor to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to

think lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

BY ADDISON.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffeehouse, for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is

a justice of the *quorum*; that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities; and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act.

SIR ROGER AND WILL WIMBLE.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning, and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

SIR ROGER, — I desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the Perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the Bowling Green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

WILL. WIMBLE.

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will. Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a May fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the

opposite sides of the county. Will. is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting dog that he has *made* himself; he now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring, as often as he meets them, "how they wear?" These gentlemanlike manufactures, and obliging little humors, make Will. the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will. desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half-year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will. began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge Jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars, that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl, that came afterwards, furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will.'s for improving the quail pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands,

were wholly employed in trifles, that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind, and application to affairs, might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country, or himself, might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful, though ordinary, qualifications?

Will. Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will. was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world: if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public: a man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that

general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will. Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes : as we were upon the road, Will. Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time ; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that hath a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man : he is just within the game act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant : he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week ; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges : in short, he is a very sensible man ; shoots flying ; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments : he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year ; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will. Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will. told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will., it seems, had been giving his fellow-travelers an account of his angling one day in such a hole ; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot, and after having paused some time, told them, with an air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it : upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came, but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family, and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that The Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment: and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look,

that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke, but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his Honor's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in the most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you, (says he,) I thought I had fallen into their hands

last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to go away from them. You must know, (continued the knight with a smile,) I fancied they had a mind to hunt me: for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out, (says he,) at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, (says the knight,) if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call on me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he had made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's

remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned about Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione: and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you cannot imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, (says he,) you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer; "Well, (says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction,) I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus.

Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you, (says he,) though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that "Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something."

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the country sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my

friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution:

HONORED SIR,—Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last country sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom: and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church: for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish

followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him, a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honored sir, your most sorrowful servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT.

P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that, upon the reading of it, there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was, in particular, the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.

BY SWIFT.

[For biographical sketch, see p. 36.]

[This famous lampoon cost Swift dear, as it ought: the Duchess of Somerset never forgave the shocking (and false) charge of being privy to her husband's murder.]

ABOUT three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot long and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and Gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black Old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. . . .

The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I.

When a *holy black Swede*, the *Son of Bob*,
 With a *saint* at his chin and a *seal* at his fob,¹
 Shall not see *one new-year's day* in that year,²
 Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor and *Bristow* then shall be
 Joined together in the *Low-Country*.³
 Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*⁴
 Speak against peace⁵ right many a word;
 And some shall admire his conyng wit,
 For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
 But spite of the *Harpy* that crawls on all four,⁶
 There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
 But England must cry alack and well-a-day
 If the *stick*⁷ be taken from the *dead sea*.⁸
 And, dear England, if aught I understand,
 Beware of *Carrots* from *Northumberland*.⁹

¹ John Robinson, simultaneously bishop of Bristol, dean of Windsor, and Lord Privy Seal. ² New Style had not yet been adopted in England.

³ Robinson went to Utrecht as peace commissioner.

⁴ Earl of Nottingham.

⁵ Of Utrecht.

⁶ Marlborough, his wife, and his sons-in-law Sunderland and Godolphin.

⁷ White staff, the Lord Treasurer's badge of office.

⁸ Harley, Earl of Oxford, second title Lord *Mortimer* (dead sea).

⁹ The red-haired Duchess of Somerset, a Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland.

*Carrots sown thynne*¹ a deep root may get
 If so be they are in *Somer set* :
 Their *Conyngs mark*² thou ; for I have been told
 They *assassine* when young, and poison when old.
 Root out those *Carrots*, O THOU, whose name
 Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same ;³
 And keep close too thee always that name
 Which *backwards* and *forwards* is almost the same ;⁴
 And, England, wouldst thou be happy still,
 Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill*.⁵



THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

[JOHN ARBUTHNOT, Scotch physician and wit, was born at Arbuthnot, Scotland, in 1667. He was physician to Queen Anne from 1705 until her death in 1714, and enjoyed the friendship of Pope, Swift, Lord Bolingbroke, and other distinguished literary men. He contributed to the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," first published among Swift's works, and wrote the witty political allegory, "The History of John Bull" (1712). He died at London in 1735.]

THE OCCASION OF THE LAWSUIT.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels that happened in our neighborhood since the death of the late Lord Strutt [Charles II. of Spain] ; how the parson [Cardinal Portocarrero] and a cunning attorney [Marshal Harcourt] got him to settle his estate [Spain] upon his cousin Philip Baboon [Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.], to the great disappointment of his cousin Esquire South [Archduke of Austria]. Some stick not to say that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons : let that be as it will, it is a matter of fact, that the honor and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the Lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, etc., all within themselves ; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants,

¹ Her second husband.

² Count Koningsmark, who hired braves to murder Thynne, hoping to gain his wife, ³ Anna. ⁴ Masham, ⁵ Lady Masham was Abigail Hill,

which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors. It is credibly reported that the butcher's and baker's bill of a Lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the Lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom. The two chief were John Bull [the English], the clothier, and Nic. Frog [the Dutch], the linen draper: they told him that the Bulls and Frogs had served the Lord Strutts with drapery ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the Lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty; that they would use them as kindly as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honorable maxims of his predecessors.

HOW BULL AND FROG GREW JEALOUS THAT THE LORD STRUTT INTENDED TO GIVE ALL HIS CUSTOM TO HIS GRANDFATHER, LEWIS BABOON [LOUIS XIV.].

It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighborhood that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) a false loon, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack of all trades: sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broadcloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace he understood to a nicety: Charles Mather [a famous toy man] could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe buckles; when shop was shut up, he would go about his neighborhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maidens to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at backsword, quarterstaff, and cudgel play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. "It is impossible," says Frog to Bull, "but this

old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands ; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families ; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon : therefore, neighbor, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter."

A COPY OF BULL AND FROG'S LETTER TO LORD STRUTT.

MY LORD, — I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery ware time out of mind ; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire, old Lewis Baboon, this is to inform your lordship that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon ; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself ; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord ; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter ; he was not flush in ready, either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail : he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation ; and promised upon his sword of honor that he would not change his drapers : but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

HOW BULL AND FROG WENT TO LAW WITH LORD STRUTT ABOUT THE PREMISES, AND WERE JOINED BY THE REST OF THE TRADESMEN.

All endeavors of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain, jealousies increased, and indeed it was

rumored abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up man, rouse thyself! I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of Jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned, the chimney sweeper of Savoy [the Duke], and Tom, the Portugal dustman [the King], put in their claims; and the cause [the war of the Spanish Succession] was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus, the attorney [Duke of Marlborough].

A declaration was drawn up to show "that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling, and cudgel play;" and abundance more to this purpose.

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG, AND HOCUS.

For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest,

plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper ; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backword, single falchion, or cudgel play ; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him : if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air ; his spirits rose and fell with the weather glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well ; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion ; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars ; covetous, frugal ; minded domestic affairs ; would pinch his belly to save his pocket ; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain : no man exceeded Nic. in these ; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney ; and, though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession ; he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper ; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family ; but he loved himself better than them all. The neighbors reported that he was hen-pecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

OF THE VARIOUS SUCCESS OF THE LAWSUIT.

Law is a bottomless pit ; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most ; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business : yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address, was wanting ; and, to say truth, John did not starve

his cause ; there wanted not yellow boys [gold pieces] to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries : Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favor [won no battles] ; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination ; but, alas ! That final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him : new trials upon new points still arose ; new doubts, new matters to be cleared [fresh securities exacted from France] ; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyer's pockets : then John began to borrow money upon Bank stock and East India bonds ; now and then a farm went to pot ; at last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder ; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes : now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shirt, though he had as many as any other : his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and bare-footed ; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck beef, and bullock's liver ; in short, nobody got much by the matter but the men of law.

HOW JOHN BULL WAS SO MIGHTILY PLEASED WITH HIS SUCCESS THAT HE WAS GOING TO LEAVE OFF HIS TRADE AND TURN LAWYER.

It is wisely observed by a great philosopher that habit is a second nature ; this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench. He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner : " How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind ! How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature ! It is

plain I was intended for a man of law ; how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter ! Bless me, what immense estates these fellows raise by the law ! Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure it is to be victorious in a cause, to swagger at the bar ! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woolen trade, for a lawyer I was born and a lawyer I will be ; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil ; these he used to battle indifferently in all companies, especially at coffeehouses ; so that his neighbor tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs at Blackwell Hall [woolen-goods market], and price of broadcloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeases, certioraris, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipes, and dedimus. This was matter of jest to the learned in law ; however, Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law ; that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges ; that, if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice [hold the balance of power] : as for the advice of honest friends and neighbors, John despised it ; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanics ; John reckoned it more honor to have got one favorable verdict than to have sold a bale of broadcloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent ; for, though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL'S MOTHER [THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND].

John had a mother, whom he loved and honored extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived ; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct and telling scandalous stories of their neighbors, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the

contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbors, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crumpled ribbons in her headdress, furbelow scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer cases, pocket glasses, and essence bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holy days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well-fancied, with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offense in an elbow chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms, and scrubbing brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behavior, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: "We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years: let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbor such a one's birthday;" she looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavored to create a misunderstanding between them, and

they had so far prevailed with him once that he turned her out of doors [the Civil War]; to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: our rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear hers, and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives [passive obedience], and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom [right of rebellion]. Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, "This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it." It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL'S SISTER PEG [SCOTLAND], WITH THE QUARRELS THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN MAS- TER AND MISS IN THEIR CHILDHOOD.

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miss a crab apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber towards the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shriveled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and

countenance: however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution: she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point, but, even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bedpost [attempt of Henry VIII. to unite the crowns by marriage], for which affront Miss aimed a penknife at his heart [war].

In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames: she called him gundy-guts, and he called her lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight, clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both.

Peg had, indeed, some odd humors and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you?" quoth Peg: "everybody's to choose their own music." Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her Paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world,¹ Lord Peter [Roman Church], Martin [Luther], and Jack [Calvin], Jack had of late her inclinations: Lord Peter she detested, nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces, but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired [wondered] what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue.

¹ In Swift's "Tale of a Tub."

A DIALOGUE ON THE UNREALITY OF MATTER.

By BISHOP BERKELEY.

[GEORGE BERKELEY, English ecclesiastic and metaphysician, was born 1685 in Ireland, son of an English official. Of precociously powerful and independent analytic mind, educated at the famous Kilkenny School, entering Trinity College (Dublin) at fifteen, and there saturated with Locke, Descartes, and Newton, and the new Calculus, he began in 1703 his "Commonplace Book," expounding his principles of the unreality of everything but mind and its ideas. In 1707 he published two tracts on mathematics; in 1709, his "New Theory of Vision"; in 1710, "Principles of Human Knowledge," a complete exposition of his doctrine; in 1713, "Three Dialogues"; in 1720, "De Motu,"—all these on the same lines. His personal life to 1721 was of traveling tutor and chaplain; 1722-1724 he held deaneries, and Swift's "Vanessa" left him half her property; 1724-1728 he was enthusiastically trying to found a Pan-American college in Bermuda (see his poem following), and resigning a rich living, spent 1728-1731 in Rhode Island, waiting for a promised government grant that never came. Returning, he published in 1733 "Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher"; in 1734 was made bishop of Cloyne, and published "The Analyst," assailing the higher mathematics as leading to skepticism; 1735-1737, "The Querist"; 1744, "Siris," a eulogy of tar water, widening out into the deepest metaphysical discussion. He died in 1753.]

HYLAS—I am glad to find there is nothing in the accounts I heard of you.

Philonous—Pray, what were those?

Hylas—You were represented in last night's conversation as one who maintained the most extravagant opinions that ever entered into the mind of man; to wit, that there is no such thing as *material substance* in the world.

Philonous—That there is no such thing as what philosophers call *material substance* I am seriously persuaded; but if I were made to see anything absurd or skeptical in this, I should then have the same reason to renounce this that I imagine I have now to reject the contrary opinion.

Hylas—What! can anything be more fantastical, more repugnant to common-sense, or a more manifest piece of skepticism, than to believe there is no such thing as *matter*?

Philonous—Softly, good Hylas. What if it should prove that you, who hold there is, are by virtue of that opinion a greater skeptic, and maintain more paradoxes and repugnances to common-sense, than I who believe no such thing?

Hylas—You may as soon persuade me the part is greater than the whole, as that in order to avoid absurdity and skepticism I should ever be obliged to give up my opinion in this point.

Philonous --- Well, then, are you content to admit that opinion for true which upon examination shall appear most agreeable to common-sense and remote from skepticism?

Hylas --- With all my heart; since you are for raising disputes about the plainest things in nature, I am content for once to hear what you have to say.

Philonous --- Pray, Hylas, what do you mean by a *skeptic*?

Hylas --- I mean what all men mean---one that doubts of everything.

Philonous --- He, then, who entertains no doubt concerning some particular point, with regard to that point cannot be thought a skeptic.

Hylas --- I agree with you.

Philonous --- Whether doth doubting consist, in embracing the affirmative or negative side of a question?

Hylas --- In neither; for whoever understands English cannot but know that *doubting* signifies a suspense between both.

Philonous --- He, then, that denieth any point can no more be said to doubt of it than he who affirmeth it with the same degree of assurance.

Hylas --- True.

Philonous --- And consequently, for such his denial is no more to be esteemed a skeptic than the other.

Hylas --- I acknowledge it.

Philonous --- How cometh it to pass, then, Hylas, that you pronounce me a *skeptic* because I deny what you affirm; to wit, the existence of matter? since, for aught you can tell, I am as peremptory in my denial as you are in your affirmation.

Hylas --- Hold, Philonous, I have been a little out in my definition; but every false step a man makes in discourse is not to be insisted on. I said, indeed, that a *skeptic* was one who doubted of everything, but I should have added, or who denies the reality and truth of things.

Philonous --- What things? Do you mean the principles and theorems of sciences? But these, you know, are universal intellectual notions, and consequently independent of matter; the denial, therefore, of this doth not imply the denying them.

Hylas --- I grant it; but are there no other things? What think you of distrusting the senses, of denying the real existence of sensible things, or pretending to know nothing of them? Is not this sufficient to denominate a man a *skeptic*?

Philonous — Shall we therefore examine which of us it is that denies the reality of sensible things, or professes the greatest ignorance of them, since, if I take you rightly, he is to be esteemed the greatest *skeptic*?

Hylas — That is what I desire.

Philonous — What mean you by sensible things?

Hylas — Those things which are perceived by the senses. Can you imagine that I mean anything else?

Philonous — Pardon me, *Hylas*, if I am desirous clearly to apprehend your notions, since this may much shorten our inquiry. Suffer me, then, to ask you this further question: Are those things only perceived by the senses which are perceived immediately, or may those things properly be said to be *sensible* which are perceived immediately or not without the intervention of others?

Hylas — I do not sufficiently understand you.

Philonous — In reading a book, what I immediately perceive are the letters, but mediately, or by means of these, are suggested to my mind the notions of God, virtue, truth, etc. Now, that the letters are truly sensible things, or perceived by sense, there is no doubt; but I would know whether you take the things suggested by them to be so too.

Hylas — No, certainly; it were absurd to think *God* or *virtue* sensible things, though they may be signified and suggested to the mind by sensible marks, with which they have an arbitrary connection.

Philonous — It seems, then, that by *sensible things* you mean those only which can be perceived immediately by sense?

Hylas — Right.

Philonous — Doth it not follow from this, that though I see one part of the sky red and another blue, and that my reason doth thence evidently conclude there must be some cause of that diversity of colors, yet that cause cannot be said to be a sensible thing, or perceived by the sense of seeing?

Hylas — It doth.

Philonous — In like manner, though I hear variety of sounds, yet I cannot be said to hear the causes of those sounds?

Hylas — You cannot.

Philonous — And when by my touch I perceive a thing to be hot and heavy, I cannot say with any truth or propriety that I feel the cause of its heat and weight?

Hylas — To prevent any more questions of this kind, I tell you once for all that by *sensible things* I mean those only which are perceived by the sense, and that in truth the *senses* perceive nothing which they do not perceive immediately; for they make no inferences. The deducing therefore of causes or occasions from effects and appearances which alone are perceived by sense, entirely relates to reason.

Philonous — This point, then, is agreed between us: that *sensible things are those only which are immediately perceived by sense*. You will further inform me whether we immediately perceive by sight anything beside light, and colors, and figures; or by hearing, anything but sounds; by the palate, anything beside tastes; by the smell, beside odors; or by the touch, more than tangible qualities?

Hylas — We do not.

Philonous — It seems, therefore, that if you take away all sensible qualities there remains nothing sensible?

Hylas — I grant it.

Philonous — Sensible things, therefore, are nothing else but so many sensible qualities, or combinations of sensible qualities?

Hylas — Nothing else.

Philonous — Heat, then, is a sensible thing?

Hylas — Certainly.

Philonous — Doth the reality of sensible things consist in being perceived? or, is it something distinct from their being perceived, and that bears no relation to the mind?

Hylas — To *exist* is one thing, and to be *perceived* is another.

Philonous — I speak with regard to sensible things only; and of these I ask, whether by their real existence you mean a subsistence exterior to the mind, and distinct from their being perceived?

Hylas — I mean a real absolute being, distinct from, and without any relation to, their being perceived.

Philonous — Heat, therefore, if it be allowed a real being, must exist without the mind?

Hylas — It must.

Philonous — Tell me, *Hylas*, is this real existence equally compatible to all degrees of heat which we perceive: or is there any reason why we should attribute it to some, and deny it others? and if there be, pray let me know that reason.

Hylas — Whatever degree of heat we perceive by sense, we may be sure the same exists in the object that occasions it.

Philonous — What ! the greatest as well as the least ?

Hylas — I tell you, the reason is plainly the same in respect of both ; they are both perceived by sense ; nay, the greater degree of heat is more sensibly perceived ; and consequently, if there is any difference, we are more certain of its real existence than we can be of the reality of a lesser degree.

Philonous — But is not the most vehement and intense degree of heat a very great pain ?

Hylas — No one can deny it.

Philonous — And is any unperceiving thing capable of pain or pleasure ?

Hylas — No, certainly.

Philonous — Is your material substance a senseless being, or a being endowed with sense and perception ?

Hylas — It is senseless, without doubt.

Philonous — It cannot therefore be the subject of pain ?

Hylas — By no means.

Philonous — Nor consequently of the greatest heat perceived by sense, since you acknowledge this to be no small pain.

Hylas — I grant it.

Philonous — What shall we say, then, of your external object ; is it a material substance, or no ?

Hylas — It is a material substance with the sensible qualities inhering in it.

Philonous — How, then, can a great heat exist in it, since you own it cannot in a material substance ? I desire you would clear this point.

Hylas — Hold, *Philonous*, I fear I was out in yielding intense heat to be a pain. It should seem, rather, that pain is something distinct from heat, and the consequence or effect of it.

Philonous — Upon putting your hand near the fire, do you perceive one simple uniform sensation, or two distinct sensations ?

Hylas — But one simple sensation.

Philonous — Is not the heat immediately perceived ?

Hylas — It is.

Philonous — And the pain ?

Hylas — True.

Philonous — Seeing, therefore, they are both immediately perceived at the same time, and the fire affects you only with one simple or uncompounded idea, it follows that this same simple idea is both the intense heat immediately perceived, and

the pain; and consequently, that the intense heat immediately perceived, is nothing distinct from a particular sort of pain.

Hylas — It seems so.

Philonous — Again, try in your thoughts, *Hylas*, if you can conceive a vehement sensation to be without pain or pleasure.

Hylas — I cannot.

Philonous — Or can you frame to yourself an idea of sensible pain or pleasure, in general, abstracted from every particular idea of heat, cold, tastes, smells, etc.?

Hylas — I do not find that I can.

Philonous — Doth it not therefore follow, that sensible pain is nothing distinct from those sensations or ideas, in an intense degree?

Hylas — It is undeniable; and to speak the truth, I begin to suspect a very great heat cannot exist but in a mind perceiving it.

Philonous — What! are you then in that *skeptical* state of suspense, between affirming and denying?

Hylas — I think I may be positive in the point. A very violent and painful heat cannot exist without the mind.

Philonous — It hath not, therefore, according to you, any real being.

Hylas — I own it.

Philonous — Is it therefore certain, that there is no body in nature really hot?

Hylas — I have not denied there is any real heat in bodies. I only say, there is no such thing as an intense real heat.

Philonous — But did you not say before, that all degrees of heat were equally real: or if there was any difference, that the greater were more undoubtedly real than the lesser?

Hylas — True; but it was because I did not then consider the ground there is for distinguishing between them, which I now plainly see. And it is this: because intense heat is nothing else but a particular kind of painful sensation; and pain cannot exist but in a perceiving being; it follows that no intense heat can really exist in an unperceiving corporeal substance. But this is no reason why we should deny heat in an inferior degree to exist in such a substance.

Philonous — But how shall we be able to discern those degrees of heat which exist only in the mind, from those which exist without it?

Hylas — That is no difficult matter. You know, the least pain cannot exist unperceived; whatever, therefore, degree of heat is a pain, exists only in the mind. But as for all other degrees of heat, nothing obliges us to think the same of them.

Philonous — I think you granted before, that no unperceiving being was capable of pleasure, any more than of pain.

Hylas — I did.

Philonous — And is not warmth, or a more gentle degree of heat than what causes uneasiness, a pleasure?

Hylas — What then?

Philonous — Consequently it cannot exist without the mind in any unperceiving substance, or body.

Hylas — So it seems.

Philonous — Since, therefore, as well those degrees of heat that are not painful, as those that are, can exist only in a thinking substance; may we not conclude that external bodies are absolutely incapable of any degree of heat whatsoever?

Hylas — On second thoughts, I do not think it so evident that warmth is a pleasure, as that a great degree of heat is a pain.

Philonous — I do not pretend that warmth is as great a pleasure as heat is a pain. But if you grant it to be even a small pleasure, it serves to make good my conclusion.

Hylas — I could rather call it an *indolence*. It seems to be nothing more than a privation of both pain and pleasure. And that such a quality or state as this may agree to an unthinking substance, I hope you will not deny.

Philonous — If you are resolved to maintain that warmth, or a gentle degree of heat, is no pleasure, I know not how to convince you otherwise than by appealing to your own sense. But what think you of cold?

Hylas — The same that I do of heat. An intense degree of cold is a pain; for to feel a very great cold, is to perceive a great uneasiness: it cannot therefore exist without the mind; but a lesser degree of cold may, as well as a lesser degree of heat.

Philonous — Those bodies, therefore, upon whose application to our own, we perceive a moderate degree of heat, must be concluded to have a moderate degree of heat or warmth in them: and those, upon whose application we feel a like degree of cold, must be thought to have cold in them.

Hylas — They must.

Philonous — Can any doctrine be true that necessarily leads a man into an absurdity?

Hylas — Without doubt it cannot.

Philonous — Is it not an absurdity to think that the same thing should be at the same time both cold and warm?

Hylas — It is.

Philonous — Suppose now one of your hands hot, and the other cold, and that they are at once put into the same vessel of water, in an intermediate state: will not the water seem cold to one hand, and warm to the other?

Hylas — It will.

Philonous — Ought we not, therefore, by your principles, to conclude it is really both cold and warm at the same time, — that is, according to your own concession, to believe an absurdity?

Hylas — I confess it seems so.

Philonous — Consequently, the principles themselves are false, since you have granted that no true principle leads to an absurdity.

Hylas — But after all, can anything be more absurd than to say, *there is no heat in the fire*?

Philonous — To make the point still clearer; tell me, whether in two cases exactly alike, we ought not to make the same judgment?

Hylas — We ought.

Philonous — When a pin pricks your finger, doth it not rend and divide the fibers of your flesh?

Hylas — It doth.

Philonous — And when a coal burns your finger, doth it any more?

Hylas — It doth not.

Philonous — Since, therefore, you neither judge the sensation itself occasioned by the pin, nor anything like it, to be in the pin; you should not, conformably to what you have now granted, judge the sensation occasioned by the fire, or anything like it, to be in the fire.

Hylas — Well, since it must be so, I am content to yield this point, and acknowledge that heat and cold are only sensations existing in our minds; but there still remain qualities enough to secure the reality of external things.

Philonous — But what will you say, Hylas, if it shall appear that the case is the same with regard to all other sensible qualities, and that they can no more be supposed to exist without the mind, than heat and cold?

Hylas — Then, indeed, you will have done something to the purpose; but that is what I despair of seeing proved.

* * * * *

Hylas — I frankly own, *Philonous*, that it is in vain to stand out any longer. Colors, sounds, tastes, in a word, all those termed *secondary qualities*, have certainly no existence without the mind. But by this acknowledgment I must not be supposed to derogate anything from the reality of matter or external objects, seeing it is no more than several philosophers maintain, who, nevertheless, are the farthest imaginable from denying matter. For the clearer understanding of this, you must know sensible qualities are by philosophers divided into *primary* and *secondary*. The former are extension, figure, solidity, gravity, motion, and rest. And these they hold exist really in bodies. The latter are those above enumerated; or briefly, all sensible qualities beside the primary, which they assert are only so many sensations or ideas existing nowhere but in the mind. But all this, I doubt not, you are already apprised of. For my part, I have been a long time sensible there was such an opinion current among philosophers, but was never thoroughly convinced of its truth till now.

Philonous — You are still, then, of opinion, that extension and figures are inherent in external unthinking substances?

Hylas — I am.

Philonous — But what if the same arguments which are brought against secondary qualities, will hold proof against these also?

Hylas — Why, then I shall be obliged to think they too exist only in the mind.

Philonous — Is it your opinion, the very figure and extension which you perceive by sense exist in the outward object or material substance?

Hylas — It is.

Philonous — Have all other animals as good grounds to think the same of the figure and extension which they see and feel?

Hylas -- Without doubt, if they have any thought at all.

Philonous -- Answer me, *Hylas*. Think you the senses were bestowed upon all animals for their preservation and well being in life? or were they given to men alone for this end?

Hylas -- I make no question but they have the same use in all other animals.

Philonous -- If so, is it not necessary they should be enabled by them to perceive their own limbs, and those bodies which are capable of harming them?

Hylas -- Certainly.

Philonous -- A mite, therefore, must be supposed to see his own foot, and things equal or even less than it, as bodies of some considerable dimension; though at the same time they appear to you scarce discernible, or at best as so many visible points?

Hylas -- I cannot deny it.

Philonous -- And to creatures less than the mite they will seem yet larger.

Hylas -- They will.

Philonous -- Insomuch that what you can hardly discern, will to another extremely minute animal appear as some huge mountain.

Hylas -- All this I grant.

Philonous -- Can one and the same thing be at the same time in itself of different dimensions?

Hylas -- That were absurd to imagine.

Philonous -- But from what you have laid down it follows, that both the extension by you perceived, and that perceived by the mite itself, as likewise all those perceived by lesser animals, are each of them the true extension of the mite's foot; that is to say, by your own principles you are led into an absurdity.

Hylas -- There seems to be some difficulty in the point.

Philonous -- Again, have you not acknowledged that no real inherent property of any object can be changed, without some change in the thing itself?

Hylas -- I have.

Philonous -- But as we approach to or recede from an object, the visible extension varies, being at one distance ten or a hundred times greater than at another. Doth it not therefore follow from hence, likewise, that it is not really inherent in the object?

Hylas — I own I am at a loss what to think.

Philonous — Your judgment will soon be determined, if you will venture to think as freely concerning this quality as you have done concerning the rest. Was it not admitted as a good argument, that neither heat nor cold was in the water, because it seemed warm to one hand and cold to the other?

Hylas — It was.

Philonous — Is it not the very same reasoning to conclude there is no extension or figure in an object because to one eye it seems little, smooth, and round, when at the same time it appears to the other, great, uneven, and angular?

Hylas — The very same. But does this latter fact ever happen?

Philonous — You may at any time make the experiment, by looking with one eye bare, and with the other through a microscope.

Hylas — I know not how to maintain it, and yet I am loath to give up *extension*, I see so many odd consequences following upon such a concession.

Philonous — Odd, say you? After the concessions already made, I hope you will stick at nothing for its oddness. But on the other hand, should it not seem very odd if the general reasoning which includes all other sensible qualities did not also include extension? If it be allowed that no idea nor anything like an idea can exist in an unperceiving substance, then surely it follows, that no figure or mode of extension, which we can either perceive or imagine, or have any idea of, can be really inherent in matter; not to mention the peculiar difficulty there must be in conceiving a material substance, prior to and distinct from extension, to be the *substratum* of extension. Be the sensible quality what it will, figure, or sound, or color; it seems alike impossible it should subsist in that which doth not perceive it.

Hylas — I give up the point for the present, reserving still a right to retract my opinion, in case I shall hereafter discover any false step in my progress to it.

Philonous — That is a right you cannot be denied. Figures and extension being dispatched, we proceed next to *motion*. Can a real motion in any external body be at the same time both very swift and very slow?

Hylas — It cannot.

Philonous — Is not the motion of a body swift in a reciproc-

cal proportion to the time it takes up in describing any given space? Thus a body that describes a mile in an hour, moves three times faster than it would in case it described only a mile in three hours.

Hylas — I agree with you.

Philonous — And is not time measured by the succession of ideas in our minds?

Hylas — It is.

Philonous — And is it not possible ideas should succeed one another twice as fast in your mind as they do in mine, or in that of some spirit of another kind?

Hylas — I own it.

Philonous — Consequently the same body may to another seem to perform its motion over any space in half the time that it doth to you. And the same reasoning will hold as to any other proportion; that is to say, according to your principles (since the motions perceived are both really in the object) it is possible one and the same body shall be really moved the same way at once, both very swift and very slow. How is this consistent either with common-sense or with what you just now granted?

Hylas — I have nothing to say to it.

Philonous — Then as for *solidity*; either you do not mean any sensible quality by that word, and so it is beside our inquiry; or if you do, it must be either hardness or resistance. But both the one and the other are plainly relative to our senses: it being evident that what seems hard to one animal, may appear soft to another who hath greater force and firmness of limbs. Nor is it less plain that the resistance I feel is not in the body.

Hylas — I own the very sensation of resistance, which is all you immediately perceive, is not in the *body*, but the cause of that sensation is.

Philonous — But the causes of our sensations are not things immediately perceived, and therefore not sensible. This point I thought had been already determined.

Hylas — I own it was; but you will pardon me if I seem a little embarrassed: I know not how to quit my old notions.

Philonous — To help you out, do but consider that if extension be once acknowledged to have no existence without the mind, the same must necessarily be granted of motion, solidity,

and gravity, since they all evidently suppose extension. It is, therefore, superfluous to inquire particularly concerning each of them. In denying extension you have denied them all to have any real existence.



ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

BY BISHOP BERKELEY.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools,

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

By LORD BYRON.

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON : A famous English poet ; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are : "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

"BRING forth the horse!" — the horse was brought
 In truth he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
 Who looked as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled —
 'Twas but a day he had been caught;
 And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
 In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led :
 They bound me on, that menial throng,
 Upon his back with many a thong;
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash —
 Away! — away! — and on we dash! —
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away! — away! — My breath was gone —
 I saw not where he hurried on :
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
 And on he foamed — away! — away! —
 The last of human sounds which rose,
 As I was darted from my foes,
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
 Which on the wind came roaring after
 A moment from that rabble rout :
 With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
 And snapped the cord, which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,

And writhing half my form about,
 Howled back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
 The thunder of my courser's speed,
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
 It vexes me — for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again.
 I paid it well in after days:
 There is not of that castle gate,
 Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
 Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
 Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;
 And many a time ye there might pass,
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
 I saw its turrets in a blaze,
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain
 From off the scorched and blackening roof,
 Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
 They little thought that day of pain,
 When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
 They bade me to destruction dash,
 That one day I should come again,
 With twice five thousand horse, to thank
 The Count for his uncourteous ride.
 They played me then a bitter prank,
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,
 They bound me to his foaming flank:
 At length I played them one as frank —
 For time at last sets all things even —
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
 Which could evade, if unforgiven,
 The patient search and vigil long
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Away, away, my steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the wind,
 All human dwellings left behind;
 We sped like meteors through the sky,
 When with its crackling sound the night
 Is checkered with the northern light:
 Town — village — none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent,
 And bounded by a forest black. . . .

The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
 And a low breeze crept moaning by —
 I could have answered with a sigh—
 But fast we fled, away, away —
 And I could neither sigh nor pray;
 And my cold sweat drops fell like rain
 Upon the courser's bristling mane;
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,
 He flew upon his far career:
 At times I almost thought, indeed,
 He must have slackened in his speed;
 But no — my bound and slender frame
 Was nothing to his angry might,
 And merely like a spur became:
 Each motion which I made to free
 My swoln limbs from their agony
 Increased his fury and affright:
 I tried my voice, — 'twas faint and low,
 But yet he swerved as from a blow;
 And, starting to each accent, sprang
 As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
 Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
 Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
 And in my tongue the thirst became
 A something fierier far than flame.

We neared the wild wood — 'twas so wide,
 I saw no bounds on either side;
 'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
 That bent not to the roughest breeze
 Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
 And strips the forest in its haste, —
 But these were few, and far between
 Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
 Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
 Ere strewn by those autumnal eves
 That nip the forest's foliage dead,
 Discolored with a lifeless red,
 Which stands thereon like stiffened gore
 Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
 And some long winter's night hath shed
 Its frost o'er every tombless head,
 So cold and stark the raven's beak
 May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
 'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
 And here and there a chestnut stood,

The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart — and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine —
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold —
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish — if it must be so —
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When my first courser's race begun,
I wished the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewildered with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest paths he past —
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favored child
Balked of its wish; or fiercer still —
A woman piqued — who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold —
Prolonged endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before

I well could count their causes o'er :
 And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
 The tortures which beset my path,
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness ;
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood
 When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
 And trodden hard upon, is like
 The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?
 The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
 I seemed to sink upon the ground ;
 But erred, for I was fastly bound.
 My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
 And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more :
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
 Which saw no farther : he who dies
 Can die no more than then I died.
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
 I felt the blackness come and go,

And strove to wake ; but could not make
 My senses climb up from below :

I felt as on a plank at sea,
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
 At the same time upheave and whelm,
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.

My undulating life was as
 The fancied lights that flitting pass
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
 Fever begins upon the brain ;
 But soon it passed, with little pain,

But a confusion worse than such :

I own that I should deem it much,
 Dying, to feel the same again ;
 And yet I do suppose we must
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust :
 No matter ; I have bared my brow
 Full in Death's face — before — and now.

My thoughts came back ; where was I ? Cold,

And numb, and giddy : pulse by pulse
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,

And throb by throb: till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight returned, though dim; alas!
And thickened, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are halfway, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scattered spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
But naught distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate

The omen of a cottage gate;
 No twinkling taper from afar
 Stood like a hospitable star;
 Not even an ignis fatuus rose
 To make him merry with my woes:
 That very cheat had cheered me *then*!
 Although detected, welcome still,
 Reminding me through every ill,
 Of the abodes of men.

Onward we went—but slack and slow;
 His savage force at length o'erspent,
 The drooping courser, faint and low,
 All feebly foaming went.
 A sickly infant had had power
 To guide him forward in that hour;
 But useless all to me.
 His newborn tameness naught availed—
 My limbs were bound; my force had failed,
 Perchance, had they been free.
 With feeble effort still I tried
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied—
 But still it was in vain;
 My limbs were only wrung the more,
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
 Which but prolonged their pain:
 The dizzy race seemed almost done,
 Although no goal was nearly won:
 Some streaks announced the coming sun—
 How slow, alas! he came!
 Methought that mist of dawning gray
 Would never dapple into day;
 How heavily it rolled away—
 Before the eastern flame
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
 And called the radiance from their cars,
 And filled the earth, from his deep throne,
 With lonely luster, all his own.

Up rose the sun; the mists were curled
 Back from the solitary world
 Which lay around—behind—before;
 What bootied it to traverse o'er
 Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,

Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel — none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were — or seemed — alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry — my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse — and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils — never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight renerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answered, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop — they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop — they start — they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair
 Of white upon his shaggy hide;
 They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve aside,
 And backward to the forest fly,
 By instinct, from a human eye. —

They left me there to my despair,
 Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
 Relieved from that unwonted weight,
 From whence I could not extricate
 Nor him nor me — and there we lay
 The dying on the dead!



CHARLES XII. AT BENDER.

By VOLTAIRE.

[FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET, who assumed the name Voltaire, was born in Paris, November 21, 1694, and died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated in the Jesuit college Louis-le-Grand, and though intended by his parents for a lawyer he determined to become a writer. From the beginning of his career he was keen and fearless, and by his indiscreet but undeniably witty writing incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, by whom he was imprisoned in the Bastille, 1717–1718. His life was full of action and vicissitude, and though his denunciations of wrong or tyranny from any quarter frequently brought upon him persecution from those in authority, he was acknowledged by the world the greatest writer in Europe. His writings are far too numerous for individual mention, some editions of his collected works containing as many as ninety-two volumes. They include poetry, dramas, and prose. Among his more famous works are: “Edipus” (1718), “History of Charles XII., King of Sweden” (1730), “Philosophical Letters” (1732), “Century of Louis XIV.” (1751), “History of Russia under Peter I.” (1759), “Republican Ideas” (1762), “The Bible at Last Explained” (1766), and the “Essay on Manners.”]

THE king of Sweden was continually soliciting the Porte to send him back through Poland with a numerous army. The divan, in fact, resolved to send him back with a simple guard of seven or eight thousand men, not as a king whom they wished to assist, but as a guest whom they wanted to get rid of. For this purpose, the Sultan Achmet wrote to him in these terms: —

Most powerful among the kings, adorer of Jesus, redresser of wrongs and injuries, and protector of justice in the ports and republics of the South and North; shining in majesty, friend of honor and glory, and of our Sublime Porte, CHARLES KING OF SWEDEN, whose enterprises God crown with success!

As soon as the most illustrious Achmet, formerly Chiaux-Pachi, shall have the honor to present you with this letter, adorned with our imperial seal, be persuaded and convinced of the truth of our intentions therein contained, to wit, that though we did propose, once more, to march our ever victorious army against the czar, yet that prince, to avoid the just resentment which we had conceived at his delaying to execute the treaty concluded on the banks of the Pruth, and afterwards renewed at our Sublime Porte, having surrendered into our hands the castle and city of Azoph, and endeavored, through the mediation of the ambassadors of England and Holland, our ancient allies, to cultivate a lasting peace with us, we have granted his request, and given to his plenipotentiaries, who remain with us as hostages, our imperial ratification, after having received his from their hands.

We have given to the most honorable and valiant Delvet Gherai, kam of Budziack, Crim Tartary, Nagay, and Circassia, and to our most sage counselor and generous seraskier of Bender, Ismael (may God perpetuate and augment their magnificence and wisdom), our inviolable and salutary order for your return through Poland, according to your first desire, which hath been renewed to us in your name. You must, therefore, prepare to depart under the auspices of Providence, and with an honorable guard, before the approaching winter, in order to return to your own territories, taking care to pass as a friend through those of Poland.

Whatever shall be necessary for your journey shall be furnished you by my Sublime Porte, as well in money, as in men, horses, and wagons. We above all things exhort and recommend to you, to give the most positive and precise orders to all the Swedes and other persons in your retinue, to commit no outrage, nor be guilty of any action that may tend directly or indirectly to violate this peace and alliance.

You will by these means preserve our good will, of which we shall endeavor to give you as great and as frequent marks as occasion shall offer. Our troops destined to accompany you shall receive orders conformable to our imperial intentions.

Given at our Sublime Porte of Constantinople, the fourteenth of the moon Rebyul Eurech, 1214, which answers to the nineteenth of April, 1712.

This letter did not yet deprive the king of Sweden of his hopes: he wrote to the sultan, that he should ever retain a grateful remembrance of the favors his highness had bestowed on him, but that he believed the sultan too just to send him back with the simple guard of a flying camp into a country still

overrun by the czar's troops. In effect, the emperor of Russia, notwithstanding the first article of the peace of Pruth, by which he engaged himself to withdraw all his troops from Poland, had sent fresh ones into that kingdom ; and what appears surprising, the grand seignior knew nothing of the matter.

The bad policy of the Porte in having always, through vanity, ambassadors from the Christian princes at Constantinople, and not maintaining a single agent at the Christian courts, is the cause that these discover and sometimes conduct the most secret resolutions of the sultan, and that the divan is always in profound ignorance of what is publicly going on in the Christian world.

The sultan, shut up in his seraglio among his women and eunuchs, can see only with the eyes of the grand vizier : that minister, as inaccessible as his master, wholly engrossed with the intrigues of the seraglio, and having no foreign correspondence, is commonly deceived himself, or else deceives the sultan, who deposes or orders him to be strangled for the first fault, in order to choose another minister as ignorant or as perfidious, who behaves like his predecessor, and soon shares the same fate.

Such, for the most part, is the inactivity and the profound security of this court, that were the Christian princes to league themselves against it, their fleets might be at the Dardanelles, and their land forces at the gates of Adrianople, before the Turks would dream of defending themselves ; but the different interests which will ever divide the Christian world will preserve the Turks from a fate to which, by their want of policy, and by their ignorance of the art of war, both by sea and land, they seem at present exposed.

Achmet was so little informed of what passed in Poland, that he sent an aga to see whether it was true that the czar's troops were still in that country ; the king of Sweden's two secretaries, who understood the Turkish language, accompanied the aga, and were to serve as witnesses against him, in case he should make a false report.

This aga saw the truth of the king's assertion with his own eyes, and informed the sultan of every particular. Achmet, fired with indignation, was going to strangle the grand vizier ; but the favorite, who protected him, and who thought he should have occasion for him, obtained his pardon, and supported him some time longer in the ministry.

The Russians were now openly espoused by the vizier, and secretly by Ali Coumourgi, who had changed sides; but the sultan was so provoked, the infraction of the treaty was so manifest, and the janizaries, who often make the ministers, the favorites, and even the sultans tremble, demanded war with such clamor that no one in the seraglio durst offer a more moderate proposal.

The grand seignior immediately committed to the seven towers the Russian ambassadors, who were now as much accustomed to go to prison as to an audience. War was declared afresh against the czar, the horsetails were displayed, and orders were given to all the pashas to assemble an army of two hundred thousand men. The sultan himself quitted Constantinople, and went to fix his court at Adrianople, that he might be nearer to the seat of war.

In the mean time, a solemn embassy sent to the grand seignior by Augustus, and the republic of Poland, was advancing on the road to Adrianople. At the head of the embassy was the palatine of Mazovia, with a retinue of above three hundred persons.

Every one that composed the embassy was seized and imprisoned in one of the suburbs of the city: never was the king of Sweden's party more sanguine than on this occasion; and yet this great preparation was rendered useless, and all their hopes were again disappointed.

If we may believe a public minister, a man of sagacity and penetration, who resided at that time at Constantinople, young Coumourgi had already other designs in his head than that of disputing a desert country with the czar by a doubtful war. He had proposed to strip the Venetians of the Peloponnesus, now called the Morea, and to make himself master of Hungary.

He waited only for the execution of his great designs till he should have attained the post of grand vizier, from which he was still excluded on account of his youth. In this view it was more for his advantage to be the ally than the enemy of the czar. It was neither his interest nor his inclination to keep the king of Sweden any longer, and still less to arm the Turkish empire in his favor. He not only desired to dismiss that prince, but he openly said that, for the future, no Christian ambassador ought to be suffered at Constantinople; that all these ministers in ordinary were but so many honorable spies, who corrupted or betrayed the viziers, and had too long

influenced the intrigues of the seraglio; and that the Franks settled at Pera, and in the straits of the Levant, were merchants, who needed a consul only, and not an ambassador. The grand vizier, who owed his post and his life to the favorite, and, what was more, stood in fear of him, complied with his intention with the more alacrity as he had sold himself to the Russians, and hoped by this means to be revenged on the king of Sweden, who had endeavored to ruin him. The mufti, a creature of Ali Coudourgi, was also the slave to his will; he had advised the war with Russia, when the favorite wished it; but the moment this young man changed his opinion, he pronounced it to be unjust: thus was the army hardly assembled before they began to listen to proposals of accommodation. The vice chancellor Schaffirof, and young Czeremetoff, hostages and plenipotentiaries of the czar at the Porte, promised, after several negotiations, that the czar should withdraw his troops from Poland. The grand vizier, who well knew that the czar would never execute this treaty, made no scruple to sign it; and the sultan, satisfied with having, in appearance, imposed laws on the Russians, remained still at Adrianople. Thus, in less than six months, was peace ratified with the czar, war declared, and peace renewed again.

The principal article of all these treaties was to oblige the king of Sweden to depart.

[Charles asked for one thousand purses (about \$290,000) to pay his debts and prepare equipage; the Sultan sent twelve hundred, not to be given till he went, and commissioned a guard to attend him through Poland.]

Charles, enraged to see himself thus hunted, as it were, from the grand seignior's dominions, determined not to quit them at all.

He might have desired to return through the territories of Germany, or to take shipping on the Black Sea, in order to sail to Marseilles by the Mediterranean; but he rather chose to ask nothing, and to wait the event.

When the twelve hundred purses were arrived, his treasurer Grothusen, who had learned the Turkish language during his long stay in the country, went to wait upon the pasha without an interpreter, with the design of drawing the money from him, and then to form some new intrigue at the Porte, being continually held up by the foolish supposition that the Swedish party would at last be able to arm the Ottoman empire against the czar.

Grothusen told the pasha that the king was not able to

prepare his equipage without money. "But," said the pasha, "we shall settle all the expenses of your departure; your master has no occasion to be at any expense while he continues under the protection of mine."

Grothusen replied that there was so much difference between the equipages of the Turks and those of the Franks, that they were obliged to have recourse to the artificers of Sweden and Poland, resident at Varnitza.

He assured him that his master was disposed to depart, and that this money would facilitate and hasten his departure. The pasha, too credulous, gave the twelve hundred purses! and attended the king in a few days after, in a most respectful manner, to receive his orders for his departure.

His surprise was inconceivable, when the king told him he was not yet ready to go, and that he wanted a thousand purses more. The pasha, confounded at this answer, was some time before he could speak. He then retired to a window, where he was observed to shed some tears. At last, addressing himself to the king, "I shall lose my head," says he, "for having obliged your majesty: I have given you the twelve hundred purses against the express orders of my sovereign." Having said this, he withdrew, oppressed with grief.

As he was going, the king stopped him, and said that he would excuse him to the sultan. "Ah!" replied the Turk, as he departed, "my master knows not how to excuse faults, he knows only to punish them."

Ismael Pasha carried this piece of news to the kam, who had received the same orders with the pasha, not to suffer the twelve hundred purses to be given to the king before his departure, and yet consented to the delivery of the money; he was as apprehensive as the pasha, of the indignation of the grand seignior. They both wrote to the Porte to justify themselves, protesting that they had given the twelve hundred purses upon the solemn promises of the king's minister that he would depart without delay, and beseeching his highness not to impute the king's refusal to their disobedience.

Charles, still persisting in the idea that the kam and pasha wanted to deliver him up to his enemies, ordered M. Funk, at that time his envoy at the Ottoman court, to lay his complaints against them before the sultan, and to ask a thousand purses more. His own great generosity, and the little account he made of money, hindered him from seeing the meanness of this

proposal. He did it merely to have a refusal, and in order to have a fresh pretext for not departing. But it is to be reduced to strange extremities, to stand in need of such artifices. Savari, his interpreter, an artful and enterprising man, carried his letter to Adrianople in spite of the strictness which the grand vizier had used to guard the passes.

Funk was obliged to make this dangerous demand. All the answer he received was, to be thrown into prison. The sultan, enraged, convoked an extraordinary divan, and, what very seldom happens, spoke himself on the occasion. His speech, according to the translation then made of it, was as follows : —

“I have scarce known the king of Sweden but by his defeat at Pultowa, and by the prayer he preferred to me, to grant him an asylum in my dominions. I have not, I believe, any need of him ; nor any reason either to love or fear him : notwithstanding, without consulting any other motive than the hospitality of a Mussulman, and my own generosity, which sheds the dew of its favors upon the great as well as the small, upon strangers as well as my own subjects : I have received and succored him with all things, himself, his ministers, officers, and soldiers, and have not ceased for these three years and a half to load him with presents.

“I have granted him a considerable guard to conduct him into his own kingdom. He asked a thousand purses to defray some expenses, though I pay all. Instead of a thousand, I granted him twelve hundred. After having got these out of the hands of the seraskier of Bender, he asks a thousand purses more, and refuses to depart, under a pretense that the guard is too small, whereas it is but too large to pass through the country of a friend.

“I ask, then, whether it be to violate the laws of hospitality, to send back this prince ; and whether foreign powers ought to accuse me of violence and injustice, in case I should be obliged to compel him by force to depart.”

All the divan answered that the grand seignior acted with justice. The mufti declared that hospitality from Mussulmans toward infidels was not commanded, and much less toward the ungrateful ; and he gave his fetfa, a kind of mandate, which generally accompanies the important orders of the grand seignior. These fetfas are revered as oracles, though the very persons by whom they are given are as much slaves to the sultan as any others.

The order and fetfa were carried to Bender by the Boyouk Imraour, grand master of the horse, and a chiaou pasha, first usher. The pasha of Bender received the order at the house of the kam of Tartary, from whence he immediately repaired to Varnitza, to ask the king whether he would depart as a friend, or reduce him to the necessity of putting the orders of the sultan in execution.

Charles, thus menaced, was not master of his passion. "Obey your master if you dare," said he, "and leave my presence." The pasha, fired with indignation, returned at full gallop, contrary to the usual custom of the Turks; and chancing to meet Fabricius in his way, he cried out to him, without checking his horse, "The king will not hear reason; you will see strange things presently." The same day he discontinued the supply of the king's provisions, and removed his guard of janizaries. He caused intimation to be given to all the Poles and Cossacks at Varnitza, that if they wished to have any provisions, they must quit the camp of the king of Sweden, and repair to Bender, and put themselves under the protection of the Porte. They all obeyed, and left the king without any other attendant than the officers of his household, and three hundred Swedish soldiers to make head against twenty thousand Tartars, and six thousand Turks.

There was now no provision in the camp, either for the men or their horses. The king ordered twenty of the fine Arabian horses which had been sent him by the grand seignior, to be shot without the camp, saying, "I will have none of their provisions nor their horses." This was an excellent regale to the Tartars, who, as is well known, think horseflesh delicious food. In the mean time, the Turks and Tartars invested the king's little camp on every side.

The king, without the least discomposure, made a regular intrenchment with his three hundred Swedes, in which work he himself assisted, — his chancellor, his treasurer, his secretaries, his valets de chambre, and all his domestics giving likewise their assistance. Some barricaded the windows, and others fastened beams behind the doors, in the form of buttresses.

As soon as the house was sufficiently barricaded, and the king had gone round his pretended fortifications, he sat down to chess with his favorite Grothusen with as much tranquillity as if everything was in the greatest security. Happily M. Fabricius, the envoy of Holstein, did not lodge at Varnitza,

but at a small village between Varnitza and Bender, where Mr. Jeffreys, the English envoy to the king of Sweden, likewise resided. These two ministers, seeing the storm ready to burst, took upon themselves the office of mediators between the Turks and the king. The kam, and especially the pasha of Bender, who had no mind to offer violence to the Swedish monarch, received with eagerness the offers of these two ministers. They had two conferences at Bender, in which they were assisted by the usher of the seraglio, and the grand master of the horse, who had brought the sultan's order, and the mufti's fetfa.

M. Fabricius declared to them that his Swedish majesty had many cogent reasons to believe that they meant to deliver him up to his enemies in Poland. The kam, the pasha, and all the rest swore by their heads, and called God to witness, that they detested so horrible a perfidy, and that they would shed the last drop of their blood rather than suffer such disrespect to be shown to the king in Poland; adding that they had in their hands the Russian and Polish ambassadors, who would answer with their lives for the least affront that should be offered to the king of Sweden. In fine, they complained bitterly that the king should conceive such injurious suspicions against people who had received him so politely, and treated him with so much humanity. Though oaths are frequently the language of perfidy, Fabricius suffered himself to be persuaded by the Turks: he thought he could discern in their protestations that air of truth which falsehood can, at best, but imitate imperfectly. He knew perfectly well there had been a secret correspondence between the kam of Tartary and King Augustus; but he was at last persuaded that the only end of their negotiation was to oblige Charles XII. to quit the dominions of the grand seignior. Whether Fabricius deceived himself or not, he assured them that he would represent to the king the injustice of his suspicions. "But," adds he, "do you intend to compel him to depart?" "Yes," says the pasha, "such is the order of our master." He then entreated them to consider seriously whether that order implied that they should shed the blood of a crowned head. "Yes," replies the kam, in a passion, "if that crowned head disobeys the grand seignior in his dominions."

In the mean time, everything being ready for the assault, the death of Charles XII. seemed inevitable; but the order of the sultan not expressly saying whether they were to kill him

in case of resistance, the pasha prevailed on the kam to let him dispatch an express to Adrianople, where the grand seignior then resided, to receive the last orders of his highness.

M. Jeffreys and M. Fabricius, having procured this short respite, hastened to acquaint the king with it: they arrived with all the eagerness of people who bring good news, but were received very coldly: he called them officious mediators, and still persisted in his opinion that the order of the sultan, and the fetfa of the mufti, were both forged, inasmuch as they had sent to the Porte for fresh orders.

The English minister retired, firmly resolved to interfere no more in the affairs of so inflexible a prince. M. Fabricius, beloved by the king, and more accustomed to his humor than the English minister, remained with him, to conjure him not to hazard so precious a life on such an unnecessary occasion.

The king, for answer, showed him his fortifications, and begged he would employ his mediation only to procure him some provisions. The Turks were easily prevailed upon to allow provisions to be conveyed to the king's camp until the return of the courier from Adrianople. The kam himself had strictly enjoined his Tartars, who were eager for pillage, not to make any attempt against the Swedes till the arrival of fresh orders; so that Charles went sometimes out of his camp with forty horse, and rode through the midst of the Tartars; who, with great respect, left him a free passage; he would even ride up in front of their lines, which they opened rather than resist him.

At last the order of the grand seignior being come, to put to the sword all the Swedes who should make the least resistance, and not even to spare the life of the king, the pasha had the complaisance to show the order to M. Fabricius, to the end that he might make his last effort to turn the obstinacy of Charles. Fabricius went immediately to acquaint him with these sad tidings. "Have you seen the order you speak of?" said the king. "Yes," replied Fabricius. "Well, then, go tell them, in my name, that this second order is another forgery, and that I will not depart." Fabricius threw himself at his feet, fell into a passion, and reproached him with his obstinacy, but all to no purpose. "Return to your Turks," said the king to him, smiling; "if they attack me, I shall know how to defend myself."

The king's chaplains likewise threw themselves on their

knees before him, conjuring him not to expose to certain death the unhappy remains of Pultowa, and especially his own sacred person; assuring him that resistance in such a case was altogether unjustifiable; and that it was a direct violation of all the laws of hospitality, to resolve to continue against their will with strangers who had so long and so generously supported him. The king, though he had not been angry with Fabricius, fell into a passion with his priests, and told them that he had taken them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

The Generals Hord and Dardoff, whose sentiments had always been against hazarding a battle which could not fail of proving unsuccessful, showed the king their breasts covered with wounds which they had received in his service, and assured him that they were ready to lay down their lives for him; but begged that it might be, at least, upon a more necessary occasion. "I know, by your wounds and my own," says Charles to them, "that we have fought valiantly together. You have done your duty hitherto; do it to-day likewise." Nothing now remained but to obey. Every one was ashamed not to court death with their king. This prince, being now prepared for the assault, flattered himself in secret that he should have the honor of sustaining, with three hundred Swedes, the efforts of a whole army. He assigned to every man his post: his chancellor, Mullern, and the secretary, Empreus, and his clerks, were to defend the chancery house; Baron Fief, at the head of the officers of the kitchen, were stationed at another post; the grooms of the stable and the cooks had another place to guard; for with him every one was a soldier: he then rode from the intrenchments to his house, promising rewards to every one, creating officers, and assuring them that he would make captains of the very meanest of his servants who should fight with courage.

It was not long before they beheld the army of the Turks and Tartars advancing to attack this little intrenchment with ten pieces of cannon and two mortars. The horses' tails waved in the air; the clarions sounded; the cries of "Alla, Alla," were heard on every side. Baron Grothusen remarked that the Turks did not mix in their cries any injurious reflections against the king, but that they only called him, "Demir-bash" (head of iron). He, therefore, instantly resolved to go out of the camp alone and unarmed, and accordingly advanced to the lines of the janizaries, most of whom had

received money from him. "What, my friends," says he to them in their own language, "are you come to massacre three hundred Swedes who are defenseless? You, brave janizaries, who have pardoned fifty thousand Russians upon their crying *amman* (pardon), have you forgot the many favors you have received from us? and would you assassinate this great king of Sweden whom you love, and whose liberality you have so often experienced? My friends, he desires but three days, and the orders of the sultan are not so strict as you are taught to believe."

These words produced an effect which Grothusen himself could not have expected. The janizaries swore by their beards that they would not attack the king, but would give him the three days he demanded. In vain the signal for assault was given; the janizaries, so far from obeying, threatened to fall upon their commander, if the three days were not granted to the king of Sweden. They then went to the pasha of Bender's tent, crying out that the sultan's orders were forged.

To this unexpected sedition, the pasha had nothing to oppose but patience. He affected a satisfaction at the generous resolution of the janizaries, and ordered them to return to Bender. The kam of Tartary, being an impetuous man, would have given the assault immediately with his own troops; but the pasha, who was not willing that the Tartars should have all the honor of taking the king, while he himself, perhaps, might be punished for the disobedience of the janizaries, persuaded the kam to wait till the next day.

The pasha, on his return to Bender, assembled all the officers of the janizaries, and the oldest soldiers, to whom he read, and also showed them, the positive order of the sultan, together with the mufti's fetfa. Sixty of the oldest, with venerable white beards, who had received a thousand presents from the hands of the king of Sweden, proposed to go to him in person, to intreat him to put himself into their hands, and to permit them to serve him as guards.

The pasha agreed to it, as there was no expedient he would not have adopted rather than have been reduced to the necessity of killing this prince. These sixty old veterans accordingly repaired the next morning to Varnitza, having nothing in their hands but long white rods, the only arms of the janizaries when they are not at war; for the Turks regard as a barbarous custom the Christian manner of wearing swords in time of

peace, and going armed into the houses of their friends, and the churches.

They addressed themselves to Baron Grothusen and Chancellor Mullern: they told them that they came to serve faithful guards to the king; and that if he pleased, they would conduct him to Adrianople, where he might himself speak to the grand seignior. At the time they were making this proposal, the king was reading letters which were brought from Constantinople, and which Fabricius, who could no longer attend him in person, had sent him secretly by a janizary. They were from Count Poniatowsky, who could neither serve him at Bender nor Adrianople, being detained at Constantinople by order of the Porte, from the time of his making the imprudent demand of the thousand purses. He informed the king, "that the orders of the sultan to seize or massacre his royal person, in case of resistance, were but too true; that indeed the sultan was deceived by his ministers; but that the more he was imposed upon, he would for that very reason be the more faithfully obeyed; that he must submit to the times, and yield to necessity; that he took the liberty to advise him to try every expedient with the ministers by way of negotiations; not to be inflexible in a matter which required the gentlest management; and to expect from time and good policy a remedy for that evil which, by violent measures, would be only rendered incurable."

But neither the proposals of the old janizaries, nor the letters of Poniatowsky, could give the king even an idea that he could yield without incurring dishonor. He chose rather to perish by the hands of the Turks than to be in any respect their prisoner; he therefore dismissed the janizaries without deigning to see them, and sent them word that if they did not immediately depart, he would cut off their beards, — which, in the eastern countries, is esteemed the most outrageous of all affronts.

The old men, filled with the most lively indignation, returned home, crying out as they went, "Ah, this head of iron! since he will perish, let him perish." They went and gave the pasha an account of their commission, and informed their comrades at Bender of the strange reception they had met with. Every one then swore to obey the pasha's orders without delay, and were as impatient to begin the assault as they had been backward the day before.

The word of command was immediately given; the Turks marched up to the intrenchments; the Tartars were already waiting for them, and the cannon began to play. The janizaries on the one side, and the Tartars on the other, in an instant forced the little camp: hardly twenty Swedes drew their swords; the whole three hundred were surrounded and made prisoners without resistance. The king was then on horseback, between his house and his camp, with the Generals Hord, Dardoff, and Sparre; and seeing that all his soldiers were taken prisoners before his eyes, he said, with great composure, to these three officers, "Come, let us go and defend the house. We will fight," adds he, with a smile, "*pro aris et focis.*"

Accordingly, he galloped with them up to the house, in which he had placed about forty domestics as sentinels, and which he had fortified in the best manner he was able.

These generals, accustomed as they were to the dauntless intrepidity of their master, were surprised to see him resolve in cold blood, and even with an air of pleasantry, to defend himself against ten pieces of cannon and a whole army; they followed him with some guards and domestics, making in all about twenty persons.

When they came to the door, they found it besieged by the janizaries; two hundred Turks and Tartars had already entered by a window, and had made themselves masters of all the apartments, except a large hall, into which the king's domestics had retired. This hall was happily near the door at which the king designed to enter with his little troop of twenty persons; he threw himself off his horse with pistol and sword in hand, and his followers did the same.

The janizaries fell upon him on all sides: they were animated by the promise which the pasha had made, of eight ducats of gold to every one who should only touch his clothes in case they could take him. He wounded and killed whoever approached his person. A janizary whom he had wounded clapped his carbine to his face, and had not his arm been pushed aside by the motion of the crowd, which moved backwards and forwards like a wave, the king had certainly been killed. The ball grazed upon his nose, and carried away with it the tip of his ear, and then broke the arm of General Hord, whose destiny it was to be always wounded by the side of his master.

The king plunged his sword in the janizary's breast; at

the same time his domestics, who were shut up in the great hall, opened the door ; the king entered like an arrow, followed by his little troop ; they instantly shut the door, and barricaded it with whatever they could find. In this manner was Charles XII. shut up in a hall with all his attendants, consisting of about sixty men, officers, guards, secretaries, valets de chambre, and domestics of every kind.

The janizaries and Tartars pillaged the rest of the house, and filled the apartments. "Come," says the king, "let us go and drive these barbarians out of my house : " and putting himself at the head of his men, he, with his own hands, opened the door of the hall that led to his bedchamber, rushed into the room, and fired upon those who were plundering.

The Turks, loaded with spoils, and terrified at the sudden appearance of the king, whom they had been accustomed to respect, threw down their arms, leaped out of the window, or retired to the cellars : the king taking advantage of their confusion, and his own men being animated with success, they pursued the Turks from chamber to chamber, killing or wounding those who had not made their escape, and in a quarter of an hour cleared the house of their enemies.

In the heat of the fight, the king perceived two janizaries who had hid themselves under his bed : one of them he killed with his sword ; the other asked for mercy, by crying " amman." " I give thee thy life," said the king to him, " on condition that you go and give to the pasha a faithful account of what you have seen." The Turk readily promised to do this, and was allowed to leap out at the window like the rest.

The Swedes being at last masters of the house, again shut and barricaded the windows. They were not in want of arms, a ground room full of muskets and powder having escaped the tumultuary search of the janizaries. These they employed to good service ; they fired through the windows almost close upon the Turks, of whom, in less than half a quarter of an hour, they killed two hundred.

The cannon still played upon the house ; yet, as the stones were very soft, they only made some holes, but demolished nothing.

The kam of Tartary and the pasha, who were desirous of taking the king alive, and being ashamed to lose so many men, and to employ a whole army against sixty persons, thought it advisable to set fire to the house, in order to oblige the king to

surrender. They caused some arrows, twisted about with lighted matches, to be shot upon the roof, and against the doors and windows, and the house was in flames in a moment. The roof all on fire, was ready to tumble upon the Swedes. The king, with great calmness, gave orders to extinguish the fire: finding a little barrel of liquor, he took it up himself, and, assisted by two Swedes, threw it upon the place where the fire was most violent. It happened that the barrel was filled with brandy; but the hurry inseparable from such a scene of confusion hindered them from thinking of it in time. The fire now raged with double fury; the king's apartment was entirely consumed; the great hall where the Swedes were was filled with a terrible smoke, mixed with sheets of flame, which entered in at the doors of the neighboring apartments; one half of the roof had sunk within the house, and the other fell on the outside, cracking amidst the flames.

In this extremity, a guard called Walberg ventured to cry out that it was necessary to surrender. "There is a strange man," said the king, "to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burnt than taken prisoner!" Another sentinel, named Rosen, had the presence of mind to observe that the chancery house, which was but fifty paces distant, had a stone roof, and was proof against fire; that they ought to sally forth, take possession of that house, and then defend themselves. "There is a true Swede for you," cried the king, embracing the sentinel, and made him a colonel upon the spot. "Come on, my friends," says he, "take as much powder and ball with you as you can, and let us take possession of the chancery sword in hand."

The Turks, who all the while surrounded the house, saw with admiration, mixed with terror, the Swedes continue in the house all in flames; but their astonishment was still greater when they saw the door open, and the king and his followers rushing out upon them like so many madmen. Charles and his principal officers were armed with swords and pistols: every man fired two pistols at once, as soon as the doors were opened; and, in the twinkling of an eye, throwing away their pistols and drawing their swords, they made the Turks recoil above fifty paces. But in a moment after, this little troop was surrounded; the king, who was booted, according to his usual custom, entangled himself with his spurs, and fell; one and twenty janizaries at once sprung upon him; he immediately threw up his sword into the air, to save himself the mortifica-

tion of surrendering it. The Turks carried him to the quarters of the pasha, some taking hold of his legs, and others of his arms, in the same manner as sick persons are carried to prevent their being hurt.

The moment the king found himself taken prisoner, the violence of his temper, and the fury which such a long and desperate fight must have naturally inspired, gave place at once to a mild and gentle behavior. He dropped not a word of impatience, nor was an angry look to be seen, in his face. He regarded the janizaries with a smiling countenance; and they carried him off, crying "Alla," with an indignation mixed at the same time with respect. [This was February 12, 1713.]

[The pasha] ordered the king to be conducted back to Bender on a richly caparisoned horse. His Swedes were all either killed or taken prisoners; his equipage, furniture, papers, and most necessary utensils, were either plundered or burnt; and Swedish officers were to be seen on the public roads, almost naked, and chained two and two, following on foot the Tartars or janizaries. The chancellor and the general officers had no other destiny; they were made the slaves of the soldiers to whose share they had fallen.



ADVENTURES OF COUNT GRAMMONT.

By COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON.

[COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON was born of Scottish descent at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1646. After the execution of Charles I., he proceeded with his parents to France, but returned to England at the Restoration. Under James II., he was appointed governor of Limerick, and as colonel of a regiment of dragoons participated in the siege of Enniskillen and fought at the battle of the Boyne (1690). On the ruin of the royal cause, he followed James to France, and resided at St. Germain-en-Laye until his death in 1720. He wrote "*Contes de Féerie*" (Fairy Tales), and the well-known "*Mémoires*" (1713) of his brother-in-law, the Comte de Grammont, who was a prominent figure at the court of Louis XIV., and after 1662 at that of Charles II. of England.]

WHILE these little projects were forming, the king, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner. He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: "Sire," said he, "of all the favors you

have been pleased to show me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other ; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honor, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The king was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer : " Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, " in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball ? I leave you the choice of all countries." " If so," said the Chevalier, " I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself ; for they already do me the honor to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman ; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert, who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet, who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero ; nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well ; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning ; and if I do not show you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions on the subject of his journey ; and his master, redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return : thus was he employed until the very eve of the ball. . . .

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont : everybody was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion ; but they were still more surprised to see him at length appear in an ordinary court dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him : in vain had he the finest point lace, with the largest and best-powdered peruke imaginable ; his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The king immediately took notice of it: "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, Sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the king; "has anything happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended: the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner:—

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations: you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come; at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated: 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you; you must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me, then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it, traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.' 'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, Sir,' said he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What, was the packet boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, Sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the seaside, to make greater haste; but, indeed, they say very true, that nothing is like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to the chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand, that, the devil take me, if they saw anything but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I

had unfortunately put your clothes, could never be found: it must be at least a league underground.'

"This, Sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your couriers may take care to avoid it."

"How!" said the queen, bursting out a laughing, "a chaplain in your livery! he surely was not a priest?" "Pardon me, Madam," said he, "and the first priest in the world for dancing the Biscayan jig." "Chevalier," said the king, "pray tell us the history of your chaplain Poussatin."

"Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida. The place in itself was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada: he suffered us to make our first approaches to the place, without the least molestation. The Marshal de Grammont, whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defense, generally makes a very bad one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us; but the prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroy, Norlinguen, and Fribourg, to insult both the place and the governor, ordered the trenches to be mounted at noonday by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four and twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

"Night approaching, we were all in high spirits: our violins were playing soft airs, and we were comfortably regaling ourselves: God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his fortifications, both of which we promised ourselves to take in less than twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, of 'Alerte on the walls!' This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after having filled up the trenches, pursued us as far as our grand guard.

"The next day, Gregorio Brice sent by a trumpet a present

of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his highness to excuse his not returning the serenade which he was pleased to favor him with, as unfortunately he had no violins; but that, if the music of last night was not disagreeable to him, he would endeavor to continue it as long as he did him the honor to remain before the place. The Spaniard was as good as his word; and as soon as we heard 'Alerte on the walls,' we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of our officers and soldiers. The prince was so piqued at it that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on a siege, which was like to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to quit in a hurry.

"As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which governors generally do on such occasions, made no other sally than sending a respectful compliment to the prince. Signor Brice set out not long after for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive the recompense he had merited. Your Majesty, perhaps, will be desirous to know what reception poor Brice met with, after having performed the most brilliant action the Spaniards could boast of in all the war—he was confined by the Inquisition."

"How!" said the queen dowager, "confined by the Inquisition for his services!" "Not altogether for his services," said the Chevalier; "but, without any regard to his services, he was treated in the manner I have mentioned, for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the king presently."

"The campaign of Catalonia being thus ended, we were returning home, not overloaded with laurels; but, as the Prince de Condé had laid up a great store on former occasions, and as he had still great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune: we did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the prince was the first to ridicule the siege: we made some of those rhymes on Lerida, which were sung all over France, in order to prevent others more severe; however, we gained nothing by it, for notwithstanding we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris, in which we were ten times more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holyday: a company of Catalans, who were dancing in the middle of the street, out of respect to the prince came to dance under his windows: Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black jacket, danced

in the middle of this company as if he was really mad : I immediately recognized him for my countryman from his manner of skipping and frisking about : the prince was charmed with his humor and activity. After the dance, I sent for him, and inquired who he was. ‘A poor priest, at your service, my lord,’ said he : ‘my name is Poussatin, and Bearn is my native country : I was going into Catalonia to serve in the infantry, for, God be praised, I can march very well on foot ; but, since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship pleases to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere, and serve you faithfully.’ ‘Monsieur Poussatin,’ said I, ‘my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain ; but since you are so well disposed towards me, I will take you into my service.’

“The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. As poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition, I had no time to provide him with a proper habit at Perpignan ; but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Grammont’s servants, I made him get up behind the prince’s coach, who was like to die with laughing every time he looked at poor Poussatin’s uncanonical mien in a yellow livery.

“As soon as we arrived at Paris, the story was told to the queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it : this, however, did not prevent her from wishing to see my chaplain dance ; for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance, as to see them in livery.

“Poussatin performed wonders before the queen and retired with a great deal of applause, and some louis d’or.

“Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preached with the same ease in his village as he danced at the wedding of his parishioners.”

The king was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin’s history ; and the queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery.

* * * * *

The nearer the Chevalier de Grammont approached the court of France, the more did he regret his absence from that of England ; not but that he expected a gracious reception at the feet of his master, whose anger no one provoked with impunity ; but who likewise knew how to pardon, in such a manner as to make the favor he conferred in every respect to be felt.

Who, except Squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought that the attention of the Count de Grammont, which is at present so sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he did not himself dictate to me what I am now writing.

But let us speak of him at Abbeville. The postmaster was his old acquaintance: his hotel was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris, and the Chevalier de Grammont, alighting, told Termes he would drink a glass of wine during the time they were changing horses. It was about noon; and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until this instant, they had not eaten a single mouthful. Termes, praising the Lord, that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and every other preparation for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the hostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place before he had satisfied his craving appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the mob of the town, entered the court. The landlord being asked the reason of these great preparations, acquainted the Chevalier de Grammont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighborhood, with one of the handsomest girls in the whole province; that the entertainment was to be at his house: and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, since the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures; for these words were scarce out of his mouth, when three uncommonly large coaches, loaded with lackeys, as tall as Swiss, with most gaudy liveries, all covered with lace, appeared in the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was country magnificence more naturally displayed: rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full swelling breasts appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier

de Grammont, faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty ; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder : four dozen of patches, at least, and ten ringlets of hair, on each side, most completely concealed her from all human eyes ; but it was the bridegroom who most particularly attracted the Chevalier de Grammont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as the rest of the company, except a coat of the greatest magnificence, and of the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Grammont, walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself much honored by this examination, and told him he bought it for one hundred and fifty louis, at the time he was paying his addresses to his wife. "Then you did not get it made here?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "No," replied the other ; "I bought it of a London merchant, who had ordered it for an English lord." The Chevalier de Grammont, who now began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he should recollect the merchant if he saw him again. "Recollect him!" replied the other, "I surely ought ; for I was obliged to sit up drinking with him all night at Calais, as I was endeavoring to beat down the price." Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master.

The Chevalier's thoughts were some time wavering between his inclination to laugh, and a desire of hanging Master Termes ; but the long habit of suffering himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom his master could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency ; and yielding to the importunities of the country gentleman, in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table, to make the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after, he desired one of the waiters to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes. He immediately appeared ; and as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand, "Welcome, my friend," said he ; "you see that I have taken good care of the coat which you sold me with so much reluctance, and that I have kept it for a good purpose."

Termes, having put on a face of brass, pretended not to know him, and pushed him back with some degree of rudeness. "No, no," said the other, "since I was obliged to sit up with you the whole night, in order to strike the bargain, you shall pledge me in the bride's health." The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a smile, "Come, come, my good London merchant, sit down, as you are so civilly invited: we are not so crowded at table but that there will be room enough for such an honest gentleman as yourself." At these words five and thirty of the guests were in motion to receive this new visitor. The bride alone, out of an idea of decorum, remained seated; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this adventure, began to lay about him at such a rate, as if it had been his intention to swallow all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from the table as they were taking off four and twenty soups, to serve up as many other dishes in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man who was in such haste to remain to the end of a wedding dinner; but they all got up when he arose from table, and all that he could obtain from the bridegroom was, that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn: as for Termes, he wished they had not quitted him till the end of their journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

They had advanced some distance from Abbeville, and were proceeding on in the most profound silence, when Termes, who expected an end to it in a short time, was only solicitous in what manner it might happen, whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives, and certain epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting ironical manner, he might make use of such commendations as were most likely to confound him; but finding, instead of either, that he remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent rather to prevent the speech the Chevalier was meditating, than to suffer him to think longer about it; and, accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery, "You seem to be very angry, Sir," said he, "and I suppose you think you have reason for being so; but the devil take me, if you are not mistaken in reality."

"How! traitor! in reality?" said the Chevalier de Gram-

mont: "it is then because I have not had thee well threshed, as thou hast for a long time merited." "Look ye, Sir," replied Termes, "you always run into a passion, instead of listening to reason! Yes, Sir, I maintain that what I did was for your benefit." "And was not the quicksand likewise for my service?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "Have patience, if you please," pursued the other: "I know not how that simpleton of a bridegroom happened to be at the customhouse when my portmanteau was examined at Calais; but these silly cuckolds thrust in their noses everywhere. As soon as ever he saw your coat, he fell in love with it. I immediately perceived he was a fool; for he fell down upon his knees, beseeching me to sell it him. Besides being greatly rumpled in the portmanteau, it was all stained in front by the sweat of the horses; I wonder how the devil he has managed to get it cleaned; but, faith, I am the greatest scoundrel in the world, if you would ever have put it on. In a word, it cost you one hundred and forty louis d'ors, and seeing he offered me one hundred and fifty for it: 'My master,' said I, 'has no occasion for this tinseled bauble to distinguish him at the ball; and, although he was pretty full of cash when I left him, how know I in what situation he may be upon my return? there is no certainty at play.' To be brief, Sir, I got ten louis d'ors for it more than it cost you: this you see is all clear profit: I will be accountable to you for it, and you know that I am sufficiently substantial to make good such a sum. Confess now, do you think you would have appeared to greater advantage at the ball, if you had been dressed out in that damned coat, which would have made you look just like the village bridegroom to whom we sold it? and yet, how you stormed at London when you thought it lost; what fine stories you told the king about the quicksand; and how churlish you looked, when you first began to suppose that this country looby wore it at his wedding!"

What could the Chevalier reply to such uncommon impudence? If he indulged his resentment, he must either have most severely bastinadoed him, or he must have discarded him, as the easiest escape the rogue could expect; but he had occasion for him during the remainder of his journey; and, as soon as he was at Paris, he had occasion for him for his return.

PERSIAN LETTERS.

BY MONTESQUIEU.

[CHARLES DE SECONDAT, BARON MONTESQUIEU, was born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689. He was hereditary president of the Parliament of Bordeaux, and an active public-spirited magistrate; in private he made scientific researches. In 1721 he wrote the "Persian Letters," a witty analysis of French society, under the guise of a Persian traveler. He sold his office in 1726; traveled five years to study institutions; in 1734 issued "Causes of the Greatness of the Romans and of their Decline"; his most famous work, "The Spirit of Laws" in 1748; a "Defense" of it in 1750; "Lysimaque," a political dialogue, "Arsace et Ismenie," a romance, and an essay on "Taste" in the "Encyclopedia." He died February 10, 1755.]

RICA TO —.

I SAW a strange thing yesterday, although it is common enough at Paris.

All the people assemble in the evening after dinner, and play at a sort of performance which I have heard called comedy. The main action takes place on a platform styled a theater. On both sides of it are seen little recesses named boxes, in which men and women play in dumb show scenes that are not unlike those to which we are accustomed in Persia.

In one place a languishing dame sighs forth her pangs; in another, a lady, with sparkling eyes and impassioned air, regards her lover with an ardor which he returns with interest. Every passion is reflected on their features, and expressed with an eloquence that is not the less fiery for being mute. The actresses, as a rule, are but half clad, though their modesty generally induces them to wear a muff, in order to hide their arms. A crowd of people stand in the lower part of the theater, who laugh at those above them, and those above them laugh in turn at them.

But the persons who take the most trouble of all are certain young men, who are selected for the purpose because the vigor natural to their time of life enables them to bear fatigue. They are obliged to be everywhere; they pass through ways known to them alone, mounting with astounding agility from story to story; they are now upstairs, now downstairs, now in this box, now in that; they dive, so to speak, are lost, reappear. Often they leave one theater, and are seen immediately in another. There are old men even who engage in the

same antics as the others, and, considering that most of them carry crutches, their miraculous activity is well calculated to excite surprise. At last, some of the parties retire to halls where private comedies are played : they begin with profound salutations, which are followed by embraces. I am told the slightest acquaintance gives a man the right to squeeze another man to death : it would seem the place inspires tenderness. Indeed it is said that the princesses who are also present are far from cruel ; and, if we except two or three hours of the day when they are rather morose, it may be affirmed that the rest of the time they are tractable enough, and that their moroseness is a kind of intoxication that quits them easily.

All the incidents I have just written to you about are reproduced, in pretty much the same form, at another place called the Opera : the only difference is, that what is spoken at the one, is sung at the other.

UBSEK TO IBBEN

AT SMYRNA.

The women of Persia are more beautiful than the women of France, but the latter are prettier. It is hard not to feel love in the presence of the former, and delight in that of the latter : the first are more tender and modest, the second more vivacious and spirited.

The regular life which the women of Persia lead is the potent cause of their beauty ; they neither gamble nor sit up late ; they drink no wine, and almost never expose themselves to the atmosphere. It must be acknowledged that life in the seraglio is more conducive to health than to pleasure ; it is a calm, untroubled life ; everything in it is connected with subordination and duty ; even its pleasures are serious and its joys austere, and are all in themselves significant of authority and dependence.

Even the men in Persia have not the same gayety as Frenchmen ; you never find amongst them that freedom of spirit and that air of contentment which is here the prerogative of all states and of all conditions.

It is still worse in Turkey ; there families may be discovered that, from father to son, have never laughed since the foundation of the monarchy.

The gravity of Asiatics springs from the absence of intercourse ; they never see one another except when forced by the exigencies of ceremony. Friendship, that sweet tie of the heart which sustains us in the trials of life, is to them almost unknown ; they stay within their houses, where the same companions always await them, so that each family is, as it were, isolated from all the others.

One day, when I was discussing the subject with a man of this country, he said to me : “ Nothing disgusts me more with your customs than the fact that you have to live with slaves whose hearts and minds are on a level with their ignoble condition. These base creatures weaken the virtuous sentiments you inherit from nature, and as they are around you from childhood, they must even destroy them.

“ For just try to look at the matter with unprejudiced eyes ; what sort of a training can be expected from a wretch who regards the guardianship of another man’s wives as his sole title to honor, and for whom the vilest of employments is a source of pride ; whose very fidelity, his solitary virtue, is utterly degrading, because its motives are envy, jealousy, and despair ; who, spurned by either sex, burns to be avenged on both, and consents to be tyrannized over by the stronger, in order that he may afflict the weaker ; who derives, from his imperfection, ugliness, and deformity, all the authority of his position, and is esteemed only because he is unworthy of being so ? ”

PARIS, the 14th of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBK TO GEMSID, HIS COUSIN,

DERVISH OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS MONASTERY OF TAURIS.

What is your opinion of the Christians, sublime dervish ? Do you believe that at the day of judgment they will, like the unbelieving Turks, serve as asses for the Jews, and be ridden by the latter at full speed down into hell ? I know well they cannot enter the abode of the prophets, and that the great Ali was not sent on a mission to them. But because they have been so unfortunate as never to find a mosque in their country, do you think they are, therefore, to be condemned to eternal tortures, and that God will punish them for not practicing a religion of which they never heard ? Permit me to tell you that I have often questioned these Christians, and have asked them

what idea they had formed of the illustrious Ali, the most perfect of all men; I have discovered that they were unaware of the existence of any such person.

Consequently, they do not resemble those infidels whom our holy prophets put to the sword because they refused to believe in the miracles of heaven; their position would rather appear to be that of the unfortunates who lived in the darkness of idolatry before the divine light illuminated the countenance of our great prophet.

Besides, if their religion be closely examined, it will be found to contain imperfectly developed germs of our dogmas. I have often admired the secret operations of Providence, which would seem to have adopted this plan of preparing them for a general conversion. A work by one of their doctors, entitled "Polygamy Triumphant," has been brought to my notice, wherein the writer proves that polygamy is appointed for all Christians. Their baptism bears a likeness to our legal ablutions; and their error consists in the efficacy they attribute to the first ablution, for they believe that it renders subsequent ones unnecessary. Like us, their priests and monks pray seven times a day. They also look forward to a paradise, where, by means of the resurrection of the body, they will enjoy numberless delights. Like us, they observe regular fasts and mortifications, by which they expect to dispose the divine mercy in their favor. They worship the good angels, and fear the bad. They have a sacred confidence in the miracles wrought by God through the medium of his servants. Like us, they acknowledge the insufficiency of their merits and the need of an intercessor with God. I see Mahometanism everywhere, although I do not find Mahomet anywhere. In spite of all obstacles, truth will triumph, and always pierce the darkness that surrounds it.

PARIS, the 20th of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBK TO RHEDI

AT VENICE.

Coffee is very much in use in Paris; there are a great many public resorts where it may be drunk. In some of these houses gossip is the order of the day, in others chess. There is one place where the coffee is prepared in such fashion that it renders

those who imbibe it witty; at least, every one who leaves believes that he is four times wittier than when he entered.

I confess, though, I am rather disgusted with those talented personages; for instead of making themselves useful to their country, they waste their abilities on the most childish trifles. For example, when I arrived in Paris, I found them quite excited over the most trivial question imaginable: it was that of the reputation of a Greek poet, as to the place of whose birth and the time of whose death the world has remained in ignorance for two thousand years. Both parties acknowledge that he was an excellent poet; the dispute turned solely on the degree of his excellence, and each had his own standard of measurement; but some of these dispensers of fame had a higher one, some a lower; and now you have the whole ground of the quarrel. It surely was spirited enough; the most insulting remarks were interchanged with great cordiality; some of the retorts were so acrimonious that the manner of the debate was to me as great a source of wonder as the matter. "If any one," said I to myself, "were harebrained enough to attack the reputation of some honest citizen in presence of the defenders of this Greek poet, he would meet with an unpleasant surprise; for I have no doubt that a zeal so sensitive with regard to the fame of the dead would blaze up at once in defense of the living! But however that may be," I added, "Heaven defend me from attracting in my direction the enmity of the censors of a poet who, though he has lain two thousand years in the tomb, is not safe from their implacable hatred! Their fury is now expended on the air; what would it be if animated by the presence of a living foe?"

The persons to whom I have referred dispute in the vulgar tongue, and must be distinguished from another kind of controversialists who use a barbarous language that of itself seems to increase the rage and obstinacy of the combatants. There are quarters where these people may be seen contending like a confused mass of soldiers in black regimentals engaged in some hand-to-hand encounter. Subtle distinctions are their food; obscure reasonings and false inferences their very life. Their trade, although, at first sight, one might imagine its followers would die of hunger, really brings them in some return. We have had the spectacle of an entire nation, expelled from their own country, crossing the seas in order to settle in France, and carrying with them no other means of providing for the neces-

sities of existence except a formidable talent for disputation. Adieu.

· PARIS, the last day of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBEK TO IBSEN

AT SMYRNA.

The King of France is old. In our history we have no example of a monarch who has reigned so long. It is said he possesses in a very high degree the talent of compelling obedience; his ability is equally displayed in the government of his family, his court, and his state. He has evidently a high opinion of Oriental policy, for he has been heard to say that of all the governments in the world that of the Turks and that of our august sultan pleased him the best.

I have studied his character, and have discovered contradictions in it which I find impossible to harmonize; for example, he has a minister who is only eighteen, and a mistress who is eighty; he loves his religion, but cannot endure those who tell him that its duties must be rigorously observed; although he flies from the uproar of cities and leads a most retired life, everything he does from morning to night is with the view of having the world speak of him; he loves trophies and victories, yet is as much alarmed at the appearance of a good general at the head of his armies as he might be expected to be if he saw him at the head of an army of his enemies.

He is, I imagine, the only example on record of a man who is at once burdened with more riches than a prince could ever hope for, and the victim of such poverty as would reduce a private individual to despair.

He loves to bestow favors on his subjects; but the obsequious diligence, or rather busy indolence, of his courtiers is rewarded with as much munificence as the laborious campaigns of his captains. He is often more inclined to advance the man who undresses him or who hands him his napkin at table, than he is to exalt the general who captures cities and wins battles. He does not believe that the greatness of a sovereign should be limited in the distribution of graces, and never considers whether the recipient of his bounty is a man of merit, because he thinks his selection of him is enough of itself to render him deserving; accordingly, he has been known to confer a small pension on an

officer who has run two leagues from the enemy, and a lucrative government on one who had run four.

He is magnificent in all things, but particularly in his buildings. There are more statues in the gardens of his palace than there are citizens in a great city. His bodyguard is as numerous as that of the sovereign before whom all other monarchs lie prostrate ; his armies are as large, his resources as great, and his finances as inexhaustible.

PARIS, the 7th of the moon of Maharram, 1713.

RICA TO IBBEN

AT SMYRNA.

It is a weighty subject of discussion among men whether to leave women their freedom or to deprive them of it is the more advantageous. It seems to me that much may be said on both sides. While Europeans affirm that to render those we love miserable is anything but the indication of a generous spirit, we Asiatics reply that to renounce the supremacy which nature has given us over women is a symptom of degradation in men. If they tell us that such a superfluity of wives shut up in one house is embarrassing, we retort that ten wives who obey are less embarrassing than one who doesn't. If in turn we urge the objection that Europeans can only be happy with wives that are faithful to them, they answer that the vaunted fidelity of our wives cannot prevent the disgust ever on the watch for satiated passion ; that they are too absolutely ours ; that a possession so undisturbed, if it leaves nothing to be feared, leaves nothing to be desired ; and that a little coquetry, like salt, arouses desire and prevents corruption. It would take, perhaps, a wiser man than me to solve the difficulty ; for if the Asiatics adopt the proper means to quiet their jealousy, the Europeans may be equally judicious in not having any.

"After all," say they, "though we may be unfortunate as husbands, we can always find compensation as lovers. A man might justly complain of the infidelity of his wife, if there were only three persons in the world ; but, when a fourth can be found, the balance of the account is restored."

Another topic of discussion is whether the law of nature subjects women to men : "No," said a very gallant philosopher to me the other day, "Nature never dictated such a law ; the

authority we exercise over them owes its existence to tyranny ; they allow us to use it, because their disposition is milder than ours, and they, consequently, have more humanity and reason. These advantages, which ought to have given them the superiority, if we had been reasonable, have deprived them of it, because we are not so.

“Now, if it is true that our power over women is purely tyrannical, it is not less true that theirs over us is natural, having its source in beauty, which nothing can resist. Our power is not the same in every country ; but that of beauty is universal. Why should we be specially privileged ? Because we are the stronger ; such a reason would be absolutely unjust. We use every possible means to depress their courage ; if they were educated as we are, their intellectual capacity would be found fully equal to ours ; test them by the gifts they have been allowed to cultivate, and then tell me which sex is the stronger.”

It must be confessed, although such a thing is abhorrent to our customs, that, among the most refined nations, women have always had authority over their husbands. Such authority was established by law among the Egyptians in honor of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honor of Semiramis. It was said of the Romans that they commanded all nations, but obeyed their wives. I speak not of the Sauromates, who were actually the slaves of their wives, because they were too barbarous to be quoted as an example.

You see, my dear Ibben, how I accommodate myself to the argumentative methods of this country, where the most extraordinary opinions are zealously supported, and everything reduced to a paradox. The prophet has settled the question, and regulated the prerogatives of both sexes. “Wives,” says he, “should honor their husbands, husbands should honor their wives ; but the former are a degree higher in the scale of creation.”

PARIS, the 26th of the moon of Gemmadi 2, 1713.

USBK TO RHEDI,

AT VENICE.

I meet with people here who are constantly disputing about religion, and, at the same time, apparently contending as to who shall observe it least.

While these persons cannot be described as better Christians than others, they have no title to be called better citizens either. This latter defect has impressed me strongly ; for, whatever a man's religion may be, the observance of the laws, love of mankind, and respect and affection for one's parents must be essential elements in it.

In fact, ought not the chief object of every religious man to be to please the Divine Power that has established the religion he professes? But the surest method of succeeding in this respect is undoubtedly to comply with the laws of society and fulfill our duties towards humanity. For if we are persuaded of the truth of the religion in which we live, we must be equally persuaded that God loves men, since He has established a religion for the purpose of rendering them happy. Now if He loves men, we are sure of pleasing Him, if we love them also ; and this love of ours will consist in the practice of all the duties of charity and humanity towards them, and in our avoidance of every breach of the law under which they live.

We are far likelier to please God in this way than by the observance of any particular ceremony ; for ceremonies in themselves have no inherent goodness ; they are only relatively good, and depend for their value on the supposition that God has ordained them. This is a subject that must give rise to endless discussion and to much self-deception as well ; for the ceremonies of one religion must be selected from amongst those of two thousand.

NARGUM, PERSIAN ENVOY IN MUSCOVY,

TO USBEK AT PARIS.

The orders of the King of Kings have kept me for five years in this country, where I have terminated several important negotiations.

You know that the czar is the only Christian prince whose interests are connected with ours, because he is, like us, an enemy of the Turks.

His empire is more extensive than ours, for it is reckoned that the distance between Moscow and the last of his possessions on the Chinese frontiers is two thousand leagues.

He is the absolute master of the property and lives of his subjects, who are all slaves, with the exception of four families. The lieutenant of the prophets, the King of Kings, whose footstool is the heavens, does not exercise a more formidable sway.

Any one acquainted with the horrible climate of Muscovy would never imagine that to be exiled from it was a very severe penalty ; still, whenever a great man is disgraced, he is banished to Siberia.

Just as the law of our prophet forbids us to drink wine, so the law of their prince forbids the Muscovites.

Their way of receiving their guests is not at all Persian. As soon as a stranger enters a house, the husband presents his wife to him ; the stranger is expected to kiss her as a mark of courtesy to the husband.

Although fathers usually stipulate in the marriage contract that the husband shall not whip their daughters, yet you have no idea how fond the Muscovite women are of being beaten. They think they have lost the affection of their husband if he does not now and then give them a sound whipping ; any other conduct would argue unpardonable indifference on his part. The following is a letter a woman wrote lately to her mother :—

MY DEAR MOTHER, —I am the most unfortunate woman in the world. I do everything I can to win the love of my husband, but without success. On yesterday, although I had a thousand things to attend to in the house, I went outside and stayed away all day. I was sure he would give me a good thrashing on my return, but he never said a word. My sister is treated in quite a different manner: the life is nearly cudgeled out of her every day; if she looks at a man, her husband knocks her down on the spot; that tells you how fond they are of each other, and in what harmony they live.

So, naturally, she is as proud as a peacock ; but she shall not look down upon me much longer; I am determined to make my husband love me, no matter what the consequences. I'll make him that mad that he'll have to show me some token of affection, whether he likes it or not. No one shall say that I am never beaten, and live in my own house without any one ever minding me. I will scream out in such a way, if he gives me the least little tap, that everybody will be sure things are as they ought to be, and if the neighbors come to my aid I will strangle them. I want you, my dear mother, to tell my husband how scandalously he is behaving to me. My father, who is a gentleman, never behaved so; in fact, I remember thinking, when I was a girl, that he loved you just a little too much. I embrace you, my dear mother.

The Muscovites are not allowed to leave their country, even to travel. Being thus separated from other nations by the laws of their own, they are the more firmly attached to all their

ancient customs. because they do not see how they can have any others.

But their present ruler [Peter the Great] has wished to change all this ; he has had a lively quarrel with them on the subject of their beards ; the monks and clergy, with whom he has also a dispute, have stood up for their ignorance valiantly.

He makes every effort to spread the arts among his subjects. and is trying to extend the fame of his people throughout Europe and Asia, — a people until now almost unknown to the world, and only conscious of its own existence.

Restless and excited, he wanders through his vast dominions, leaving everywhere the impress of his natural severity.

Then he abandons them, as if they were too small to contain him, and goes rambling through Europe in search of other provinces and kingdoms.



THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

By SWIFT.

WITH a whirl of thought oppressed,
 I sunk from reverie to rest.
 A horrid vision seized my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead !
 Jove, armed with terrors, bursts the skies,
 And thunder roars and lightning flies !
 Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne !
 While each pale sinner hung his head,
 Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said : —
 “ Offending race of human kind,
 By nature, reason, learning, blind ;
 You who through frailty stepped aside,
 And you who never fell, from pride ;
 You who in different sects were shammed,
 And come to see each other damned
 (So some folk told you, but they knew
 No more of Jove’s designs than you) ; —
 The world’s mad business now is o’er,
 And I resent these pranks no more. — ¶
 I to such blockheads set my wit !
 I damn such fools ! — Go, go, you’re bit.”

JAPANESE POEMS.

TRANSLATED BY BASIL H. CHAMBERLAIN.

[BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN: An English writer on Japanese subjects; born in England. He entered the Japanese imperial naval service, and afterward became professor of the Japanese language and philology in the Imperial University at Tokio. He published: "The Classical Poetry of the Japanese" (1880), "A Simplified Grammar of the Japanese Language" (1886), "A Romanized Japanese Reader" (1886), "The Language, Mythology, and Geographical Nomenclature of Japan, viewed in the Light of Aino Studies" (1887), "Aino Folk Tales" (1888); a series of Japanese fairy tales: "The Fisher Boy Urashima," "My Lord Bag-o'-Rice," "The Serpent with Eight Heads," and "The Silly Jellyfish" (1888); "Things Japanese" (1890); and "A Handbook for Travelers in Japan" (4th ed., 1894), with W. B. Mason.]

THE FISHER BOY URASHIMA.

'Tis Spring, and the mist comes stealing
 O'er Suminoyè's shore,
 And I stand by the seaside, musing
 On the days that are no more.

I muse on the old-world story,
 As the boats glide to and fro,
 Of the fisher boy Urashima,
 Who a-fishing loved to go.

How he came not back to the village
 Though seven suns had risen and set,
 But rowed on past the bounds of ocean,
 And the Sea God's daughter met.

How they pledged their faith to each other,
 And came to the Evergreen Land,
 And entered the Sea God's palace
 So lovingly hand in hand, —

To dwell for aye in that country,
 The ocean maiden and he, —
 The country where youth and beauty
 Abide eternally.

But the foolish boy said: "To-morrow
 I'll come back with thee to dwell;

But I have a word to my father,
A word to my mother to tell."

The maiden answered: "A casket
I give into thine hand;
And if that thou hopèst truly
To come back to the Evergreen Land,

"Then open it not, I charge thee, —
Open it not, I beseech!"
So the boy rowed home o'er the billows
To Suminoyè's beach.

But where is his native hamlet?
Strange hamlets line the strand;
Where is his mother's cottage?
Strange cots rise on either hand.

"What! in three short years since I left it,"
He cries in his wonder sore, —
"Has the home of my childhood vanished?
Is the bamboo fence no more?"

"Perchance if I open the casket
Which the maiden gave to me,
My home and the dear old village
Will come back as they used to be!"

And he lifts the lid, and there rises
A fleecy, silvery cloud,
That floats off to the Evergreen Country —
And the fisher boy cries aloud;

He waves the sleeve of his tunic,
He rolls over on the ground,
He dances with fury and horror,
Running wildly round and round.

But a sudden chill comes o'er him
That bleaches his raven hair,
And furrows with hoary wrinkles
The form erst so young and fair.

His breath grows fainter and fainter,
Till at last he sinks dead on the shore.
— And I gaze on the spot where his cottage
Once stood, but now stands no more.

NO TIDINGS.

The year has come, the year has gone again,
And still no tidings of my absent Love :
Through the long days of Spring all heaven above
And earth beneath reëcho with my pain.

In dark cocoon my mother's silkworms dwell :
Like them a captive, through the livelong day
Alone I sit and sigh my soul away,
For ne'er to any I my love may tell.

Like to the pine trees I must stand and pine,
While downward slanting fall the shades of night,
Till my long sleeve of purest snowy white
With showers of tears is steeped in bitter brine.

SPRING.

No man so callous but he heaves a sigh
When o'er his head the withered cherry flowers
Come fluttering down. Who knows ? the Spring's soft
 showers
May be but tears shed by the sorrowing sky.

SUMMER.

In blossoms the Wistaria tree to-day
Breaks forth, that sweep the wavelets of my lake.
When will the mountain cuckoo come and make
The garden vocal with his first sweet lay ?

AUTUMN.

Can I be dreaming ? 'Twas but yesterday
We planted out each tender shoot again ;
And now the Autumn breeze sighs o'er the plain,
Where fields of yellow rice confess its sway.

WINTER.

When from the skies, that wintry gloom enshroud,
The blossoms fall and flutter round my head,
Methinks the Spring even now his light must shed
O'er heavenly lands that lie beyond the clouds.

THE FORTY-SEVEN RÔNINS.

By A. B. MITFORD.

(From "Tales of Old Japan.")

[ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, C.B., was born in 1837; became second secretary to the British legation in Japan; secretary to the Commissioner of Works, 1876-1886.]

[The word *Rônin* means, literally, a "wave-man"; one who is tossed about hither and thither, as a wave of the sea. It is used to designate persons of gentle blood, entitled to bear arms, who, having become separated from their feudal lords by their own act, or by dismissal, or by fate, wander about the country in the capacity of somewhat disreputable knights-errant, without ostensible means of living, in some cases offering themselves for hire to new masters, in others supporting themselves by pillage; or who, falling a grade in the social scale, go into trade, and become simple wardsmen. Sometimes it happens that for political reasons a man will become *Rônin*, in order that his lord may not be implicated in some deed of blood in which he is about to engage. Sometimes, also, men become *Rônins*, and leave their native place for a while, until some scrape in which they have become entangled shall have blown over; after which they return to their former allegiance. Nowadays it is not unusual for men to become *Rônins* for a time, and engage themselves in the service of foreigners at the open ports, even in menial capacities, in the hope that they may pick up something of the language and lore of Western folks. I know instances of men of considerable position who have adopted this course in their zeal for education. — MITFORD.]

AT THE beginning of the eighteenth century there lived a daimio, called Asano Takumi no Kami, the Lord of the castle of Akô, in the province of Harima. Now it happened that an Imperial ambassador from the Court of the Mikado having been sent to the Shogun at Yedo, Takumi no Kami and another noble called Kamei Sama were appointed to receive and feast the envoy; and a high official, named Kira Kôtsuké no Suké, was named to teach them the proper ceremonies to be observed upon the occasion. The two nobles were accordingly forced to go daily to the castle to listen to the instructions of Kôtsuké no Suké. But this Kôtsuké no Suké was a man greedy of money; and as he deemed that the presents which the two daimios, according to time-honored custom, had brought him in return for his instruction, were mean and unworthy, he conceived a great hatred against them, and took no pains in teaching them, but on the contrary rather sought to make laughing stocks of them. Takumi no Kami, restrained by a stern sense of duty, bore his insults with patience; but Kamei Sama, who had less

control over his temper, was violently incensed, and determined to kill Kôtsuké no Suké.

One night when his duties at the castle were ended, Kamei Sama returned to his own palace, and having summoned his councilors to a secret conference, said to them: "Kôtsuké no Suké has insulted Takumi no Kami and myself during our service in attendance on the Imperial envoy. This is against all decency, and I was minded to kill him on the spot; but I bethought me that if I did such a deed within the precincts of the castle, not only would my own life be forfeit, but my family and vassals would be ruined: so I stayed my hand. Still the life of such a wretch is a sorrow to the people, and to-morrow when I go to Court I will slay him: my mind is made up, and I will listen to no remonstrance." And as he spoke his face became livid with rage.

Now one of Kamei Sama's councilors was a man of great judgment, and when he saw from his lord's manner that remonstrance would be useless, he said: "Your lordship's words are law; your servant will make all preparations accordingly; and to-morrow, when your lordship goes to Court, if this Kôtsuké no Suké should again be insolent, let him die the death." And his lord was pleased at this speech, and waited with impatience for the day to break, that he might return to Court and kill his enemy.

But the councilor went home, and was sorely troubled, and thought anxiously about what his prince had said. And as he reflected, it occurred to him that since Kôtsuké no Suké had the reputation of being a miser, he would certainly be open to a bribe, and that it was better to pay any sum, no matter how great, than that his lord and his house should be ruined. So he collected all the money he could, and, giving it to his servants to carry, rode off in the night to Kôtsuké no Suké's palace, and said to his retainers: "My master, who is now in attendance upon the Imperial envoy, owes much thanks to my Lord Kôtsuké no Suké, who has been at so great pains to teach him the proper ceremonies to be observed during the reception of the Imperial envoy. This is but a shabby present which he has sent by me, but he hopes that his lordship will condescend to accept it, and commends himself to his lordship's favor." And with these words, he produced a thousand ounces of silver for Kôtsuké no Suké, and a hundred ounces to be distributed among his retainers.

When the latter saw the money, their eyes sparkled with pleasure, and they were profuse in their thanks ; and begging the councilor to wait a little, they went and told their master of the lordly present which had arrived with a polite message from Kamei Sama. Kôtsuké no Suké in eager delight sent for the councilor into an inner chamber, and, after thanking him, promised on the morrow to instruct his master carefully in all the different points of etiquette. So the councilor, seeing the miser's glee, rejoiced at the success of his plan ; and having taken his leave, returned home in high spirits. But Kamei Sama, little thinking how his vassal had propitiated his enemy, lay brooding over his vengeance, and on the following morning at daybreak went to Court in solemn procession.

When Kôtsuké no Suké met him, his manner had completely changed, and nothing could exceed his courtesy. "You have come early to Court this morning, my Lord Kamei," said he. "I cannot sufficiently admire your zeal. I shall have the honor to call your attention to several points of etiquette to-day. I must beg your lordship to excuse my previous conduct, which must have seemed very rude ; but I am naturally of a cross-grained disposition, so I pray you to forgive me." And as he kept on humbling himself and making fair speeches, the heart of Kamei Sama was gradually softened, and he renounced his intention of killing him. Thus by the cleverness of his councilor was Kamei Sama, with all his house, saved from ruin.

Shortly after this, Takumi no Kami, who had sent no present, arrived at the castle, and Kôtsuké no Suké turned him into ridicule even more than before, provoking him with sneers and covert insults ; but Takumi no Kami affected to ignore all this, and submitted himself patiently to Kôtsuké no Suké's orders.

This conduct, so far from producing a good effect, only made Kôtsuké no Suké despise him the more, until at last he said haughtily : "Here, my Lord of Takumi, the ribbon of my sock has come untied ; be so good as to tie it up for me."

Takumi no Kami, although burning with rage at the affront, still thought that as he was on duty he was bound to obey, and tied up the ribbon of the sock. Then Kôtsuké no Suké, turning from him, petulantly exclaimed : "Why, how clumsy you are ! You cannot so much as tie up the ribbon of a sock properly ! Any one can see that you are a boor from the country, and know nothing of the manners of Yedo." And with a scornful laugh he moved towards an inner room.

But the patience of Takumi no Kami was exhausted ; this last insult was more than he could bear.

“Stop a moment, my lord,” cried he.

“Well, what is it ?” replied the other. And, as he turned round, Takumi no Kami drew his dirk, and aimed a blow at his head ; but Kôtsuké no Suké, being protected by the Court cap which he wore, the wound was but a scratch, so he ran away ; and Takumi no Kami, pursuing him, tried a second time to cut him down, but, missing his aim, struck his dirk into a pillar. At this moment an officer, named Kajikawa Yosobei, seeing the affray, rushed up, and holding back the infuriated noble, gave Kôtsuké no Suké time to make good his escape.

Then there arose a great uproar and confusion, and Takumi no Kami was arrested and disarmed, and confined in one of the apartments of the palace under the care of the censors. A council was held, and the prisoner was given over to the safeguard of a daimio, called Tamura Ukiyô no Daibu, who kept him in close custody in his own house, to the great grief of his wife and of his retainers ; and when the deliberations of the council were completed, it was decided that, as he had committed an outrage and attacked another man within the precincts of the palace, he must perform *hara kiri*, — that is, commit suicide by disembowelling ; his goods must be confiscated, and his family ruined. Such was the law. So Takumi no Kami performed *hara kiri*, his castle of Akô was confiscated, and his retainers having become Rônins, some of them took service with other daimios, and others became merchants.

Now amongst these retainers was his principal councilor, a man called Oishi Kuranosuké, who, with forty-six other faithful dependants, formed a league to avenge their master's death by killing Kôtsuké no Suké. This Oishi Kuranosuké was absent at the castle of Akô at the time of the affray, which, had he been with his prince, would never have occurred ; for, being a wise man, he would not have failed to propitiate Kôtsuké no Suké by sending him suitable presents ; while the councilor who was in attendance on the prince at Yedô was a dullard, who neglected this precaution, and so caused the death of his master and the ruin of his house.

So Oishi Kuranosuké and his forty-six companions began to lay their plans of vengeance against Kôtsuké no Suké ; but the latter was so well guarded by a body of men lent to him by a daimio called Uyésugi Sama, whose daughter he had

married, that they saw that the only way of attaining their end would be to throw their enemy off his guard. With this object they separated and disguised themselves, some as carpenters or craftsmen, others as merchants; and their chief, Kuranosuké, went to Kiôto, and built a house in the quarter called Yamashina, where he took to frequenting houses of the worst repute, and gave himself up to drunkenness and debauchery, as if nothing were further from his mind than revenge.

Kôtsuké no Suké, in the mean while, suspecting that Takumi no Kami's former retainers would be scheming against his life, secretly sent spies to Kiôto, and caused a faithful account to be kept of all that Kuranosuké did. The latter, however, determined thoroughly to delude the enemy into a false security, went on leading a dissolute life with harlots and wine-bibbers. One day, as he was returning home drunk from some low haunt, he fell down in the street and went to sleep, and all the passers-by laughed him to scorn. It happened that a Satsuma man saw this, and said: "Is not this Oishi Kuranosuké, who was a councilor of Asano Takumi no Kami, and who, not having the heart to avenge his lord, gives himself up to women and wine? See how he lies drunk in the public street! Faithless beast! Fool and craven! Unworthy the name of a Samurai!" [A man belonging to the *Buké* or military class, entitled to bear arms.]

And he trod on Kuranosuké's face as he slept, and spat upon him; but when Kôtsuké no Suké's spies reported all this at Yedo, he was greatly relieved at the news, and felt secure from danger.

One day Kuranosuké's wife, who was bitterly grieved to see her husband lead this abandoned life, went to him and said: "My lord, you told me at first that your debauchery was but a trick to make your enemy relax in watchfulness. But indeed, indeed, this has gone too far. I pray and beseech you to put some restraint upon yourself."

"Trouble me not," replied Kuranosuké, "for I will not listen to your whining. Since my way of life is displeasing to you, I will divorce you, and you may go about your business; and I will buy some pretty young girl from one of the public-houses, and marry her for my pleasure. I am sick of the sight of an old woman like you about the house, so get you gone—the sooner the better."

So saying, he flew into a violent rage, and his wife, terror-stricken, pleaded piteously for mercy.

"Oh, my lord ! unsay those terrible words ! I have been your faithful wife for twenty years, and have borne you three children ; in sickness and in sorrow I have been with you ; you cannot be so cruel as to turn me out of doors now. Have pity ! have pity !"

"Cease this useless wailing. My mind is made up, and you must go ; and as the children are in my way also, you are welcome to take them with you."

When she heard her husband speak thus, in her grief she sought her eldest son, Oishi Chikara, and begged him to plead for her, and pray that she might be pardoned. But nothing would turn Kuranosuké from his purpose, so his wife was sent away, with the two younger children, and went back to her native place. But Oishi Chikara remained with his father.

The spies communicated all this without fail to Kôtsuké no Suké, and he, when he heard how Kuranosuké, having turned his wife and children out of doors and bought a concubine, was groveling in a life of drunkenness and lust, began to think that he had no longer anything to fear from the retainers of Takumi no Kami, who must be cowards, without the courage to avenge their lord. So by degrees he began to keep a less strict watch, and sent back half of the guard which had been lent to him by his father-in-law, Uyésugi Sama. Little did he think how he was falling into the trap laid for him by Kurano-suké, who, in his zeal to slay his lord's enemy, thought nothing of divorcing his wife and sending away his children ! Admirable and faithful man !

In this way Kuranosuké continued to throw dust in the eyes of his foe, by persisting in his apparently shameless conduct ; but his associates all went to Yedo, and, having in their several capacities as workmen and peddlers contrived to gain access to Kôtsuké no Suké's house, made themselves familiar with the plan of the building and the arrangement of the different rooms, and ascertained the character of the inmates, who were brave and loyal men, and who were cowards ; upon all of which matters they sent regular reports to Kuranosuké. And when at last it became evident from the letters which arrived from Yedo that Kôtsuké no Suké was thoroughly off his guard, Kuranosuké rejoiced that the day of vengeance was at hand ; and, having appointed a trysting place at Yedo, he fled secretly

from Kiôto, eluding the vigilance of his enemy's spies. Then the forty-seven men, having laid all their plans, bided their time patiently.

It was now midwinter, the twelfth month of the year, and the cold was bitter. One night, during a heavy fall of snow, when the whole world was hushed, and peaceful men were stretched in sleep upon the mats, the Rônins determined that no more favorable opportunity could occur for carrying out their purpose. So they took counsel together, and, having divided their band into two parties, assigned to each man his post. One band, led by Oishi Kuranosuké, was to attack the front gate, and the other, under his son Oishi Chikara, was to attack the postern of Kôtsuké no Suké's house; but as Chikara was only sixteen years of age, Yoshida Chiuzayémon was appointed to act as his guardian. Further it was arranged that a drum, beaten at the order of Kuranosuké, should be the signal for the simultaneous attack; and that if any one slew Kôtsuké no Suké and cut off his head, he should blow a shrill whistle, as a signal to his comrades, who would hurry to the spot, and, having identified the head, carry it off to the temple called Sengakuji, and lay it as an offering before the tomb of their dead lord. Then they must report their deed to the Government, and await the sentence of death which would surely be passed upon them. To this the Rônins one and all pledged themselves. Midnight was fixed upon as the hour, and the forty-seven comrades, having made all ready for the attack, partook of a last farewell feast together, for on the morrow they must die. Then Oishi Kuranosuké addressed the band, and said:—

“To-night we shall attack our enemy in his palace; his retainers will certainly resist us, and we shall be obliged to kill them. But to slay old men and women and children is a pitiful thing; therefore, I pray you each one to take great heed lest you kill a single helpless person.” His comrades all applauded this speech, and so they remained, waiting for the hour of midnight to arrive.

When the appointed hour came, the Rônins set forth. The wind howled furiously, and the driving snow beat in their faces; but little cared they for wind or snow as they hurried on their road, eager for revenge. At last they reached Kôtsuké no Suké's house, and divided themselves into two bands; and Chikara, with twenty-three men, went round to the back

gate. Then four men, by means of a ladder of ropes which they hung on to the roof of the porch, effected an entry into the courtyard; and, as they saw signs that all the inmates of the house were asleep, they went into the porter's lodge where the guard slept, and, before the latter had time to recover from their astonishment, bound them. The terrified guard prayed hard for mercy, that their lives might be spared; and to this the Rônins agreed on condition that the keys of the gate should be given up; but the others tremblingly said that the keys were kept in the house of one of the officers, and that they had no means of obtaining them. Then the Rônins lost patience, and with a hammer dashed in pieces the big wooden bolt which secured the gate, and the doors flew open to the right and to the left. At the same time Chikara and his party broke in by the back gate.

Then Oishi Kuranosuké sent a messenger to the neighboring houses, bearing the following message: "We, the Rônins who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kôtsuké no Suké, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighboring houses. We pray you to set your minds at rest." And as Kôtsuké no Suké was hated by his neighbors for his covetousness, they did not unite their forces to assist him. Another precaution was yet taken. Lest any of the people inside should run out to call the relations of the family to the rescue, and these coming in force should interfere with the plans of the Rônins, Kuranosuké stationed ten of his men armed with bows on the roof of the four sides of the courtyard, with orders to shoot any retainers who might attempt to leave the place. Having thus laid all his plans and posted his men, Kuranosuké with his own hand beat the drum and gave the signal for attack.

Ten of Kôtsuké no Suké's retainers, hearing the noise, woke up; and, drawing their swords, rushed into the front room to defend their master. At this moment the Rônins, who had burst open the door of the front hall, entered the same room. Then arose a furious fight between the two parties, in the midst of which Chikara, leading his men through the garden, broke into the back of the house; and Kôtsuké no Suké, in terror of his life, took refuge, with his wife and female servants, in a closet in the veranda; while the rest of his retainers, who slept in the barrack outside the house, made ready to go to the res-

cue. But the Rônins who had come in by the front door, and were fighting with the ten retainers, ended by overpowering and slaying the latter without losing one of their own number ; after which, forcing their way bravely towards the back rooms, they were joined by Chikara and his men, and the two bands were united in one.

By this time the remainder of Kôtsuké no Suké's men had come in, and the fight became general ; and Kuranosuké, sitting on a camp stool, gave his orders and directed the Rônins. Soon the inmates of the house perceived that they were no match for their enemy, so they tried to send out intelligence of their plight to Uyésugi Sama, their lord's father-in-law, begging him to come to the rescue with all the force at his command. But the messengers were shot down by the archers whom Kuranosuké had posted on the roof. So no help coming, they fought on in despair. Then Kuranosuké cried out with a loud voice, "Kôtsuké no Suké alone is our enemy ; let some one go inside and bring him forth dead or alive !"

Now in front of Kôtsuké no Suké's private room stood three brave retainers with drawn swords. The first was Kobayashi Héhachi, the second was Waku Handaiyu, and the third was Shimidzu Ikkaku, all good men and true, and expert swordsmen. So stoutly did these men lay about them that for a while they kept the whole of the Rônins at bay, and at one moment even forced them back. When Oishi Kuranosuké saw this, he ground his teeth with rage, and shouted to his men : "What ! did not every man of you swear to lay down his life in avenging his lord, and now are you driven back by three men ? Cowards, not fit to be spoken to ! to die fighting in a master's cause should be the noblest ambition of a retainer !" Then turning to his own son Chikara, he said, "Here, boy ! engage those men, and if they are too strong for you, die !"

Spurred by these words, Chikara seized a spear and gave battle to Waku Handaiyu, but could not hold his ground, and backing by degrees, was driven out into the garden, where he missed his footing and slipped into a pond ; but as Handaiyu, thinking to kill him, looked down into the pond, Chikara cut his enemy in the leg and caused him to fall, and then crawling out of the water dispatched him. In the mean while Kobayashi Héhachi and Shimidzu Ikkaku had been killed by the other Rônins, and of all Kôtsuké no Suké's retainers not one fighting man remained. Chikara, seeing this, went with his bloody

sword in his hand into a back room to search for Kôtsuké no Suké, but he only found the son of the latter, a young lord named Kira Sahioyé, who, carrying a halberd, attacked him, but was soon wounded and fled. Thus the whole of Kôtsuké no Suké's men having been killed, there was an end of the fighting; but as yet there was no trace of Kôtsuké no Suké to be found.

Then Kuranosuké divided his men into several parties and searched the whole house, but all in vain; women and children weeping were alone to be seen. At this the forty-seven men began to lose heart in regret, that after all their toil they had allowed their enemy to escape them, and there was a moment when in their despair they agreed to commit suicide together upon the spot; but they determined to make one more effort. So Kuranosuké went into Kôtsuké no Suké's sleeping room, and touching the quilt with his hands, exclaimed: "I have just felt the bedclothes and they are yet warm, and so methinks that our enemy is not far off. He must certainly be hidden somewhere in the house." Greatly excited by this, the Rônins renewed their search. Now in the raised part of the room, near the place of honor, there was a picture hanging; taking down this picture, they saw that there was a large hole in the plastered wall, and on thrusting a spear in they could feel nothing beyond it. So one of the Rônins, called Yazama Jiutarô, got into the hole, and found that on the other side there was a little courtyard, in which there stood an outhouse for holding charcoal and firewood. Looking into the outhouse, he spied something white at the further end, at which he struck with his spear, when two armed men sprang out upon him and tried to cut him down; but he kept them back until one of his comrades came up and killed one of the two men and engaged the other, while Jiutarô entered the outhouse and felt about with his spear. Again seeing something white, he struck it with his lance, when a cry of pain betrayed that it was a man. So he rushed up, and the man in white clothes, who had been wounded in the thigh, drew a dirk and aimed a blow at him. But Jiutarô wrested the dirk from him, and clutching him by the collar, dragged him out of the outhouse. Then the other Rônin came up, and they examined the prisoner attentively, and saw that he was a noble-looking man, some sixty years of age, dressed in a white satin sleeping robe, which was stained by the blood from the thigh wound which Jiutarô had

inflicted. The two men felt convinced that this was no other than Kôtsuké no Suké, and they asked him his name, but he gave no answer, so they gave the signal whistle, and all their comrades collected together at the call. Then Oishi Kuranosuké, bringing a lantern, scanned the old man's features, and it was indeed Kôtsuké no Suké; and if further proof were wanting, he still bore a scar on his forehead where their master, Asano Takumi no Kami, had wounded him during the affray in the castle. There being no possibility of mistake, therefore, Oishi Kuranosuké went down on his knees, and addressing the old man very respectfully, said:—

“My lord, we are the retainers of Asano Takumi no Kami. Last year your lordship and our master quarreled in the palace, and our master was sentenced to *hara kiri*, and his family was ruined. We have come to-night to avenge him, as is the duty of faithful and loyal men. I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara kiri*. I myself shall have the honor to act as your second, and when, with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi no Kami.”

Thus, in consideration of the high rank of Kôtsuké no Suké, the Rônins treated him with the greatest courtesy, and over and over again entreated him to perform *hara kiri*. But he crouched speechless and trembling. At last Kuranosuké, seeing that it was vain to urge him to die the death of a nobleman, forced him down, and cut off his head with the same dirk with which Asano Takumi no Kami had killed himself. Then the forty-seven comrades, elated at having accomplished their design, placed the head in a bucket, and prepared to depart; but before leaving the house they carefully extinguished all the lights and fires in the place, lest by any accident a fire should break out and the neighbors suffer.

As they were on their way to Takanawa, the suburb in which the temple called Sengakuji stands, the day broke; and the people flocked out to see the forty-seven men, who, with their clothes and arms all blood-stained, presented a terrible appearance; and every one praised them, wondering at their valor and faithfulness. But they expected every moment that Kôtsuké no Suké's father-in-law would attack them and carry off the head, and made ready to die bravely sword in hand. However, they reached Takanawa in safety,

for Matsudaira Aki no Kami, one of the eighteen chief daimios of Japan, of whose house Asano Takumi no Kami had been a cadet, had been highly pleased when he heard of the last night's work, and he had made ready to assist the Rônins in case they were attacked. So Kôtsuké no Suké's father-in-law dare not pursue them.

At about seven in the morning they came opposite to the palace of Matsudaira Mutsu no Kami, the Prince of Sendai, and the Prince, hearing of it, sent for one of his councilors and said : "The retainers of Takumi no Kami have slain their lord's enemy, and are passing this way ; I cannot sufficiently admire their devotion, so, as they must be tired and hungry after their night's work, do you go and invite them to come in here, and set some gruel and a cup of wine before them."

So the councilor went out and said to Oishi Kuranosuké : "Sir, I am a councilor of the Prince of Sendai, and my master bids me beg you, as you must be worn out after all you have undergone, to come in and partake of such poor refreshment as we can offer you. This is my message to you from my lord."

"I thank you, sir," replied Kuranosuké. "It is very good of his lordship to trouble himself to think of us. We shall accept his kindness gratefully."

So the forty-seven Rônins went into the palace, and were feasted with gruel and wine, and all the retainers of the Prince of Sendai came and praised them.

Then Kuranosuké turned to the councilor and said, "Sir, we are truly indebted to you for this kind hospitality ; but as we have still to hurry to Sengakuji, we must needs humbly take our leave." And, after returning many thanks to their hosts, they left the palace of the Prince of Sendai and hastened to Sengakuji, where they were met by the abbot of the monastery, who went to the front gate to receive them, and led them to the tomb of Takumi no Kami.

And when they came to their lord's grave, they took the head of Kôtsuké no Suké, and having washed it clean in a well hard by, laid it as an offering before the tomb. When they had done this, they engaged the priests of the temple to come and read prayers while they burnt incense ; first Oishi Kuranosuké burnt incense, and then his son Oishi Chikara, and after them the other forty-five men performed the same ceremony. Then Kuranosuké, having given all the money that he had by him to the abbot, said : —

"When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara kiri*, I beg you to bury us decently. I rely upon your kindness. This is but a trifle that I have to offer ; such as it is, let it be spent in masses for our souls !"

And the abbot, marveling at the faithful courage of the men, with tears in his eyes pledged himself to fulfill their wishes. So the forty-seven Rônins, with their minds at rest, waited patiently until they should receive the orders of the Government.

At last they were summoned to the Supreme Court, where the governors of Yedo and the public censors had assembled ; and the sentence passed upon them was as follows : "Whereas, neither respecting the dignity of the city nor fearing the Government, having leagued yourselves together to slay your enemy, you violently broke into the house of Kira Kôtsuké no Suké by night and murdered him, the sentence of the Court is, that, for this audacious conduct, you perform *hara kiri*." When the sentence had been read, the forty-seven Rônins were divided into four parties, and handed over to the safe-keeping of four different daimios ; and sheriffs were sent to the palaces of those daimios in whose presence the Rônins were made to perform *hara kiri*. But, as from the very beginning they had all made up their minds that to this end they must come, they met their death nobly ; and their corpses were carried to Sengakuji, and buried in front of the tomb of their master, Asano Takumi no Kami. And when the fame of this became noised abroad, the people flocked to pray at the graves of these faithful men.

Among those who came to pray was a Satsuma man, who, prostrating himself before the grave of Oishi Kuranosuké, said : "When I saw you lying drunk by the roadside at Yamashina, in Kiôto, I knew not that you were plotting to avenge your lord ; and, thinking you to be a faithless man, I trampled on you and spat in your face as I passed. And now I have come to ask pardon and offer atonement for the insult of last year." With those words he prostrated himself again before the grave, and, drawing a dirk from his girdle, stabbed himself in the belly and died. And the chief priest of the temple, taking pity upon him, buried him by the side of the Rônins ; and his tomb still remains to be seen with those of the forty-seven comrades.

This is the end of the story of the forty-seven Rônins.

ESMOND'S FRIENDS AND FOES.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," "Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch*; and "The Rose and the Ring," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848-1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859-1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

THE 29TH DECEMBER.

[Harry Esmond, the real heir to the title and lands of the Viscount Castlewood, but supposed to be illegitimate, has been brought up by Lord and Lady Castlewood. My Lord has been slain by the wicked Lord Mohun in a duel. Lady Castlewood suspects herself of a passion for Harry, and refuses to see him. After taking part in the Vigo Bay Expedition, Harry returns to London and meets Lady Castlewood in the Cathedral at Winchester, Harry himself being the narrator.]

THERE was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral beside the Dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Mr. Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig; and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair. . . .

The music ceasing, my Lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had so much of his heart for so many years, Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book) and said, "Look, mother!" so loud that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old Dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a

warning finger to Frank ; Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over ; Mr. Esmond did not hear them ; nor did his mistress, very likely, whose hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr. Dean, and his procession of ecclesiastics, out of the inner chapel.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and running up to Esmond, eagerly embraced him. "My dear, dearest old Harry !" he said, "are you come back ? Have you been to the wars ? You'll take me with you when you go again ? Why didn't you write to us ? Come to mother !"

Mr. Esmond could hardly say more than a "God bless you, my boy !" for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part : and he was as much moved at seeing Frank as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place : for he knew not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago.

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Esmond said. "I thought you might come."

"We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth. Why did you not come from Portsmouth ?" Frank asked, or my Lord Viscount, as he now must be called.

Esmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more ; but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her, and remained at a distance.

"You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here," he said.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand ; there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison ; nor in the camp ; nor on shore before the enemy ; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight ; nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn : not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theater yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear — no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister,

mother, goddess, to him during his youth — goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it? Where lies it? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Whoever can unriddle that mystery? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

"Here comes Squaretoes," says Frank. "Here's Tusher."

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had divested himself of his alb or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow?

"Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher," he said. The Chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. "I am charmed to see Captain Esmond," says he. "My Lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels: when I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viscount, your Lordship remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum?*"

"There's an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher," says Mr. Esmond. "'Tis that one where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up."

"A house that has so many sacred recollections to me," says Mr. Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom's father used to flog him there) — "a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honored patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, Madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your Ladyship."

"And Harry's coming home to supper. Huzzay! huzzay!" cries my Lord. "Mother, I shall run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbons on. Beatrix is a maid of honor, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx!"

"Your heart was never in the Church, Harry," the widow said, in her sweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) "I always thought you had no vocation that way; and that 'twas a pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castle-

wood : and 'tis better you should make a name for yourself. I often said so to my dear Lord. How he loved you ! 'Twas my Lord that made you stay with us."

"I asked no better than to stay near you always," said Mr. Esmond.

"But to go was best, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it ; but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it. 'Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness, that you should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman ; and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in my nest. His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next. Lord Marlborough has been good to us. You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And so was your—your father's widow. No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us. 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court ; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promised to provide for you—has she not ?"

Esmond said, "Yes. As far as present favor went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. And should her mind change," he added gayly, "as ladies' minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow. Not by the sword very likely. Thousands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world ; and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion !" Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him too ; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the gray twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued. "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid—horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me. That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it : how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor

child: but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall."

"He gave me his blessing on his deathbed," Esmond said. "Thank God for that legacy!"

"Amen, amen! dear Henry," said the lady, pressing his arm. "I knew it. Mr. Atterbury, of St. Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it."

"You had spared me many a bitter night, had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My Lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die: and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture

of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depths of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain—not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two: nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

“If—if ’tis so, dear lady,” Mr. Esmond said, “why should I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon—and near or far from me, as I know now, the heart of my dearest mistress follows me, let me have that blessing near me, nor ever part with it till death separate us. Come away—leave this Europe, this place which has so many sad recollections for you. Begin a new life in a new world. My good Lord often talked of visiting that land in Virginia which King Charles gave us—gave his ancestor. Frank will give us that. No man there will ask if there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is.”

“And my children—and my duty—and my good father, Henry?” she broke out. “He has none but me now! for soon my sister will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has conformed since the new Queen’s reign; and here in Winchester, where they love him, they have found a church for him. When the children leave me, I will stay with him. I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way lies—it scares me. They will come and visit me; and you will, sometimes, Henry—yes, sometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent season, when I have seen and blessed you once more.”

“I would leave all to follow you,” said Mr. Esmond; “and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?”

“Hush, boy!” she said, and it was with a mother’s sweet plaintive tone and look that she spoke. “The world is beginning for you. For me, I have been so weak and sinful that I

must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our Church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and pass my life in penance. But I would love you still—yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now; and my dear lord in heaven may see my heart; and knows the tears that have washed my sin away—and now—now my duty is here, by my children, whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and——”

“And not by me?” Henry said.

“Hush!” she said again, and raised her hand up to his lip. “I have been your nurse. You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the smallpox, and I came and sat by you. Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry. Oh, it is horrid to look back to that time! It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again, I will come ever so far. When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear. Be silent! let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry—no, you do not now, and I thank heaven for it. I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to College? ’Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr. Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London. And they both gave me absolution—both—and they are godly men, having authority to bind and to loose. And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven.”

“I think the angels are not all in heaven,” Mr. Esmond said. And as a brother folds a sister to his heart; and as a mother cleaves to her son’s breast—so for a few moments Esmond’s beloved mistress came to him and blessed him.

AUGUST 1ST, 1714.

[To please Beatrix Esmond, with whom he is in love, Harry Esmond has secretly brought over to Lady Castlewood’s house in Kensington Square the exiled king of England, James III. The king makes love to Beatrix, who is removed to Castlewood, and when the king is needed to be produced on the death of Queen Anne and proclaimed by the Jacobites, he is missing. Harry Esmond and Beatrix’ brother Frank, to whom Harry has surrendered land and titles, pursue him to Castlewood, and the following scenes occur. Historically the king was not at all the amorous and foolish prince here so brilliantly painted, nor was he in England at this date.]

“Does my mistress know of this?” Esmond asked of Frank, as they walked along.

"My mother found the letter in the book, on the toilet table. She had writ it ere she had left home," Frank said. "Mother met her on the stairs, with her hand upon the door, trying to enter, and never left her after that till she went away. He did not think of looking at it there, nor had Martin the chance of telling him. I believe the poor devil meant no harm, though I half killed him; he thought 'twas to Beatrix' brother he was bringing the letter."

Frank never said a word of reproach to me for having brought the villain amongst us. As we knocked at the door I said, "When will the horses be ready?" Frank pointed with his cane; they were turning the street that moment.

We went up and bade adieu to our mistress; she was in a dreadful state of agitation by this time, and that Bishop was with her whose company she was so fond of.

"Did you tell him, my Lord," says Esmond, "that Beatrix was at Castlewood?" The Bishop blushed and stammered: "Well," says he, "I ——"

"You served the villain right," broke out Mr. Esmond, "and he has lost a crown by what you told him."

My mistress turned quite white. "Henry, Henry," says she, "do not kill him!"

"It may not be too late," says Esmond; "he may not have gone to Castlewood; pray God it is not too late." The Bishop was breaking out with some *banale* phrases about loyalty, and the sacredness of the Sovereign's person; but Esmond sternly bade him hold his tongue, burn all papers, and take care of Lady Castlewood; and in five minutes he and Frank were in the saddle, John Lockwood behind them, riding towards Castlewood at a rapid pace.

We were just got to Alton, when who should meet us but old Lockwood, the porter from Castlewood, John's father, walking by the side of the Hexton flying coach, who slept the night at Alton. Lockwood said his young mistress had arrived at home on Wednesday night, and this morning, Friday, had dispatched him with a packet for my Lady at Kensington, saying the letter was of great importance.

We took the freedom to break it, while Lockwood stared with wonder, and cried out his "Lord bless me's," and "Who'd a thought it's," at the sight of his young lord, whom he had not seen these seven years.

The packet from Beatrix contained no news of importance at

all. It was written in a jocular strain, affecting to make light of her captivity. She asked whether she might have leave to visit Mrs. Tusher, or to walk beyond the court and the garden wall. She gave news of the peacocks, and a fawn she had there. She bade her mother send her certain gowns and smocks by old Lockwood; she sent her duty to a certain Person, if certain other persons permitted her to take such a freedom; how that, as she was not able to play cards with him, she hoped he would read good books, such as Doctor Atterbury's sermons and "Eikon Basiliké": she was going to read good books; she thought her pretty mamma would like to know she was not crying her eyes out.

"Who is in the house besides you, Lockwood?" says the Colonel.

"There be the laundry maid, and the kitchenmaid, Madam Beatrix' maid, the man from London, and that be all; and he sleepeth in my lodge away from the maids," says old Lockwood.

Esmond scribbled a line with a pencil on the note, giving it to the old man, and bidding him go on to his lady. We knew why Beatrix had been so dutiful on a sudden, and why she spoke of "Eikon Basiliké." She writ this letter to put the Prince on the scent, and the porter out of the way.

"We have a fine moonlight night for riding on," says Esmond; "Frank, we may reach Castlewood in time yet." All the way along we made inquiries at the posthouses, when a tall young gentleman in a gray suit, with a light brown periwig, just the color of my Lord's, had been seen to pass. He had set off at six that morning, and we at three in the afternoon. He rode almost as quickly as we had done; he was seven hours ahead of us still when we reached the last stage.

We rode over Castlewood Downs before the breaking of dawn. We passed the very spot where the car was upset fourteen years since, and Mohun lay. The village was not up yet, nor the forge lighted, as we rode through it, passing by the elms, where the rooks were still roosting, and by the church, and over the bridge. We got off our horses at the bridge and walked up to the gate.

"If she is safe," says Frank, trembling, and his honest eyes filling with tears, "a silver statue to Our Lady!" He was going to rattle at the great iron knocker on the oak gate; but Esmond stopped his kinsman's hand. He had his own fears, his own hopes, his own despairs and griefs, too; but he spoke

not a word of these to his companion, or showed any signs of emotion.

He went and tapped at the little window at the porter's lodge, gently, but repeatedly, until the man came to the bars.

"Who's there?" says he, looking out. It was the servant from Kensington.

"My Lord Castlewood and Colonel Esmond," we said, from below. "Open the gate and let us in without any noise."

"My Lord Castlewood?" says the other; "my Lord's here, and in bed."

"Open, d—— you," says Castlewood, with a curse.

"I shall open to no one," says the man, shutting the glass window as Frank drew a pistol. He would have fired at the porter, but Esmond again held his hand.

"There are more ways than one," says he, "of entering such a great house as this." Frank grumbled that the west gate was half a mile round. "But I know of a way that's not a hundred yards off," says Mr. Esmond; and leading his kinsman close along the wall, and by the shrubs which had now grown thick on what had been an old moat about the house, they came to the buttress, at the side of which the little window was, which was Father Holt's private door. Esmond climbed up to this easily, broke a pane that had been mended, and touched the spring inside, and the two gentlemen passed in that way, treading as lightly as they could; and so going through the passage into the court, over which the dawn was now reddening, and where the fountain plashed in the silence.

They sped instantly to the porter's lodge, where the fellow had not fastened his door that led into the court; and pistol in hand came upon the terrified wretch, and bade him be silent. Then they asked him (Esmond's head reeled, and he almost fell as he spoke) when Lord Castlewood had arrived? He said on the previous evening, about eight of the clock. — "And what then?" — His Lordship supped with his sister. — "Did the man wait?" — Yes, he and my Lady's maid both waited: the other servants made the supper; and there was no wine, and they could give his Lordship but milk, at which he grumbled; and — and Madam Beatrix kept Miss Lucy always in the room with her. And there being a bed across the court in the Chaplain's room, she had arranged my Lord was to sleep there. Madam Beatrix had come downstairs laughing with the maids, and had locked herself in, and my Lord had stood for a while talking to

her through the door, and she laughing at him. And then he paced the court awhile, and she came again to the upper window; and my Lord implored her to come down and walk in the room; but she would not, and laughed at him again, and shut the window; and so my Lord, uttering what seemed curses, but in a foreign language, went to the Chaplain's room to bed.

"Was this all?" — "All," the man swore upon his honor; all, as he hoped to be saved. — "Stop, there was one thing more. My Lord, on arriving, and once or twice during supper, did kiss his sister, as was natural, and she kissed him." At this Esmond ground his teeth with rage, and well-nigh throttled the amazed miscreant who was speaking, whereas Castlewood, seizing hold of his cousin's hand, burst into a great fit of laughter.

"If it amuses thee," says Esmond in French, "that your sister should be exchanging of kisses with a stranger, I fear poor Beatrix will give thee plenty of sport." — Esmond darkly thought how Hamilton, Ashburnham, had before been masters of those roses that the young Prince's lips were now feeding on. He sickened at that notion. Her cheek was desecrated, her beauty tarnished; shame and honor stood between it and him. The love was dead within him; had she a crown to bring him with her love, he felt that both would degrade him.

But this wrath against Beatrix did not lessen the angry feelings of the Colonel against the man who had been the occasion if not the cause of the evil. Frank sat down on a stone bench in the courtyard, and fairly fell asleep, while Esmond paced up and down the court, debating what should ensue. What mattered how much or how little had passed between the Prince and the poor faithless girl? They were arrived in time perhaps to rescue her person, but not her mind: had she not instigated the young Prince to come to her; suborned servants, dismissed others, so that she might communicate with him? The treacherous heart within her had surrendered, though the place was safe; and it was to win this that he had given a life's struggle and devotion: this, that she was ready to give away for the bribe of a coronet or a wink of the Prince's eye.

When he had thought his thoughts out he shook up poor Frank from his sleep, who rose yawning, and said he had been dreaming of Clotilda. "You must back me," says Esmond,

"in what I am going to do. I have been thinking that yonder scoundrel may have been instructed to tell that story, and that the whole of it may be a lie; if it be, we shall find it out from the gentleman who is asleep yonder. See if the door leading to my Lady's rooms" (so we called the rooms at the northwest angle of the house), "see if the door is barred as he saith." We tried, it was indeed, as the lackey had said, closed within.

"It may have been opened and shut afterwards," says poor Esmond, "the foundress of our family let our ancestor in in that way."

"What will you do, Harry, if—if what that fellow saith should turn out untrue?" The young man looked scared and frightened into his kinsman's face; I dare say it wore no very pleasant expression.

"Let us first go see whether the two stories agree," says Esmond, and went in at the passage and opened the door into what had been his own chamber now for well-nigh five and twenty years. A candle was still burning, and the Prince asleep dressed on the bed — Esmond did not care for making a noise. The Prince started up in his bed, seeing two men in his chamber.

"*Qui est là?*" says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow.

"It is the Marquis of Esmond," says the Colonel, "come to welcome His Majesty to his house of Castlewood, and to report of what hath happened in London. Pursuant to the King's orders, I passed the night before last, after leaving His Majesty, in waiting upon the friends of the King. It is a pity that His Majesty's desire to see the country and to visit our poor house should have caused the King to quit London without notice yesterday, when the opportunity happened which in all human probability may not occur again; and had the King not chosen to ride to Castlewood, the Prince of Wales might have slept at St. James'."

"'Sdeath! gentlemen," says the Prince, starting off his bed, whereon he was lying in his clothes, "the Doctor was with me yesterday morning, and after watching by my sister all night, told me I might not hope to see the Queen."

"It would have been otherwise," says Esmond, with another bow; "as, by this time, the Queen may be dead in spite of the Doctor. The Council was met, a new Treasurer was appointed, the troops were devoted to the King's cause; and fifty loyal

gentlemen of the greatest names of this kingdom were assembled to accompany the Prince of Wales, who might have been the acknowledged heir of the throne, or the possessor of it by this time, had your Majesty not chosen to take the air. We were ready : there was only one person that failed us, your Majesty's gracious ——”

“Morbieu, Monsieur, you give me too much Majesty,” said the Prince, who had now risen up and seemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither stirred.

“We shall take care,” says Esmond, “not much oftener to offend in that particular.”

“What mean you, my Lord?” says the Prince, and muttered something about a *guet-à-pens*, which Esmond caught up.

“The snare, sir,” said he, “was not of our laying ; it is not we that invited you. We came to avenge, and not to compass, the dishonor of our family.”

“Dishonor ! Morbieu, there has been no dishonor,” says the Prince, turning scarlet, “only a little harmless playing.”

“That was meant to end seriously.”

“I swear,” the Prince broke out impetuously, “upon the honor of a gentleman, my lords ——”

“That we arrived in time. No wrong hath been done, Frank,” says Colonel Esmond, turning round to young Castlewood, who stood at the door as the talk was going on. “See ! here is a paper whereon His Majesty hath deigned to commence some verses in honor, or dishonor, of Beatrix. Here is ‘Madame’ and ‘Flamme,’ ‘Cruelle’ and ‘Rebelle,’ and ‘Amour’ and ‘Jour,’ in the Royal writing and spelling. Had the Gracious lover been happy, he had not passed his time in sighing.” In fact, and actually as he was speaking, Esmond cast his eyes down towards the table, and saw a paper on which my young Prince had been scrawling a madrigal, that was to finish his charmer on the morrow.

“Sir,” says the Prince, burning with rage (he had assumed his Royal coat unassisted by this time), “did I come here to receive insults?”

“To confer them, may it please your Majesty,” says the Colonel, with a very low bow, “and the gentlemen of our family are come to thank you.”

“*Malédiction !*” says the young man, tears starting into his eyes with helpless rage and mortification. “What will you with me, gentlemen?”

"If your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment," says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, "I have some papers there which I would gladly submit to you, and by your permission I will lead the way;" and, taking the taper up, and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the little Chaplain's room, through which we had just entered into the house. "Please to set a chair for His Majesty, Frank," says the Colonel to his companion, who wondered almost as much at this scene, and was as much puzzled by it, as the other actor in it. Then going to the crypt over the mantelpiece, the Colonel opened it, and drew thence the papers which so long had lain there.

"Here, may it please your Majesty," says he, "is the Patent of Marquis sent over by your Royal Father at St. Germain to Viscount Castlewood, my father: here is the witnessed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening; I was christened of that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining an example. These are my titles, dear Frank, and this what I do with them: here go Baptism and Marriage, and here the Marquisate and the August Sign-Manual, with which your predecessor was pleased to honor our race." And as Esmond spoke he set the papers burning in the brasier. "You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear Lord's grandfather (for Lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue riband. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it: I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and, had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same, won't you, Cousin?"

Frank, who had been looking on with a stupid air at the papers as they flamed in the old brasier, took out his sword and broke it, holding his head down: "I go with my cousin," says he, giving Esmond a grasp of the hand. "Marquis or not, by —, I stand by him any day. I beg your Majesty's pardon for

swearing ; that is — that is — I'm for the Elector of Hanover. It's all your Majesty's own fault. The Queen's dead most likely by this time, and you might have been King if you hadn't come dangling after Trix."

"Thus to lose a crown," says the young Prince, starting up, and speaking French in his eager way ; "to lose the loveliest woman in the world ; to lose the loyalty of such hearts as yours, is not this, my Lords, enough of humiliation ? — Marquis, if I go on my knees, will you pardon me ? — No, I can't do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honor, that of gentlemen. Favor me by crossing the sword with mine : yours is broke — see, yonder in the armoire are two ;" and the Prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them toward Esmond : "Ah ! you will ? *Merci ! Monsieur, merci !*"

Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension and repentance for wrong done, Colonel Esmond bowed down so low as almost to kiss the gracious young hand that conferred on him such an honor, and took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met than Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broken off short at the shell ; and the Colonel falling back a step dropped his point with another very low bow, and declared himself perfectly satisfied.

"*Eh bien, Vicomte !*" says the young Prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, "*il ne nous reste qu'une chose à faire :*" he placed his sword upon the table, and the fingers of his two hands upon his breast : "We have one more thing to do," says he ; "you do not divine it ?" He stretched out his arms : "*Embrassons nous !*"

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room. What came she to seek there ? She started and turned pale at the sight of her brother and kinsman, drawn swords, broken sword blades, and papers yet smoldering in the brasier.

"Charming Beatrix," says the Prince, with a blush which became him very well, "these lords have come a-horseback from London, where my sister lies in a despaired state, and where her successor makes himself desired. Pardon me for my escapade of last evening. I had been so long a prisoner, that I seized the occasion of a promenade on horseback, and my horse naturally bore me towards you. I found you a queen in your little court, where you deigned to entertain me. Present my homages to your maids of honor. I sighed as you slept, under

the window of your chamber, and then retired to seek rest in my own. It was there that these gentlemen agreeably roused me. Yes, milords, for that is a happy day that makes a Prince acquainted, at whatever cost to his vanity, with such a noble heart as that of the Marquis of Esmond. Mademoiselle, may we take your coach to town? I saw it in the hangar, and this poor Marquis must be dropping with sleep."

"Will it please the King to breakfast before he goes?" was all Beatrix could say. The roses had shuddered out of her cheeks; her eyes were glaring; she looked quite old. She came up to Esmond and hissed out a word or two: "If I did not love you before, Cousin," says she, "think how I love you now." If words could stab, no doubt she would have killed Esmond; she looked at him as if she could.

But her keen words gave no wound to Mr. Esmond; his heart was too hard. As he looked at her he wondered that he could ever have loved her. His love of ten years was over; it fell down dead on the spot, at the Kensington tavern, where Frank brought him the note out of "Eikōn Basiliké." The Prince blushed and bowed low, as she gazed at him, and quitted the chamber. I have never seen her from that day.

Horses were fetched and put to the chariot presently. My Lord rode outside, and as for Esmond he was so tired that he was no sooner in the carriage than he fell asleep, and never woke till night, as the coach came into Alton.

As we drove to the "Bell Inn," comes a mitered coach with our old friend Lockwood beside the coachman. My Lady Castlewood and the Bishop were inside; she gave a little scream when she saw us. The two coaches entered the inn almost together; the landlord and people coming out with lights to welcome the visitors.

We in our coach sprang out of it as soon as ever we saw the dear lady, and above all the Doctor in his cassock. What was the news? Was there yet time? Was the Queen alive? These questions were put hurriedly, as Boniface stood waiting before his noble guests to bow them up the stair.

"Is she safe?" was what Lady Castlewood whispered in a flutter to Esmond.

"All's well, thank God," says he, as the fond lady took his hand and kissed it, and called him her preserver and her dear. She wasn't thinking of Queens and crowns.

The Bishop's news was reassuring: at least all was not

lost; the Queen yet breathed, or was alive when they left London, six hours since. ("It was Lady Castlewood who insisted on coming," the Doctor said.) Argyle had marched up regiments from Portsmouth, and sent abroad for more; the Whigs were on the alert, a pest on them (I am not sure but the Bishop swore as he spoke), and so too were our people. And all might be saved, if only the Prince could be at London in time. We called for horses, instantly to return to London. We never went up poor crestfallen Boniface's stairs, but into our coaches again. The Prince and his Prime Minister in one, Esmond in the other, with only his dear mistress as a companion.

Castlewood galloped forwards on horseback to gather the Prince's friends and warn them of his coming. We traveled through the night — Esmond discoursing to his mistress of the events of the last twenty-four hours: of Castlewood's ride and his; of the Prince's generous behavior and their reconciliation. The night seemed short enough; and the starlit hours passed away serenely in that fond company.

So we came along the road, the Bishop's coach heading ours; and, with some delays in procuring horses, we got to Hammersmith about four o'clock on Sunday morning, the first of August, and half an hour after, it being then bright day, we rode by my Lady Warwick's house, and so down the street of Kensington.

Early as the hour was, there was a bustle in the street, and many people moving to and fro. Round the gate leading to the Palace, where the guard is, there was especially a great crowd. And the coach ahead of us stopped, and the Bishop's man got down to know what the concourse meant.

There presently came from out of the gate — Horse Guards with their trumpets, and a company of heralds with their tabards. The trumpets blew, and the herald at arms came forward and proclaimed GEORGE, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. And the people shouted, God save the King!

ADVICE FROM FIFTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

By BISHOP BURNET.

[GILBERT BURNET, English theologian, politician, and writer, was born at Edinburgh in 1643, of an influential legal family; educated at Aberdeen, and ordained before he was eighteen; took a few months at the English universities, traveled, returned to some years of zealous pastorate, and was made professor of divinity at Glasgow; became acquainted with the Duchess of Hamilton, and wrote "Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton," which gained him also the attention of Lauderdale, who introduced him to Charles II.; wrote a "Vindication of . . . the Church and State of Scotland" (1673), and was offered a bishopric, but declined from suspicion of Charles's papistic leanings; was however favored by James, settled in London, and became a much-consulted adviser of the court and one of London's most popular preachers, besides having court livings. He published two volumes folio of a great "History of the Reformation in England" in 1681-1683 (a third was issued in 1715). The Popish Plot and the growing royal Catholic tendencies caused him to withdraw more and more from court, and decline livings and finally a bishopric, offered for advocacy of the royal cause; and he was dismissed in 1684. On James's accession he went abroad, finally settling in Holland, counseling the Prince of Orange as to the invasion of England, and writing pamphlets which gained him a prosecution for treason; whence he had himself naturalized as a Dutch citizen. He attended William as chaplain on his invasion, and was made bishop of Salisbury. He was thenceforth a man of power in the Upper House, much hated by the illiberals, favoring tolerance and church reform. In 1699 he published an "Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles." He died in 1715. His valuable "History of his own Time," here excerpted, was published posthumously.]

I HAVE now set out the state of affairs for above half a century, with all the care and attention that I was capable of: I have inquired into all matters among us, and have observed them, during the course of my life, with a particular application and impartiality. But my intention in writing was not so much to tell a fine tale to the world, and to amuse them with a discovery of many secrets and of intrigues of state, to blast the memory of some, to exalt others, to disgrace one party and to recommend another; my chief design was better formed, and deeper laid: it was to give such a discovery of errors in government, and of the excesses and follies of parties, as may make the next age wiser, by what I may tell them of the last. And I may presume that the observations I have made, and the account that I have given, will gain me so much credit, that I may speak with a plain freedom to all sorts of persons: this not being to be published until after I am dead, when envy, jealousy, or hatred, will be buried with me in my grave; I may hope, that what I am now to offer to succeeding ages, may be

better heard, and less censured, than anything I could offer to the present : so that this is a sort of testament or dying speech, which I leave behind me, to be read and considered when I can speak no more : I do most earnestly beg of God to direct me in it, and to give it such an effect on the minds of those who read it, that I may do more good when dead, than I could ever hope to do while I was alive.

I will conclude this whole address to posterity with that which is the most important of all other things, and which alone will carry everything else along with it ; which is to recommend, in the most solemn and serious manner, the study and practice of religion to all sorts of men, as that which is both the light of the world and the salt of the earth. Nothing does so open our faculties, and compose and direct the whole man, as an inward sense of God, of his authority over us, of the laws he has set us, of his eye ever upon us, of his hearing our prayers, assisting our endeavors, watching over our concerns, and of his being to judge, and to reward, or punish us in another state, according to what we do in this. Nothing will give a man such a detestation of sin, and such a sense of the goodness of God, and of our obligations to holiness, as a right understanding and a firm belief of the Christian religion : nothing can give a man so calm a peace within, and such a firm security against all fears and dangers without, as the belief of a kind and wise Providence, and of a future state. An integrity of heart gives a man a courage and a confidence that cannot be shaken : a man is sure that, by living according to the rules of religion, he becomes the wisest, the best, and happiest creature that he is capable of being : honest industry, the employing his time well, and a constant sobriety, an undefiled purity and chastity, with a quiet serenity, are the best preservers of life and health ; so that, take a man as a single individual, religion is his guard, his perfection, his beauty, and his glory : this will make him the light of the world, shining brightly, and enlightening many round about him.

Then take a man as a piece of mankind, as a citizen of the world, or of any particular state, religion is indeed then the salt of the earth ; for it makes every man to be to all the rest of the world, whatsoever any one can with reason wish or desire

him to be. He is true, just, honest, and faithful, in the whole commerce of life, doing to all others that which he would have others do to him : he is a lover of mankind, and of his country ; he may and ought to love some more than others ; but he has an extent of love to all, of pity and compassion, not only to the poorest, but to the worst ; for the worse any are, they are the more to be pitied. He has a complacency and delight in all that are truly though but defectively good, and a respect and veneration for all that are eminently so : he mourns for the sins and rejoices in the virtues of all that are round about him ; in every relation of life, religion makes him answer all his obligations : it will make princes just and good, faithful to their promises, and lovers of their people ; it will inspire subjects with respect, submission, obedience, and zeal, for their prince ; it will sanctify wedlock to be a state of Christian friendship, and mutual assistance ; it will give parents the truest love to their children, with a proper care of their education ; it will command the returns of gratitude and obedience from children ; it will teach masters to be gentle and careful of their servants, and servants to be faithful, zealous, and diligent, in their masters' concerns ; it will make friends tender and true to one another ; it will make them generous, faithful, and disinterested ; it will make men live in their neighborhood, as members of one common body, promoting first the general good of the whole, and then the good of every particular, as far as a man's sphere can go ; it will make judges and magistrates just and patient, hating covetousness, and maintaining peace and order, without respect of persons : it will make people live in so inoffensive a manner, that it will be easy to maintain justice, whilst men are not disposed to give disturbance to those about them. This will make bishops and pastors faithful to their trust, tender to their people, and watchful over them : and it will beget in the people an esteem for their persons, and their functions.

Thus religion, if truly received and sincerely adhered to, would prove the greatest of all blessings to a nation ; but by religion, I understand somewhat more than the receiving some doctrines, though ever so true, or the professing them, and engaging to support them, not without zeal and eagerness. What signify the best doctrines, if men do not live suitably to them ; if they have not a due influence upon their thoughts, their principles, and their lives ? Men of bad lives, with sound

opinions, are self-condemned, and lie under a highly aggravated guilt; nor will the heat of a party, arising out of interest, and managed with fury and violence, compensate for the ill lives of such false pretenders to zeal; while they are a disgrace to that which they profess and seem so hot for. By religion, I do not mean an outward compliance with form and customs, in going to church, to prayers, to sermons, and to sacraments, with an external show of devotion, or, which is more, with some inward forced good thoughts, in which many may satisfy themselves, while this has no visible effect on their lives, nor any inward force to subdue and rectify their appetites, passions, and secret designs. Those customary performances, how good and useful soever, when well understood and rightly directed, are of little value, when men rest on them, and think that, because they do them, they have, therefore, acquitted themselves of their duty, though they continue still proud, covetous, full of deceit, envy, and malice: even secret prayer, the most effectual of all other means, is designed for a higher end, which is to possess our minds with such a constant and present sense of divine truths, as may make these live in us, and govern us; and may draw down such assistances as may exalt and sanctify our natures.

So that by religion I mean, such a sense of divine truth as enters into a man, and becomes a spring of a new nature within him; reforming his thoughts and designs, purifying his heart, and sanctifying him, and governing his whole deportment, his words as well as his actions; convincing him that it is not enough, not to be scandalously vicious, or to be innocent in his conversation, but that he must be entirely, uniformly, and constantly, pure and virtuous, animating him with a zeal to be still better and better, more eminently good and exemplary, using prayers and all outward devotions, as solemn acts testifying what he is inwardly and at heart, and as methods instituted by God, to be still advancing in the use of them further and further into a more refined and spiritual sense of divine matters. This is true religion, which is the perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one that feels it active and strong within him: it is true, this is not arrived at all at once; and it will have an unhappy alloy, hanging long even about a good man; but, as those ill mixtures are the perpetual grief of his soul, so it is his chief care to watch over and to mortify them; he will be in a continual progress, still gaining ground upon himself; and as he attains to a good degree of

purity, he will find a noble flame of life and joy growing upon him. Of this I write with the more concern and emotion, because I have felt this the true, and, indeed, the only joy which runs through a man's heart and life: it is that which has been for many years my greatest support; I rejoice daily in it: I feel from it the earnest of that supreme joy which I pant and long for; I am sure there is nothing else can afford any true or complete happiness. I have, considering my sphere, seen a great deal of all that is most shining and tempting in this world: the pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate; intrigues of state, and the conduct of affairs, have something in them that is more specious; and I was for some years deeply immersed in these, but still with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind wiser and better: but I have found that which is crooked cannot be made straight. I acquainted myself with knowledge and learning, and that in a great variety, and with more compass than depth; but though wisdom excelleth folly as much as light does darkness, yet as it is a sore travail, so it is so very defective, that what is wanting to complete it cannot be numbered. I have seen that two were better than one, and that a threefold cord is not easily loosed; and have therefore cultivated friendship with much zeal and a disinterested tenderness; but I have found this was also vanity and vexation of spirit, though it be of the best and noblest sort. So that, upon great and long experience, I could enlarge on the preacher's text, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity"; but I must also conclude with him: Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the all of man, the whole, both of his duty and of his happiness. I do, therefore, end all in the words of David, of the truth of which, upon great experience and a long observation, I am so fully assured, that I leave these as my last words to posterity: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."

ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS.

By LE SAGE.

[ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE: French dramatist and author; born at Sarzeau in Brittany, May 8, 1688; died November 17, 1747. His fame as a dramatist may be said to rest upon "Turcaret" (1709), and as a novelist upon "Gil Blas" (4 vols., 1716, 1724, and 1735), the latter placing him in the front rank of novelists of all time. He borrowed freely from the Spanish, but his keen and striking originality cannot be questioned. His other works include: "Crispin Rival de Son Maître," a comedy (1707), "Le Diable Boiteux," a novel (1707), "L'Histoire de Guzman d'Alfarache" (1732), "Estévanille Gonzalès" (1734), "Aventures du Flibustier Beauchêne" (1732), "Le Bachelier de Salamanque" (1736), and many translations from the Spanish. Scott said of him, "His muse moved with an unpolluted step, even where the path was somewhat miry."]

GIL BLAS ENTERS INTO DOCTOR SANGRADO'S SERVICE, AND BECOMES A FAMOUS PRACTITIONER.

I DETERMINED to throw myself in the way of Signor Arias de Londona, and to look out for a new birth in his register; but as I was on my way to No Thoroughfare, who should come across me but Doctor Sangrado, whom I had not seen since the day of my master's death. I took the liberty of touching my hat. He kenned me in a twinkling, though I had changed my dress; and with as much warmth as his temperament would allow him: "Heyday!" said he, "the very lad I wanted to see; you have never been out of my thought. I have occasion for a clever fellow about me, and pitched upon you as the very thing, if you can read and write." "Sir," replied I, "if that is all you require, I am your man." "In that case," rejoined he, "we need look no further. Come home with me; it will be all comfort: I shall behave to you like a brother. You will have no wages, but everything will be found you. You shall eat and drink according to the true faith, and be taught to cure all diseases. In a word, you shall rather be my young Sangrado than my footman."

I closed in with the doctor's proposal, in the hope of becoming an Esculapius under so inspired a master. He carried me home on the spur of the occasion, to install me in my honorable employment, which honorable employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for him in his absence. There had indeed been a register for this purpose, kept by an old domestic; but she had not the gift of

spelling accurately, and wrote a most perplexing hand. This account I was to keep. It might truly be called a bill of mortality ; for my members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in this system. I was a sort of book-keeper for the other world, to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. My pen was always in my hand, for Doctor Sangrado had more practice than any other physician of his time in Valladolid. He had got into reputation with the public by a certain professional slang, humored by a medical face, and some extraordinary cases, more honored by implicit faith than scrupulous investigation.

He was in no want of patients, nor consequently of property. He did not keep the best house in the world ; we lived with some little attention to economy. The usual bill of fare consisted of peas, beans, boiled apples, or cheese. He considered this food as best suited to the human stomach, that is to say, as most amenable to the grinders, whence it was to encounter the process of digestion. Nevertheless, easy as was their passage, he was not for stopping the way with too much of them ; and, to be sure, he was in the right. But though he cautioned the maid and me against repletion in respect of solids, it was made up by free permission to drink as much water as we liked. Far from prescribing us any limits there, he would tell us sometimes : “ Drink, my children ; health consists in the pliability and moisture of the parts. Drink water by pailfuls, it is an universal dissolvent ; water liquefies all the salts. Is the course of the blood a little sluggish ? this grand principle sets it forward ; too rapid ? its career is checked.” Our doctor was so orthodox on this head, that he drank nothing himself but water, though advanced in years. He defined old age to be a natural consumption which dries us up and wastes us away ; on this principle, he deplored the ignorance of those who call wine old men’s milk. He maintained that wine wears them out and corrodes them, and pleaded with all the force of eloquence against that liquor, fatal in common both to the young and old, that friend with a serpent in its bosom, that pleasure with a dagger under its girdle.

In spite of these fine arguments, at the end of a week, a looseness ensued, with some twinges, which I was blasphemous enough to saddle on the universal dissolvent, and the new-fashioned diet. I stated my symptoms to my master, in the hope he would relax the rigor of his regimen, and qualify my meals

with a little wine, but his hostility to that liquor was inflexible. "If you have not philosophy enough," said he, "for pure water, there are innocent infusions to strengthen the stomach against the nausea of aqueous quaffings. Sage, for example, has a very pretty flavor: and if you wish to heighten it into a debauch, it is only mixing rosemary, wild poppy, and other simples, but no compounds."

In vain did he crack off his water, and teach me the secret of composing delicious messes. I was so abstemious, that, remarking my moderation, he said, "In good sooth, Gil Blas, I marvel not that you are no better than you are; you do not drink enough, my friend. Water taken in a small quantity serves only to separate the particles of bile and set them in action; but our practice is to drown them in a copious drench. Fear not, my good lad, lest a superabundance of liquid should either weaken or chill your stomach; far from thy better judgment be that silly fear of unadulterated drink. I will insure you against all consequences; and if my authority will not serve your turn, read Celsus. That oracle of the ancients makes an admirable panegyric on water; in short, he says in plain terms that those who plead an inconstant stomach in favor of wine publish a libel on their own bowels, and make their organization a pretense for their sensuality."

As it would have been ungenteel in me to have run riot on my entrance into the career of practice, I affected thorough conviction, indeed I thought there was something in it. I therefore went on drinking water on the authority of Celsus, or, to speak in scientific terms, I began to drown the bile in copious drenches of that unadulterated liquor; and though I felt myself more out of order from day to day, prejudice won the cause against experience. It is evident, therefore, that I was in the right road to the practice of physic. Yet I could not always be insensible to the qualms which increased my frame, to that degree, as to determine me on quitting Doctor Sangrado. But he invested me with a new office which changed my tone. "Hark you, my child," said he to me one day, "I am not one of those hard and ungrateful masters who leave their household to grow gray in service without a suitable reward. I am well pleased with you, I have a regard for you, and without waiting till you have served your time, I will make your fortune. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other phy-

sicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles; the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity. Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has failed in rescuing from my pen, is comprehended in these two articles — namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience. You may enter into partnership at once, by keeping the books in the morning, and going out to visit patients in the afternoon. While I dose the nobility and clergy, you shall labor in your vocation among the lower orders; and when you have felt your ground a little, I will get you admitted into our body. You are a philosopher, Gil Blas, though you have never graduated; the common herd of them, though they have graduated in due form and order, are likely to run out the length of their tether without knowing their right hand from their left."

I thanked the doctor for having so speedily enabled me to serve as his deputy; and, by way of acknowledging his goodness, promised to follow his system to the end of my career, with a magnanimous indifference about the aphorisms of Hippocrates. But that engagement was not to be taken to the letter. This tender attachment to water went against the grain, and I had a scheme for drinking wine every day snugly among the patients. I left off wearing my own suit a second time, to take up one of my master's, and look like an inveterate practitioner. After which I brought my medical theories into play, leaving them to look to the event whom it might concern. I began on an alguazil in a pleurisy; he was condemned to be bled with the utmost rigor of the law, at the same time that the system was to be replenished copiously with water. Next I made a lodgment in the veins of a gouty pastry cook, who roared like a lion by reason of gouty spasms. I stood on no more ceremony with his blood than with that of the alguazil, and laid no restriction on his taste for simple liquids. My prescriptions brought me in twelve rials, — an incident so auspicious in my professional career, that I only wished for the plagues of

Egypt on all the hale subjects of Valladolid. As I was coming out of the pastry cook's, whom should I meet but Fabricio, a total stranger since the death of the licentiate Sédillo! He looked at me with astonishment for some seconds; then set up a laugh with all his might, and held his sides. He had no reason to be grave, for I had a cloak trailing on the ground, with a doublet and breeches of four times my natural dimensions. I was certainly a complete original. I suffered him to make merry as long as he liked, and could scarcely help joining in the ridicule; but I kept a guard on my muscles to preserve a becoming dignity in public and the better to enact the physician, whose part in society is not that of a buffoon. If the absurdity of my appearance excited Fabricio's merriment, my affected gravity added zest to it; and when he had nearly exhausted his lungs: "By all the powers, Gil Blas," quoth he, "thou art in complete masquerade. Who the devil has dressed you up in this manner?" "Fair and softly, my friend," replied I, "fair and softly; be a little on your good behavior with a modern Hippocrates." Understand me to be the substitute of Doctor Sangrado, the most eminent physician in Valladolid. I have lived with him these three weeks. He has bottomed me thoroughly in medicine; and, as he cannot perform the obsequies of all the patients who send for him, I visit a part of them to take the burden off his conscience. He does execution in great families. I among the vulgar." "Vastly well," replied Fabricio; "that is to say, he grants you a lease on the blood of the commonalty, but keeps to himself the fee simple of the fashionable world. I wish you joy of your lot; it is a pleasanter line of practice among the populace than among great folk. Long live a snug connection in the suburbs! a man's mistakes are easily buried, and his murders elude all but God's revenge. Yes, my brave boy, your destiny is truly enviable; in the language of Alexander, were I not Fabricio, I could wish to be Gil Blas."

To show the son of Nunez, the barber, that he was not much out in his reckoning on my present happiness, I chinked the fees of the alguazil and the pastry cook; and this was followed by an adjournment to a tavern, to drink to their perfect recovery. The wine was very fair, and my impatience for the well-known smack made me think it better than it was. I took some good long draughts, and without gainsaying the Latin oracle, in proportion as I poured it into its natural reservoir. I

felt my accommodating entrails to owe me no grudge for the hard service into which I pressed them. As for Fabricio and myself, we sat some time in the tavern, making merry at the expense of our masters, as servants are too much accustomed to do. At last, seeing the night approach, we parted, after engaging to meet at the same place on the following day after dinner.

GIL BLAS GOES ON PRACTICING PHYSIC WITH EQUAL SUCCESS
AND ABILITY. ADVENTURE OF THE RECOVERED RING.

I was no sooner at home than Doctor Sangrado came in. I talked to him about the patients I had seen, and paid into his hands eight remaining rials of the twelve I had received for my prescriptions. "Eight rials!" said he, as he counted them, "mighty little for two visits! But we must take things as we find them." In the spirit of taking things as he found them, he laid violent hands on six, giving me the other two: "Here, Gil Blas," continued he, "see what a foundation to build upon. I make over to you the fourth of all you may bring me. You will soon feather your nest, my friend; for, by the blessing of Providence, there will be a great deal of ill health this year."

I had reason to be content with my dividend; since having determined to keep back the third part of what I received in my rounds, and afterwards touching another fourth of the remainder, half of the whole, if arithmetic is anything more than a deception, would become my perquisite. This inspired me with new zeal for my profession. The next day, as soon as I had dined, I resumed my medical paraphernalia, and took the field once more. I visited several patients on the list, and treated their several complaints in one invariable routine. Hitherto things went on under the rose, and no individual, thank heaven, had risen up in rebellion against my prescriptions. But let a physician's cures be as extraordinary as they will, some quack or other is always ready to rip up his reputation. I was called in to a grocer's son in a dropsy. Whom should I find there before me but a little, black-looking physician, by name Doctor Cuchillo, introduced by a relation of the family. I bowed round most profoundly, but dipped lowest to the personage whom I took to have been invited to a consultation with me. He returned my compliment with a distant air; then, having stared me in the face for a few seconds: "Signor

Doctor," said he, "I beg pardon for being inquisitive, I thought I had been acquainted with all my brethren in Valladolid, but I confess your physiognomy is altogether new. You must have been settled but a short time in town." I avowed myself a young practitioner, acting as yet under the direction of Doctor Sangrado. "I wish you joy," replied he, politely, "you are studying under a great man. You must doubtless have seen a vast deal of sound practice, young as you appear to be." He spoke this with so easy an assurance, that I was at a loss whether he meant it seriously, or was laughing at me. While I was conning over my reply, the grocer, seizing on the opportunity, said: "Gentlemen, I am persuaded of your both being perfectly competent in your art; have the goodness without ado to take the case in hand, and devise some effectual means for the restoration of my son's health."

Thereupon the little pulse counter set himself about reviewing the patient's situation; and after having dilated to me on all the symptoms, asked me what I thought the fittest method of treatment. "I am of opinion," replied I, "that he should be bled once a day, and drink as much warm water as he can swallow." At these words, our diminutive doctor said to me with a malicious simper, "And so you think such a course will save the patient?" "Never doubt it," exclaimed I, in a confident tone; "it must produce that effect, because it is a certain method of cure for all distempers. Ask Signor Sangrado." "At that rate," retorted he, "Celsus is altogether in the wrong; for he contends that the readiest way to cure a dropsical subject is to let him almost die of hunger and thirst." "Oh! as for Celsus," interrupted I, "he is no oracle of mine, as fallible as the meanest of us; I often have occasion to bless myself for going contrary to his dogmas." "I discover by your language," said Cuchillo, "the safe and sure method of practice Doctor Sangrado instills into his pupils. Bleeding and drenching are the extent of his resources. No wonder so many worthy people are cut off under his direction. . . ." "No defamation!" interrupted I, with some acrimony; "a member of the faculty had better not begin throwing stones. Come, come, my learned doctor, patients can get to the other world without bleeding and warm water; and I question whether the most deadly of us has ever signed more passports than yourself. If you have any crow to pluck with Signor Sangrado, write against him, he will answer you, and we shall soon see who will have the best of the battle."

"By all the saints in the calendar!" swore he, in a transport of passion, "you little know whom you are talking to. I have a tongue and a fist, my friend, and am not afraid of Sangrado, who, with all his arrogance and affectation, is but a ninny." The size of the little death dealer made me hold his anger cheap. I gave him a sharp retort; he sent back as good as I brought, till at last we came to cuffs. We had pulled a few handfuls of hair from each other's heads before the grocer and his kinsman could part us. When they had brought this about, they feed me for my attendance, and retained my antagonist, whom they thought the more skillful of the two.

Another adventure succeeded close on the heels of this. I went to see a huge chanter in a fever. As soon as he heard me talk of warm water, he showed himself so averse to this specific as to fall into a fit of swearing. He abused me in all possible shapes, and threatened to throw me out at window. I was in a greater hurry to get out of his house than to get in. I did not choose to see any more patients that day, and repaired to the inn where I had agreed to meet Fabricio. He was there first. As we found ourselves in a tippling humor, we drank hard, and returned to our employers in a pretty pickle, that is to say, so so in the upper story. Signor Sangrado was not aware of my being drunk, because he took the lively gestures which accompanied the relation of my quarrel with the little doctor for an effect of the agitation not yet subsided after the battle. Besides, he came in for his share in my report; and feeling himself nettled by Cuchillo: "You have done well, Gil Blas," said he, "to defend the character of our practice against this little abortion of the faculty. So he takes upon him to set his face against watery drenches in dropsical cases? An ignorant fellow! I maintain, I do, in my own person, that the use of them may be reconciled to the best theories. Yes, water is a cure for all sorts of dropsies, just as it is good for rheumatisms and the green sickness. It is excellent, too, in those fevers where the effect is at once to parch and to chill, and even miraculous in those disorders ascribed to cold, thin, phlegmatic, and pituitous humors. This opinion may appear strange to young practitioners like Cuchillo; but it is right orthodox in the best and soundest systems: so that if persons of that description were capable of taking a philosophical view, instead of crying me down, they would become my most zealous advocates."

In his rage, he never suspected me of drinking ; for, to exasperate him still more against the little doctor, I had thrown into my recital some circumstances of my own addition. Yet, engrossed as he was by what I had told him, he could not help taking notice that I drank more water than usual that evening.

In fact, the wine had made me very thirsty. Any one but Sangrado would have distrusted my being so very dry as to swallow down glass after glass ; but as for him, he took it for granted, in the simplicity of his heart, that I began to acquire a relish for aqueous potations. "Apparently, Gil Blas," said he, with a gracious smile, "you have no longer such a dislike to water. As heaven is my judge ! you quaff it off like nectar. It is no wonder, my friend, I was certain you would take a liking to that liquor. Sir," replied I, "there is a tide in the affairs of men : with my present lights, I would give all the wine in Valladolid for a pint of water." This answer delighted the doctor, who would not lose so fine an opportunity of expatiating on the excellence of water. He undertook to ring the changes once more in its praise, not like an hireling pleader, but as an enthusiast in the cause. "A thousand times," exclaimed he, "a thousand and a thousand times of greater value, as being more innocent than our modern taverns, were those baths of ages past, whither the people went not shamefully to squander their fortunes and expose their lives, by swilling themselves with wine, but assembled there for the decent and economical amusement of drinking warm water. It is difficult enough to admire the patriotic forecast of those ancient politicians who established places of public resort where water was dealt out gratis to all comers, and who confined wine to the shops of the apothecaries, that its use might be prohibited but under the direction of physicians. What a stroke of wisdom ! It is doubtless to preserve the seeds of that antique frugality, emblematic of the golden age, that persons are found to this day, like you and me, who drink nothing but water, and are persuaded they possess a prevention or a cure for every ailment, provided our warm water has never boiled ; for I have observed that water, when it has boiled, is heavier, and sits less easily on the stomach."

While he was holding forth thus eloquently, I was in danger more than once of splitting my sides with laughing. But I contrived to keep my countenance : nay, more, to chime in with the doctor's theory. I found fault with the use of

wine, and pitied mankind for having contracted an untoward relish to so pernicious a beverage. Then, finding my thirst not sufficiently allayed, I filled a large goblet with water, and after having swilled it like a horse: "Come, sir," said I to my master, "let us drink plentifully of this beneficial liquor. Let us make those early establishments of dilution you so much regret, to live again in your house." He clapped his hands in ecstasy at these words, and preached to me for a whole hour about suffering no liquid but water to pass my lips. To confirm the habit, I promised to drink a large quantity every evening: and, to keep my word with less violence to my private inclinations, I went to bed with a determined purpose of going to the tavern every day.

The trouble I had got into at the grocer's did not discourage me from phlebotomizing and prescribing warm water in the usual course. Coming out of a house where I had been visiting a poet in a frenzy, I was accosted in the street by an old woman, who came up and asked me if I was a physician. I said "yes." "As that is the case," replied she, "I entreat you with all humility to go along with me. My niece has been ill since yesterday, and I cannot conceive what is the matter with her." I followed the old lady to her house, where I was shown into a very decent room, occupied by a female who kept her bed. I went near, to consider her case. Her features struck me from the first, and I discovered beyond the possibility of a mistake, after having looked at her some little time, the she-adventurer who had played the part of Camilla so adroitly. For her part, she did not seem to recollect me at all, whether from the oppression of her disorder, or from my dress as a physician rendering me not easy to be known again. I took her by the hand, to feel her pulse, and saw my ring upon her finger. I was all in a twitter at the discovery of a valuable on which I had a claim both in law and equity. Great was my longing to make a snatch at it; but considering that these fair ones would set up a great scream, and that Don Raphael or some other defender of injured innocence might rush in to their rescue, I laid an embargo on my privateering. I thought it best to come by my own in an honest way, and to consult Fabricio about the means. To this last course I stuck. In the mean time the old woman urged me to inform her with what disease her niece was troubled. I was not fool enough to own my ignorance; on the contrary, I took upon myself as a man of science, and after my master's

example, pronounced solemnly that the disorder accrued to the patient from the defect of natural perspiration, that consequently she must lose blood as soon as possible, because if we could not open one pore, we always opened another; and I finished my prescription with warm water, to do the thing methodically.

I shortened my visit as much as possible, and ran to the son of Nunez, whom I met just as he was going out on an errand for his master. I told him my new adventure, and asked his advice about laying an information against Camilla. "Pooh! Nonsense!" replied he; "that would not be the way to get your ring again. Those gentry think restitution double trouble. Call to mind your imprisonment at Astorga; your horse, your money, your very clothes, did not they all center in the hands of justice? We must rather set our wits to work for the recovery of your diamond. I take on myself the charge of inventing some stratagem for that purpose. I will deliberate on it in my way to the hospital, where I have to say but two words from my master to the purveyor. Do you wait for me at our house of call, and do not be on the fret: I will be with you shortly."

I had waited, however, more than three hours at the appointed place, when he arrived. I did not know him again at first. Besides that he had changed his dress and platted his hair, a pair of false whiskers covered half his face. He wore an immense sword with a hilt of at least three feet in circumference, and marched at the head of five men of as swaggering an air as himself, with bushy whiskers and long rapiers. "Good day to you, Signor Gil Blas," said he by way of salutation; "behold an alguazil upon a new construction, and marshal men of like materials in these brave fellows my companions. We have only to be shown where the woman lodges who purloined the diamond, and we will obtain restitution, take my word for it." I hugged Fabricio at this discourse, which let me into the plot, and testified loudly my approval of the expedient. I paid my respects also to the masquerading marshal men. They were three servants and two journeymen barbers of his acquaintance, whom he had engaged to act this farce. I ordered wine to be served round to the detachment, and we all went together at nightfall to Camilla's residence. The door was shut, and we knocked. The old woman, taking my companions to be on the scent of justice, and knowing they would not come into that

neighborhood for nothing, was terribly frightened. "Cheer up again, good mother," said Fabricio; "we are only come here upon a little business which will be soon settled." At these words we made our entry, and found our way to the sick chamber, under the guidance of the old dowager, who walked before us, and by favor of a wax taper which she carried in a silver candlestick. I took the light, went to the bedside, and, making Camilla take particular notice of my features: "Traitor," said I, "call to mind the too credulous Gil Blas whom you have deceived. Ah! thou wickedness personified, at last I have caught thee. The corregidor has taken down my deposition, and ordered this alguazil to arrest you. Come, officer," said I to Fabricio, "do your duty." "There is no need," replied he, swelling his voice to inflame my severity. "The face of that wretch is not new to me: she has long been marked with red letters in my pocketbook. Get up, my princess, dress your royal person with all possible dispatch. I will be your squire, and lodge you in durance vile, if you have no objection."

At these words, Camilla, ill as she was, observing two marshal men with large whiskers ready to drag her out of bed by main force, sat up of herself, clasped her hands in an attitude of supplication, and looking at me ruefully said: "Signor Gil Blas, have compassion on me: I call as a witness to my entreaties the chaste mother whose virtues you inherit. Guilty as I am, my misfortunes are greater than my crimes. I will give you back your diamond, so do not be my ruin." Speaking to this effect, she drew my ring from her finger, and gave it me back. But I told her my diamond was not enough, and that she must refund the thousand ducats they had embezzled in the ready-furnished lodging. "Oh! as for your ducats," replied she, "ask me not about them. That false-hearted deceiver, Don Raphael, whom I have not seen from that time to this, carried them off the very same night." "O ho! my little darling," said Fabricio, in his turn, "that will not do; you had a hand in the robbery, whether you went snacks in the profit or no. You will not come off so cheaply. Your having been accessory to Don Raphael's maneuvers is enough to render you liable to an examination. Your past life is very equivocal; and you must have a good deal upon your conscience. You will have the goodness, if you please, just to step into the town jail, and there unburden yourself by a general confession. This good old lady shall keep you company; it is hard if she cannot tell

a world of curious stories, such as Mr. Corregidor will be delighted to hear."

The two women, at these words, brought every engine of pity into play to soften us. They filled the air with cries, complaints, and lamentations. While the old woman on her knees, sometimes to the alguazil and sometimes to his attendants, endeavored to melt their stubborn hearts, Camilla implored me, in the most touching terms, to save her from the hands of justice. I pretended to relent. "Officer," said I to the son of Nunez, "since I have got my diamond, I do not much care about anything else. It would be no pleasure to me to be the means of pain to that poor woman; I want not the death of a sinner." "Out upon you," answered he, "you set up for humanity! you would make a bad tipstaff. I must do my errand. My positive orders are to arrest these virgins of the sun; his honor the corregidor means to make an example of them." "Nay! for mercy's sake," replied I, "pay some little deference to my wishes, and slacken a little of your severity, on the ground of the present these ladies are on the point of offering to your acceptance." "Oh! that is another matter," rejoined he; "that is what you may call a figure of rhetoric suited to all capacities and all occasions. Well, then, let us see, what have they to give me?" "I have a pearl necklace," said Camilla, "and drop earrings of considerable value." "Yes; but," interrupted he, roughly, "if these articles are the produce of the Philippine Isles, I will have none of them." "You may take them in perfect safety," replied she; "I warrant them real." At the same time she made the old woman bring a little box, whence she took out the necklace and earrings, which she put within the grasp of this incorruptible minister. Though he was much such a judge of jewelry as myself, he had no doubt of the drops being real, as well as the pearls. "These trinkets," said he, after having looked at them minutely, "seem to be of good quality and fashion: and if the silver candlestick is thrown into the bargain, I would not answer for my own honesty." "You had better not," said I in my turn to Camilla, "for a trifle reject so moderate and fair a composition." While uttering these words, I returned the taper to the old woman, and handed the candlestick over to Fabricio, who, stopping there because perhaps he espied nothing else that was portable in the room, said to the two women: "Farewell, my dainty misses, set your hearts at

rest, I will report you to his worship the corregidor as purer than unsmutched snow. We can turn him round our finger, and never tell him the truth but when we are not paid for our lies."

GIL BLAS BECOMES THE ARCHBISHOP'S FAVORITE, AND THE
CHANNEL OF ALL HIS FAVORS.

I had been after dinner to get together my baggage, and take my horse from the inn where I had put up, and afterwards returned to supper at the archbishop's palace, where a neatly furnished room was got ready for me, and such a bed as was more likely to pamper than to mortify the flesh. The day following, his grace sent for me quite as soon as I was ready to go to him. It was to give me a homily to transcribe. He made a point of having it copied with all possible accuracy. It was done to please him; for I omitted neither accent, nor comma, nor the minutest tittle of all he had marked down. His satisfaction at observing this was heightened by its being unexpected. "Eternal Father!" exclaimed he, in a holy rapture, when he had glanced his eye over all the folios of my copy, "was ever anything seen so correct! You are too good a transcriber not to have some little smattering of the grammarian. Now tell me with the freedom of a friend: in writing it over, have you been struck with nothing that grated upon your feelings? Some little careless idiom, or some word used in an improper sense?" "Oh! may it please your grace," answered I, with a modest air, "it is not for me, with my confined education and coarse taste, to aim at making critical remarks. And though ever so well qualified, I am satisfied that your grace's works would come out pure from the essay." The successor of the apostles smiled at my answer. He made no observation on it; but it was easy to see through all his piety, that he was an arrant author at the bottom: there is something in that dye, that not heaven itself can wash out.

I seemed to have purchased the fee simple of his good graces by my flattery. Day after day did I get a step further in his esteem; and Don Ferdinand, who came to see him very often, told me my footing was so firm, that there could not be a doubt but my fortune was made. Of this my master himself gave me a proof some little time afterwards, and the occasion was as follows: One evening in his closet he rehearsed before me,

with appropriate emphasis and action, a homily which he was to deliver the next day in the cathedral. He did not content himself with asking me what I thought of it in the gross, but insisted on my telling him what passages struck me most. I had the good fortune to pick out those which were nearest to his own taste, his favorite commonplaces. Thus, as luck would have it, I passed in his estimation for a man who had a quick and natural relish of the real and less obvious beauties in a work. "This, indeed," exclaimed he, "is what you may call having discernment and feeling in perfection! Well, well, my friend! it cannot be said of you,

"Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum."

In a word, he was so highly pleased with me, as to add in a tone of extraordinary emotion: "Never mind, Gil Blas! henceforward take no care about hereafter: I shall make it my business to place you among the favored children of my bounty. You have my best wishes; and to prove to you that you have them, I shall take you into my inmost confidence."

These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than I fell at his grace's feet, quite overwhelmed with gratitude. I embraced his elliptical legs with almost pagan idolatry and considered myself as a man on the highroad to a very handsome fortune. "Yes, my child," resumed the archbishop, whose speech had been cut short by the rapidity of my prostration, "I mean to make you the receiver general of all my inmost ruminations. Harken attentively to what I am going to say. I have a great pleasure in preaching. The Lord sheds a blessing on my homilies; they sink deep into the hearts of sinners; set up a glass in which vice sees its own image, and bring back many from the paths of error into the highroad of repentance. What a heavenly sight, when a miser, scared at the hideous picture drawn by my eloquence of his avarice, opens his coffers to the poor and needy, and dispenses the accumulated store with a liberal hand! The voluptuary, too, is snatched from the pleasures of the table; ambition flies at my command to the wholesome discipline of the monastic cell; while female frailty, tottering on the brink of ruin, with one ear open to the siren voice of the seducer, and the other to my saintly correctives, is restored to domestic happiness and the approving smile of heaven, by the timely warnings of the pulpit. These miraculous conversions, which

happen almost every Sunday, ought of themselves to goad me on in the career of saving souls. Nevertheless, to conceal no part of my weakness from my monitor, there is another reward on which my heart is intent, a reward which the seraphic scrupulousness of my virtue to little purpose condemns as too carnal; a literary reputation for a sublime and elegant style. The honor of being handed down to posterity as a perfect pulpit orator has its irresistible attractions. My compositions are generally thought to be equally powerful and persuasive; but I could wish of all things to steer clear of the rock on which good authors split, who are too long before the public, and to retire from professional life with my reputation in undiminished luster.

"To this end, my dear Gil Blas," continued the prelate, "there is one thing requisite from your zeal and friendship. Whenever it shall strike you that my pen begins to contract, as it were, the ossification of old age, whenever you see my genius in its climacteric, do not fail to give me a hint. There is no trusting to one's self in such a case; pride and conceit were the original sin of man. The probe of criticism must be intrusted to an impartial stander-by, of fine talents and unshaken probity. Both those requisites center in you: you are my choice, and I give myself up to your direction." "Heaven be praised, my lord," said I, "there is no need to trouble yourself with any such thoughts yet. Besides, an understanding of your grace's mold and caliber will last out double the time of a common genius; or to speak with more certainty and truth, it will never be the worse for wear, if you live to the age of Methusalem. I consider you as a second Cardinal Ximenes, whose powers, superior to decay, instead of flagging with years, seemed to derive new vigor from their approximation with the heavenly regions." "No flattery, my friend!" interrupted he. "I knew myself to be in danger of failing all at once. At my age one begins to be sensible of infirmities, and those of the body communicate with the mind. I repeat it to you, Gil Blas, as soon as you shall be of opinion that my head is not so clear as usual, give me warning of it instantly. Do not be afraid of offending by frankness and sincerity; to put me in mind of my own frailty will be the strongest proof of your affection for me. Besides, your very interest is concerned in it, for if it should, by any spite of chance towards you, come to my ears that the people say in town, 'His grace's sermons produce no

longer their accustomed impression, it is time for him to abandon his pulpit to younger candidates,' I do assure you most seriously and solemnly, you will lose not only my friendship, but the provision for life that I have promised you. Such will be the result of your silly tampering with truth."

Here my patron left off to wait for my answer, which was an echo of his speech, and a promise of obeying him in all things. From that moment there were no secrets from me; I became the prime favorite. All the household, except Melchior de la Ronda, looked at me with an eye of envy. It was curious to observe the manner in which the whole establishment, from the highest to the lowest, thought it necessary to demean themselves towards his grace's confidential secretary; there was no meanness to which they would not stoop to curry favor with me; I could scarcely believe they were Spaniards. I left no stone unturned to be of service to them, without being taken in by their interested assiduities. My lord archbishop, at my entreaty, took them by the hand. He got a company for one, and fitted him out so as to make a handsome figure in the army. Another he sent to Mexico, with a considerable appointment which he procured him; and I obtained a good slice of his bounty for my friend Melchior. It was evident from these facts, that if the prelate was not particularly active in good works, at least he rarely gave a churlish refusal, when any one had the courage to importune him for his benevolence.

But what I did for a priest seems to deserve being noticed more at large. One day a certain licentiate, by name Lewis Garcias, a well-looking man still in the prime of life, was presented to me by our steward, who said: "Signor Gil Blas, in this honest ecclesiastic you behold one of my best friends. He was formerly chaplain to a nunnery. Scandal has taken a few liberties with his chastity. Malicious stories have been trumped up to hurt him in my lord archbishop's opinion, who has suspended him, and unfortunately is so strongly prejudiced by his enemies, as to be deaf to any petition in his favor. In vain have we interested the first people in Grenada to get him re-established; our master will not hear of it."

"These first people in Grenada," said I, "have gone the wrong way to work. It would have been much better if no interest at all had been made for the reverend licentiate. People have only done him a mischief by endeavoring to serve him. I know my lord archbishop thoroughly: entreaties and

importunate recommendations do but aggravate the ill condition of a clergyman who lies under his displeasure: it is but a very short time ago since I heard him mutter the following sentiment to himself: 'The more persons a priest, who has been guilty of any misconduct, engages to speak to me in his behalf, the more widely is the scandal of the church disseminated, and the more severe is my treatment of the offender.'" "That is very unlucky," replied the steward; "and my friend would be put to his last shifts if he did not write a good hand. But, happily, he has the pen of a ready scribe and keeps his head above water by the exercise of that talent." I was curious to see whether this boasted handwriting was so much better than my own. The licentiate, who had a specimen in his pocket, showed me a sheet which I admired very much: it had all the regularity of a writing master's copy. In looking over this model of penmanship, an idea occurred to me. I begged Garcias to leave this paper in my hands, saying that I might be able to do something with it which should turn out to his advantage: that I could not explain myself at that moment, but would tell him more the next day. The licentiate, to whom the steward had evidently talked big about my capacity to serve him, withdrew in as good spirits as if he had already been restored to his functions.

I was in earnest in my endeavor that he should be so, and lost no time in setting to work. Happening to be alone with the archbishop, I produced the specimen. My patron was delighted with it. Seizing on this favorable opportunity, "May it please your grace," said I, "since you are determined not to put your homilies to the press, I should very much like them at least to be transcribed in this masterly manner."

"I am very well satisfied with your performance," answered the prelate, "but yet I own that it would be a pleasant thing enough to have a copy of my works in that hand." "Your grace," replied I, "has only to signify your wishes. The man who copies so well is a licentiate of my acquaintance. It will give him so much the more pleasure to gratify you, as it may be the means of interesting your goodness to extricate him from the melancholy situation to which he has the misfortune at present to be reduced."

The prelate could not do otherwise than inquire the name of this licentiate. I told him it was Lewis Garcias. "He is in despair at having drawn down your censure upon him." "That

Garcias," interrupted he, "if I am not mistaken, was chaplain in a convent of nuns, and has been brought into the ecclesiastical court as a delinquent. I recollect some very heavy charges which have been sent me against him. His morals are not the most exemplary." "May it please your grace," interrupted I, in my turn, "it is not for me to justify him in all points; but I know that he has enemies. He maintains that the authors of the informations you have received are more bent on doing him an ill office than on vindicating the purity of religion." "That very possibly may be the case," replied the archbishop; "there are a great many firebrands in the world. Besides, though we should take it for granted that his conduct has not always been above suspicion, he may have repented of his sins; in short, the mercies of heaven are infinite, however heinous our transgressions. Bring that licentiate before me; I take off his suspension."

Thus it is that men of the most austere character descend from their altitudes, when interest or a favorite whim reduces them to the level of the frail. The archbishop granted, without a struggle, to the empty vanity of having his works well copied, what he had refused to the most respectable applications. I carried the news with all possible expedition to the steward, who communicated it to his friend Garcias. That licentiate, on the following day, came to return me thanks commensurate with the favor obtained. I presented him to my master, who contented himself with giving him a slight reprimand, and put the homilies into his hand, to copy them out fair. Garcias performed the task so satisfactorily, that he was reinstated in the cure of souls, and was afterwards preferred to the living of Gabia, a large market town in the neighborhood of Grenada.

THE ARCHBISHOP IS AFFLICTED WITH A STROKE OF AP-
PLEXY. HOW GIL BLAS GETS INTO A DILEMMA, AND
HOW HE GETS OUT.

While I was thus rendering myself a blessing first to one and then to the other, Don Ferdinand de Leyva was making his arrangements for leaving Grenada. I called on that nobleman before his departure, to thank him once more for the advantageous post he had procured me. My expressions of satisfaction were so lively, that he said, "My dear Gil Blas, I

am delighted to find you in such good humor with my uncle the archbishop." "I am absolutely in love with him," answered I. "His goodness to me has been such as I can never sufficiently acknowledge. Less than my present happiness could never have made me amends for being at so great a distance from Don Cæsar and his son." "I am persuaded," replied he, "that they are both of them equally chagrined at having lost you. But possibly you are not separated forever; fortune may some day bring you together again." I could not hear such an idea started without being moved by it. My sighs would find vent; and I felt at that moment so strong an affection for Don Alphonso, that I could willingly have turned my back on the archbishop and all the fine prospects that were opening to me, and have gone back to the castle of Leyva, had but a mortification taken place in the back of the scarecrow which had frightened me away. Don Ferdinand was not insensible to the emotions that agitated me, and felt himself so much obliged by them, that he took his leave with the assurance of the whole family always taking an anxious interest in my fate.

Two months after this worthy gentleman had left us, in the luxuriant harvest of my highest favor, a lowering storm came suddenly over the episcopal palace; the archbishop had a stroke of apoplexy. By dint of immediate applications and good nursing, in a few days there was no bodily appearance of disease remaining. But his reverend intellects did not so easily recover from their lethargy. I could not help observing it to myself in the very first discourse that he composed. Yet there was not such a wide gap between the merits of the present and the former ones, as to warrant the inference that the sun of oratory was many degrees advanced in its post-meridian course. A second homily was worth waiting for; because that would clearly determine the line of my conduct. Alas, and well a day! when that second homily came, it was a knockdown argument. Sometimes the good prelate moved forward, and sometimes he moved backwards; sometimes he mounted up into the garret, and sometimes dipped down into the cellar. It was a composition of more sound than meaning, something like a superannuated schoolmaster's theme, when he attempts to give his boys more sense than he possesses of his own, or like a capuchin's sermon, which only scatters a few artificial flowers of paltry rhetoric over a barren desert of doctrine.

I was not the only person whom the alteration struck. The

audience at large, when he delivered it, as if they too had been pledged to watch the advances of dotage, said to one another in a whisper all round the church, "Here is a sermon, with symptoms of apoplexy in every paragraph." "Come, my good Coryphæus of the public taste in homilies," said I then to myself, "prepare to do your office. You see that my lord archbishop is going very fast—you ought to warn him of it, not only as his bosom friend, on whose sincerity he relies, but lest some blunt fellow should anticipate you, and bolt out the truth in an offensive manner. In that case you know the consequence; you would be struck out of his will, where no doubt you have a more convertible bequest than the licentiate Sedillo's library."

But as reason, like Janus, looks at things with two faces, I began to consider the other side of the question; the hint seemed difficult to wrap up so as to make it palatable. Authors in general are stark mad on the subject of their own works, and such an author might be more testy than the common herd of the irritable race; but that suspicion seemed illiberal on my part, for it was impossible that my freedom should be taken amiss, when it had been forced upon me by so positive an injunction. Add to this that I reckoned upon handling the subject skillfully, and cramming discretion down his throat like a high-seasoned epicurean dish. After all my pro and con, finding that I risked more by keeping silence than by breaking it, I determined to venture on the delicate duty of speaking my mind.

Now there was but one difficulty; a difficulty indeed! how to open the business. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that embarrassment, by asking what they said of him in the world at large, and whether people were tolerably well pleased with his last discourse. I answered that there could be but one opinion about his homilies; but that it should seem as if the last had not quite struck home to the hearts of the audience, like those which had gone before. "Do you really mean what you say, my friend?" replied he, with a sort of wriggling surprise. "Then my congregation are more in the temper of Aristarchus than of Longinus!" "No, may it please your grace," rejoined I, "quite the contrary. Performances of that order are above the reach of vulgar criticism: there is not a soul but expects to be saved by their influence. Nevertheless, since you have made it my duty to be sincere and unreserved, I shall take the liberty of just stating that your last discourse is

not written with quite the overpowering eloquence and conclusive argument of your former ones. Does not your grace feel just as I do on the subject?"

This ignorant and stupid frankness of mine completely blanched my master's cheek; but he forced a fretful smile, and said, "Then, good Master Gil Blas, that piece does not exactly hit your fancy?" "I did not mean to say that, your grace," interrupted I, looking very foolish. "It is far superior to what any one else could produce, though a little below par with respect to your own works in general." "I know what you mean," replied he. "You think I am going downhill, do not you? Out with it at once. It is your opinion that it is time for me to think of retiring?" "I should never have had the presumption," said I, "to deliver myself with so little reserve, if it had not been your grace's express command. I act in entire obedience to your grace's orders; and I most obsequiously implore your grace not to take offense at my boldness." "I were unfit to live in a Christian land!" interrupted he, with stammering impatience, "I were unfit to live in a Christian land if I liked you the less for such a Christian virtue as sincerity. A man who does not love sincerity sets his face against the distinguishing mark between a friend and a flatterer. I should have given you infinite credit for speaking what you thought, if you had thought anything that deserved to be spoken. I have been finely taken in by your outside show of cleverness, without any solid foundation of sober judgment!"

Though completely unhorsed, and at the enemy's mercy, I wanted to make terms of decent capitulation, and to go unmolested into winter quarters; but let those who think to appease an exasperated author, and especially an author whose ear has been long attuned to the music of his own praises, take warning by my fate. "Let us talk no more on the subject, my very young friend," said he. "You are as yet scarcely in the rudiments of good taste, and utterly incompetent to distinguish between gold and tinsel. You are yet to learn that I never in all my life composed a finer homily than that unfortunate one which had not the honor of your approbation. The immortal part of me, by the blessing of heaven on me and my congregation, is less weighed down by human infirmity than when the flesh was stronger. We all grow wiser as we grow older, and I shall in future select the people about me with more caution; nor submit the castigation of my works but to a much abler

critic than yourself. Get about your business ! ” pursued he, giving me an angry shove by the shoulders out of his closet ; “ go and tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and take my priestly blessing in addition to that sum. God speed you, good Gil Blas ! I heartily pray that you may do well in the world ! There is nothing to stand in your way, but the want of a little better taste.”



NATURE OF THE SOUL.

By LEIBNITZ.

(From the “Monadology.”)

[GOTTFRIED WILHELM LEIBNITZ, one of the world's great mathematicians and metaphysicians, a universal genius, was born 1646 at Leipsic, where his father was professor of philosophy. A prodigy of precocious learning, he entered Leipsic University at fifteen ; read deeply there and always in ancient and modern history and philosophy ; took a year's course in jurisprudence at Jena ; and Leipsic refusing an LL.D. on the ground of his youth, Altdorf gave it on the same thesis, “Perplexing Cases in Law.” At Nuremberg he sought admission out of curiosity to the pretended Rosicrucian Society, by a letter of gibberish which so impressed them that they made him secretary. Going to Frankfort in 1667, he wrote a paper on legal education which attracted the notice of the Archbishop-Elector of Mainz, who employed him as a mediator to attempt the reunion of Catholics and Protestants. In 1672 he went to Paris to induce Louis XIV. to invade Egypt, a project on which he had written a book ; and remained there four years, also visiting England, corresponding with noted scholars, inventing a calculating machine, and in 1676 the Differential Calculus. In 1673 the archbishop died, and after seeking diplomatic employment, Leibnitz became and remained till death librarian to the Duke of Brunswick at Hanover. In 1703 he wrote “New Essays on the Human Understanding” ; in 1710 the “Theodicy” ; in 1714 the “Monadology” ; and minor works from time to time. He strove ardently also to found academies all over Europe. He died in 1716. His metaphysical system — of monads, preëstablished harmony, sufficient reason, and that this world is the best of *compossible* worlds, so that “whatever is, is right” — was widely influential, and led to the philosophic optimism ridiculed by Voltaire in “Candide.”]

THE organic body of each living being is a kind of divine machine or natural automaton, which infinitely surpasses all artificial automata. For a machine made by the skill of man is not a machine in each of its parts. For instance, the tooth of a brass wheel has parts or fragments which for us are not artificial products, and which do not have the special characteristics of the machine, for they give no indication of the use for which the wheel was intended. But the machines of nature,

namely, living bodies, are still machines in their smallest parts *ad infinitum*. It is this that constitutes the difference between nature and art, that is to say, between the divine art and ours.

And the Author of nature has been able to employ this divine and infinitely wonderful power of art, because each portion of matter is not only infinitely divisible, as the ancients observed, but is also actually subdivided without end, each part into further parts, of which each has some motion of its own; otherwise it would be impossible for each portion of matter to express the whole universe.

Whence it appears that in the smallest particle of matter there is a world of creatures, living beings, animals, entelechies, souls.

Each portion of matter may be conceived as like a garden full of plants and like a pond full of fishes. But each branch of every plant, each member of every animal, each drop of its liquid parts, is also some such garden or pond.

And though the earth and the air which are between the plants of the garden, or the water which is between the fish of the pond, be neither plant nor fish; yet they also contain plants and fishes, but mostly so minute as to be imperceptible to us.

Hence it appears that each living body has a dominant entelechy, which in an animal is the soul; but the members of this living body are full of other living beings, plants, animals, each of which has also its dominant entelechy or soul.

But it must not be imagined, as has been done by some who have misunderstood my thought, that each soul has a quantity or portion of matter belonging exclusively to itself or attached to it forever, and that it consequently owns other inferior living beings, which are devoted forever to its service. For all bodies are in a perpetual flux like rivers, and parts are entering into them and passing out of them continually.

Thus the soul changes its body only by degrees, little by little, so that it is never all at once deprived of all its organs; and there is often metamorphosis in animals, but never metempsychosis or transmigration of souls; nor are there souls entirely separate [from bodies] nor unembodied spirits. God alone is completely without body.

It also follows from this that there never is absolute birth nor complete death, in the strict sense, consisting in the separation of the soul from the body. What we call *births* are

developments and growths, while what we call *deaths* are envelopments and diminutions.

Philosophers have been much perplexed about the origin of forms, entelechies, or souls; but nowadays it has become known, through careful studies of plants, insects, and animals, that the organic bodies of nature are never products of chaos or putrefaction, but always come from seeds, in which there was undoubtedly some *preformation*: and it is held that not only the organic body was already there before conception, but also a soul in this body, and, in short, the animal itself; and that by means of conception this animal has merely been prepared for the great transformation involved in its becoming an animal of another kind. Something like this is indeed seen apart from birth, as when worms become flies and caterpillars become butterflies. . . .

These principles have given me a way of explaining naturally the union or rather the mutual agreement of the soul and the organic body. The soul follows its own laws, and the body likewise follows its own laws; and they agree with each other in virtue of the preëstablished harmony between all substances, since they are all representations of one and the same universe.

Souls act according to the laws of final causes through appetitions, ends, and means. Bodies act according to the laws of efficient causes or motions. And the two realms, that of efficient causes and that of final causes, are in harmony with one another.

According to this system bodies act as if (to suppose the impossible) there were no souls, and souls act as if there were no bodies, and both act as if each influenced the other.

As regards *minds* or rational souls, though I find that what I have just been saying is true of all living beings and animals (namely, that animals and souls come into being when the world begins and no more come to an end than the world does), yet there is this peculiarity in rational animals, that their spermatie animalcules, so long as they are only spermatie, have merely ordinary or sensuous [*sensitive*] souls; but when those which are chosen [*élus*], so to speak, attain to human nature through an actual conception, their sensuous souls are raised to the rank of reason and to the prerogative of minds.

Among other differences which exist between ordinary souls and minds [*esprits*], some of which differences I have already

noted, there is also this : that souls in general are living mirrors or images of the universe of created things, but that minds are also images of the Deity or Author of nature Himself, capable of knowing the system of the universe, and to some extent of imitating it through architectonic ensamples, each mind being like a small divinity in its own sphere.

It is this that enables spirits [or minds—*esprits*] to enter into a kind of fellowship with God, and brings it about that in relation to them He is not only what an inventor is to his machine (which is the relation of God to other created things), but also what a prince is to his subjects, and, indeed, what a father is to his children.

Whence it is easy to conclude that the totality of all spirits must compose the City of God, that is to say, the most perfect State that is possible, under the most perfect of Monarchs.

This City of God, this truly universal monarchy, is a moral world in the natural world, and is the most exalted and most divine among the works of God; and it is in it that the glory of God really consists, for He would have no glory were not His greatness and His goodness known and admired by spirits [*esprits*]. It is also in relation to this divine City that God specially has goodness, while His wisdom and His power are manifested everywhere.

As we have shown above that there is a perfect harmony between the two realms in nature, one of efficient, and the other of final causes, we should here notice also another harmony between the physical realm of nature and the moral realm of grace, that is to say, between God, considered as Architect of the mechanism [*machine*] of the universe and God considered as Monarch of the divine City of spirits.

A result of this harmony is that things lead to grace by the very ways of nature, and that this globe, for instance, must be destroyed and renewed by natural means at the very time when the government of spirits requires it, for the punishment of some and the reward of others.

It may also be said that God as Architect satisfies in all respects God as Lawgiver, and thus that sins must bear their penalty with them, through the order of nature, and even in virtue of the mechanical structure of things; and similarly that noble actions will attain their rewards by ways which, on the bodily side, are mechanical, although this cannot and ought not always to happen immediately.

Finally, under this perfect government no good action would be unrewarded and no bad one unpunished, and all should issue in the well-being of the good; that is to say, of those who are not malcontents in this great state, but who trust in Providence, after having done their duty, and who love and imitate, as is meet, the Author of all good, finding pleasure in the contemplation of His perfections, as is the way of genuine "pure love," which takes pleasure in the happiness of the beloved. This it is which leads wise and virtuous people to devote their energies to everything which appears in harmony with the presumptive or antecedent will of God, and yet makes them content with what God actually brings to pass by His secret, consequent and positive will; recognizing that if we could sufficiently understand the order of the universe, we should find that it exceeds all the desires of the wisest men, and that it is impossible to make it better than it is, not only as a whole and in general, but also for ourselves in particular, if we are attached, as we ought to be, to the Author of all, not only as to the architect and efficient cause of our being, but as to our master and to the final cause, which ought to be the whole aim of our will, and which can alone make our happiness.



THE HERMIT.

By THOMAS PARNELL.

[THOMAS PARNELL : English poet, born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1679. After graduating at Dublin University he took orders and was appointed archdeacon of Clogher and vicar of Finglass. After the death of his wife he became intemperate, and died at Chester in October, 1718. He wrote many hymns, translations, and other poems. His "Hermit" is his best-known composition. The subject is very ancient, and is found not only in the "Gesta Romanorum," but in a still more amusing form in Spanish folklore, according to which Peter and Christ are represented as traveling through Spain together. Christ does all these strange acts, and repeats the proverb "Blessed are the poor in spirit."]

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grew,
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
 Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;

That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,—
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul was lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colors glow :
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
 He quits his cell; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
 And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
 But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
 A youth came posting o'er the crossing way !
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
 Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
 And "Hail, my son," the rev'rend sire replied ;
 Words followed words, from question answer flowed
 And talk of various kind deceived the road,
 'Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray :
 Nature in silence bid the world repose;
 When near the road a stately palace rose;
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
 It chanced the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive; the liv'ried servants wait;

Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length, 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
 An early banquet decked the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced his guests to taste.
 Then pleased and thankful, from the porch they go ;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause for woe ;
 His cup was vanished ; for in secret guise,
 The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the sunny ray,
 Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
 So seemed the sire ; when, far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner showed :
 He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
 And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part ;
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert seek across the plain.
 Warned by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble light'ning mixed with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first received a guest,)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,

And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine,
 And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
 A ready warning bade them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit viewed,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
 "And why should such," within himself he cried,
 "Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In every settling feature of his face;
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the gen'rous landlord owned before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of the churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
 The weather tempts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice and seemed a madness here,
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
 It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, — and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
 Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
 The modest master hears, and thus replies: —

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him, who gives us all, I yield a part;
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,

Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
 At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept,
 And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died.
 Horrors of horrors! what! his only son!
 How looked the hermit when the fact was done;
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
 Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way:
 A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
 Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide
 The youth, who seemed to watch a time for sin,
 Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in:
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks amongst the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 "Detested wretch" — but scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odors breathe thro' purple air;
 And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke
 (The voice of Music ravished as he spoke): —

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown.
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
 For this commissioned, I forsook the sky:
 Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.

“Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 The Maker justly claims the world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty thro’ all depends,
 On using second means to work his ends;
 ’Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Power exerts his attributes on high,
 Your action uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wond’ring eyes?
 Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
 And, where you can’t unriddle, learn to trust!

“The great vain man who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his iv’ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine;
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“The mean, suspicious wretch whose bolted door
 Ne’er moved in pity to the wand’ring poor,
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon his head;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross the silver runs below.

“Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half weaned his heart from God
 (Child of his age); for him he lived in pain,
 And measured back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all, but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
 (And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

“But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,

Had that false servant sped in safety back;
 This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail!
 Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
 Thus looked Elisha, when to mount on high,
 His Master took the chariot of the sky;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
 The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
 "LORD, AS IN HEAVEN, ON EARTH THY WILL BE DONE."
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And passed a life of piety and peace.



ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

BY DANIEL DEFOE.

(From "The Englishman," No. 26.)

[DANIEL DEFOE, English journalist and man of letters, was born in London, about 1660; died in 1731. He wrote every sort of imaginable work in prose and verse, history, biography, and fiction, political and religious controversy, social and political pamphlets, satires, and other poems. His most famous work is "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); among his other novels are: "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal" (1706), "Memoirs of a Cavalier" (1720), "Captain Singleton" (1720), "Moll Flanders," "Cartouche," and "Colonel Jacque" (1722), "John Sheppard" (1724); and the "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722) and "Account of Jonathan Wild" (1725) are really such. Among his pamphlets are "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702) and "Political History of the Devil" (1726).]

UNDER the Title of this Paper, I do not think it foreign to my Design to speak of a Man born in Her Majesty's Dominions, and relate an Adventure in his Life so uncommon, that it's doubtful whether the like has happen'd to any other of human Race. The Person I speak of is *Alexander Selkirk*, whose Name is familiar to Men of Curiosity, from the Fame of his having lived four Years and four Months alone in the Island of *Juan Fernandez*. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the Man soon after his Arrival in *England*, in the Year 1711. It was matter of great Curiosity to hear him, as he is a Man of good Sense, give an Account of the different Revolu-

tions in his own Mind in that long Solitude. When we consider how painful Absence from Company, for the space of but one Evening, is to the generality of Mankind, we may have a Sense how painful this necessary and constant Solitude was to a Man bred a Sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all Offices of Life in Fellowship and Company. He was put ashore from a leaky Vessel, with the Captain of which he had had an irreconcilable Difference; and he chose rather to take his Fate in this Place, than in a crazy Vessel, under a disagreeable Commander. His Portion were a Sea-Chest, his wearing Clothes and Bedding, a Fire-lock, a Pound of Gun-powder, a large quantity of Bullets, a Flint and Steel, a few Pounds of Tobacco, an Hatchet, a Knife, a Kettle, a Bible, and other Books of Devotion; together with Pieces that concern'd Navigation, and his Mathematical Instruments. Resentment against his Officer, who had ill used him, made him look forward on this Change of Life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the Vessel put off; at which moment his Heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his Comrades and all human Society at once. He had in Provisions for the Sustenance of Life but the quantity of two Meals, the Island abounding only with wild Goats, Cats, and Rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy Relief, by finding Shell-fish on the Shore, than seeking Game with his Gun. He accordingly found great quantities of Turtles, whose Flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently eat very plentifully on his first Arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his Stomach, except in Jellies. The Necessities of Hunger and Thirst were his greatest Diversions from the Reflection on his lonely Condition. When those Appetites were satisfied, the Desire of Society was as strong a Call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the Supports of his Body were easily attained, but the eager Longings for seeing again the Face of Man, during the Interval of craving bodily Appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to restrain from doing himself Violence, till by degrees, by the Force of Reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his Thoughts upon the Study of Navigation, after the space of eighteen Months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his Condition. When he had made this Conquest, the Vigor of his

Health, Disengagement from the World, a constant, chearful, serene Sky, and a temperate Air, made his Life one continual Feast, and his Being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking Delight in everything, made the Hutt, in which he lay, by Ornaments which he cut down from a spacious Wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious Bower, fann'd with continual Breezes and gentle Aspirations of Wind, that made his Repose after the Chase equal to the most sensual Pleasures.

I FORGET to observe that during the Time of his Dissatisfaction, Monsters of the Deep, which frequently lay on the Shore, added to the Terrors of his Solitude, the dreadful Howlings and Voices seemed too terrible to be made for human Ears ; But upon the Recovery of his Temper, he could with Pleasure not only hear their Voices, but approach the Monsters themselves with great Intrepidity. He speaks of Sea-Lions, whose Jaws and Tails were capable of seizing or breaking the Limbs of a Man, if he approach'd them : But at that time his Spirits and Life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest Ease imaginable : For observing that tho their Jaws and Tails were so terrible, yet the Animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their Middle, and as close to them as possible, and he dispatched them with his Hatchet at Will.

THE Precautions which he took against Want, in case of Sickness, was to lame Kids when very young, so as that they might recover their Health, but never be capable of Speed. These he had in great Numbers about his Hutt ; and when he was himself in full Vigour, he could take at full Speed the swiftest Goat running up a Promontory, and never failed of catching them, but on a Descent.

HIS Habitation was extremely pester'd with Rats, which gnaw'd his Clothes and Feet when sleeping. To defend him against them, he fed and tamed Numbers of young Kitlings, who lay about his Bed, and preserved him from the Enemy. When his Clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the Skins of Goats, with which he clothed himself, and was enured to pass through Woods, Bushes, and Brambles with as much Carelessness and Precipitance as any other Animal. It happened once to him that, running on the Summit of a

Hill, he made a Stretch to seize a Goat; with which under him, he fell down a Precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three Days, the Length of which time he measured by the Moon's Growth since his last Observation. This manner of Life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his Nights were untroubled, and his Days joyous, from the Practice of Temperance and Exercise. It was his manner to use stated Hours and Places for Exercises of Devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the Faculties of Speech, and to utter himself with greater Energy.

WHEN I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his Character and Story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from Company, from his Aspect and Gesture; there was a strong but chearful Seriousness in his Look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in Thought. When the Ship which brought him off the Island came in, he received them with the greatest Indifference, with relation to the Prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an Opportunity to refresh and help them; the Man frequently bewail'd his return to the World, which could not, he said, with all its Enjoyments, restore him to the Tranquillity of his Solitude. . . .

This plain Man's Story is a memorable Example that he is happiest who confines his Wants to natural Necessities; and he that goes further in his Desires increases his Wants in proportion to his Acquisitions; or to use his own Expression, *I am now worth eight hundred Pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a Farthing.*



SUPPOSED LINES OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

[WILLIAM COWPER was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1731; educated at Westminster School, and read law; but excessive timidity kept him from any public function, deepened into melancholia, which took a religious form, and after repeated attacks he became permanently insane, dying in 1800. He wrote, besides many hymns and minor pieces, "The Task" and "Tirocinium" (1785), and translated Homer (1791).]

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the center all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.



THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

(From " Robinson Crusoe.")

IT happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition ; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything ; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther ; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy , but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot ; how it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man ; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in ; how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsys came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued ; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember ; no, nor could I remember the next morning ; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night ; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were ; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear ; but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil ; and reason joined in with me in this supposition ; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place ? Where was the vessel that brought them ? What marks were there of any other footstep ? And how was it possible a man should come there ? But then, to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it ; this was an amusement the other way ; I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand, too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely : all this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtilty of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil ; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature ; that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island ; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling in my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found out my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, and carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope, all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness; as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve, by His power, the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my laziness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand; so that, whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

One morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearances of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which these words of the Scripture came into my thoughts: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance: when I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words presented to me were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad.

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a mere chimera of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat:

this cheered me up a little, too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion ; that it was nothing else but my own foot ; and why might I not come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat ?

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again ; for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights ; so that I began to starve for provision ; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion ; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it ; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk. Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and that I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock ; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frightened ; and so, indeed, I had.

However, I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination ; but I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot : but when I came to the place, first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabout. Secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal ; both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree, so that I shook with cold like one in an ague ; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there ; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware ; and what course to take for my security I knew not.

This confusion of my thoughts kept me awake all night ; but in the morning I fell asleep ; and having, by the amusement of my mind, been, as it were, tired, and my spirits ex-

hausted, I slept very soundly, and waked much better composed than I had ever been before; and now I began to think sedately; and, upon the utmost debate with myself, I concluded that this island (which was so exceedingly pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the mainland than as I had seen) was not so entirely abandoned as I might imagine; that although there were no stated inhabitants who lived on the spot, yet that there might sometimes come boats off from the shore, who, either with design, or perhaps never but when they were driven by cross winds, might come to this place. That I had lived here fifteen years now, and had not met with the least shadow or figure of any people yet; and that, if at any time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix here upon any occasion to this time. That the most I could suggest any danger from was, from any casual accidental landing of straggling people from the main, who, as it was likely, if they were driven hither, were here against their wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible speed, seldom staying one night on shore, lest they should not have the help of the tides and daylight back again; and that, therefore, I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe retreat, in case I should see any savages land upon the spot.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again, which door, as I said, came out beyond where my fortification joined to the rock: upon maturely considering this, therefore, I resolved to draw me a second fortification, in the manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before, of which I made mention: these trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but few piles to be driven between them, that they might be thicker and stronger, and my wall would be soon finished. So that I had now a double wall; and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of, to make it strong; having in it seven little holes, about as big as I might put my arm out at. In the inside of this, I thickened my wall to about ten feet thick, with continually bringing earth out of my cave, and laying it at the foot of the wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I took notice that I had

got seven on shore out of the ship ; these I planted like my cannon, and fitted them into frames, that held them like a carriage, so that I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time ; this wall I was many a weary month in finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

When this was done, I stuck all the ground without my wall, for a great length every way, as full with stakes or sticks of the osierlike wood, which I found so apt to grow, as they could well stand ; insomuch, that I believe I might set in near twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large space between them and my wall, that I might have room to see an enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young trees, if they attempted to approach my outer wall.

Thus, in two years' time, I had a thick grove, and in five or six years' time I had a wood before my dwelling, growing so monstrously thick and strong that it was indeed perfectly impassable ; and no men, of what kind soever, could ever imagine that there was anything beyond it, much less a habitation. As for the way which I proposed to myself to go in and out (for I left no avenue), it was by setting two ladders, one to a part of the rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another ladder upon that ; so when the two ladders were taken down, no man living could come down to me without doing himself mischief, and if they had come down, they were still on the outside of my outer wall. Thus I took all the measures human prudence could suggest for my own preservation ; and it will be seen, at length, that they were not altogether without just reason ; though I foresaw nothing at that time more than my mere fear suggested to me.

While this was doing, I was not altogether careless of my other affairs ; for I had a great concern upon me for my little herd of goats : they were not only a ready supply to me on every occasion, and began to be sufficient for me, without the expense of powder and shot, but also without the fatigue of hunting after the wild ones ; and I was loath to lose the advantage of them, and to have them all to nurse up over again.

Accordingly, I spent some time to find out the most retired parts of the island ; and I pitched upon one, which was as private, indeed, as my heart could wish for ; it was a little damp piece of ground, in the middle of the hollow and thick woods, where, as I observed, I almost lost myself once before, endeavoring to come back that way from the eastern part of

the island. Here I found a clear piece of land, near three acres, so surrounded with woods that it was almost an inclosure by nature ; at least, it did not want near so much labor to make it so, as the other piece of ground I had worked so hard at.

I immediately went to work with this piece of ground ; and, in less than a month's time, I had so fenced it round, that my flock, or herd, call it which you please, which were not so wild now as at first they might be supposed to be, were well enough secured in it. So, without any further delay, I removed ten young she-goats, and two he-goats, to this piece ; and, when they were there, I continued to perfect the fence, till I had made it as secure as the other, which, however, I did at more leisure, and it took me up more time by a great deal.

All this labor I was at the expense of, purely from my apprehension on account of the print of a man's foot which I had seen ; for, as yet, I never saw any human creature come near the island, and I had now lived two years under these uneasinesses, which, indeed, made my life much less comfortable than it was before ; as may be well imagined by any who may know what it is to live in the constant snare of the fear of man.

After I had thus secured one part of my little living stock, I went about the whole island, searching for another private place to make such another deposit ; when, wandering more to the west point of the island than I had ever done yet, and looking out to sea, I thought I saw a boat upon the sea, at a great distance ; I had found a perspective glass or two in one of the seamen's chest, which I saved out of our ship, but I had it not about me ; and this was so remote that I could not tell what to make of it, though I looked at it till my eyes were not able to hold to look any longer : whether it was a boat or not, I do not know, but as I descended from the hill I could see no more of it, so I gave it over ; only I resolved to go no more out without a perspective glass in my pocket. When I was come down the hill to the end of the island, where, indeed, I had never been before, I was presently convinced that the seeing the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I imagined ; and, but that it was a special providence that I was cast upon the side of the island where the savages never came, I should easily have known that nothing was more frequent than for the canoes from the main, when they happened to be a little too far out at sea, to shoot over to that side of

the island for harbor : likewise, as they often met and fought in their canoes, the victors, having taken any prisoners, would bring them over to this shore, where, according to their dreadful customs, being all cannibals, they would kill and eat them ; of which hereafter.

When I was come down the hill to the shore, as I said above, being the S.W. point of the island, I was perfectly confounded and amazed ; nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my mind at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies ; and, particularly, I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, like a cockpit, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feastings upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

I was so astonished with the sight of these things, that I entertained no notions of any danger to myself from it for a long while : all my apprehensions were buried in the thoughts of such a pitch of inhuman, hellish brutality, and the horror of the degeneracy of human nature, which, though I had heard of it often, yet I never had so near a view of before : in short, I turned away my face from the horrid spectacle ; my stomach grew sick, and I was just at the point of fainting, when nature discharged the disorder from my stomach ; and having vomited with uncommon violence, I was a little relieved, but could not bear to stay in the place a moment ; so I got me up the hill again with all the speed I could, and walked on towards my own habitation.

When I came a little out of that part of the island, I stood still awhile, as amazed, and then, recovering myself, I looked up with the utmost affection of my soul, and, with a flood of tears in my eyes, gave God thanks, that had cast my first lot in a part of the world where I was distinguished from such dreadful creatures as these.

In this frame of thankfulness, I went home to my castle, and began to be much easier now, as to the safety of my circumstances, than ever I was before ; for I observed that these wretches never came to this island in search of what they could get ; perhaps not seeking, not wanting, or not expecting, anything here ; and having often, no doubt, been up to the covered, woody part of it, without finding anything to their purpose. I knew I had been here now almost eighteen years, and never saw the least footsteps of human creature there before ; and I

might be eighteen years more as entirely concealed as I was now, if I did not discover myself to them, which I had no manner of occasion to do; it being my only business to keep myself entirely concealed where I was, unless I found a better sort of creatures than cannibals to make myself known to. Yet I entertained such an abhorrence of the savage wretches that I have been speaking of, and of the wretched inhuman custom of their devouring and eating one another up, that I continued pensive and sad, and kept close within my own circle for almost two years after this. When I say my own circle, I mean by it my three plantations, viz., my castle, my country seat, which I called my bower, and my inclosure in the woods: nor did I look after this for any other use than as an inclosure for my goats; for the aversion which nature gave me to these hellish wretches was such, that I was as fearful of seeing them as of seeing the devil himself. I did not so much as go to look after my boat all this time, but began rather to think of making another; for I could not think of ever making any more attempts to bring the other boat round the island to me, lest I should meet with some of these creatures at sea; in which case, if I had happened to have fallen into their hands, I knew what would have been my lot.

Time, however, and the satisfaction I had that I was in no danger of being discovered by these people, began to wear off my uneasiness about them; and I began to live just in the same composed manner as before, only with this difference, that I used more caution, and kept my eyes more about me than I did before lest I should happen to be seen by any of them; and I was more cautious of firing my gun, lest any of them, being on the island, should happen to hear it; it was, therefore, a good providence to me that I had furnished myself with a tame breed of goats, and that I needed not to hunt any more about the woods, or shoot at them; and if I did catch any of them after this, it was by traps and snares, as I had done before; so that for two years after this, I believe I never fired my gun off once, though I never went out without it; and as I had saved three pistols out of the ship, I always carried them out with me, or at least two of them, sticking them in my goatskin belt; I also furnished up one of the great cutlasses that I had out of the ship, and made me a belt to hang it on also; so that I was now a most formidable fellow to look at when I went abroad, if you add to the former description of myself, the particular of two

pistols, and a great broadsword hanging at my side in a belt, but without a scabbard.

As in my present condition there were not really many things which I wanted, so, indeed, I thought that the frights I had been in about these savage wretches, and the concern I had been in for my own preservation, had taken off the edge of my invention for my own conveniences; and I had dropped a good design, which I had once bent my thoughts upon, and that was to try if I could not make some of my barley into malt, and then to try and brew myself some beer. This was really a whimsical thought, and I reproved myself often for the simplicity of it: for I presently saw there would be the want of several things necessary to the making my beer, that it would be impossible for me to supply; as, first, casks to preserve it in, which was a thing that, as I have observed already, I could never compass: no, though I spent not only many days, but weeks, nay months, in attempting it, but to no purpose. In the next place, I had no hops to make it keep, no yeast to make it work, no copper or kettle to make it boil; and yet with all these things wanting, I verily believe, had not the frights and terrors I was in about the savages intervened, I had undertaken it, and perhaps brought it to pass too; for I seldom gave anything over without accomplishing it, when once I had it in my head to begin it. But my invention now ran quite another way; for, night and day, I could think of nothing but how I might destroy some of these monsters in their cruel, bloody entertainment; and, if possible, save the victim they should bring hither to destroy.

Sometimes I contrived in my thoughts to dig a hole under the place where they made their fire, and put in five or six pounds of gunpowder, which, when they kindled their fire, would consequently take fire, and blow up all that was near it; but as in the first place I should be very loath to waste so much powder upon them, my store being now within the quantity of one barrel; so neither could I be sure of its going off, at any certain time, when it might surprise them, and at best, that it would do little more than just blow the fire about their ears and fright them, but not sufficient to make them forsake the place; so I laid it aside, and then proposed that I would place myself in ambush, in some convenient place, with my three guns, all double loaded; and in the middle of their bloody ceremony let fly at them, when I should be sure to kill or wound perhaps two or three at every shot; and then falling in upon them with my

three pistols, and my sword, I made no doubt but that if there was twenty I should kill them all. This fancy pleased my thoughts for some weeks, and I was so full of it that I often dreamed of it; and sometimes that I was just going to let fly at them in my sleep.

At length I found a place in the side of the hill, where I was satisfied I might securely wait till I saw any of their boats coming; and might then, even before they would be ready to come on shore, convey myself unseen into some thickets of trees, in one of which there was a hollow large enough to conceal me entirely; and there I might sit and observe all their bloody doings, and take my full aim at their heads, when they were so close together as that it would be next to impossible that I should miss my shot, or that I could fail wounding three or four of them at the first shot.

After I had thus laid the scheme of my design, and in my imagination put it into practice, I continually made my tour every morning to the top of the hill, which was from my castle, as I called it, about three miles, or more, to see if I could observe any boats upon the sea, coming near the island, or standing over towards it; but I began to tire of this hard duty.

As long as I kept my daily tour to the hill to look out, so long also I kept up the vigor of my design, and my spirits seemed to be all the while in a suitable frame for so outrageous an execution as the killing twenty or thirty naked savages, for an offense which I had not at all entered into any discussion of in my thoughts. But when I began to be weary of the fruitless excursion which I had made so long and so far every morning in vain, so my opinion of the action itself began to alter; and I began, with cooler and calmer thoughts, to consider what I was going to engage in; what authority or call I had to pretend to be judge and executioner upon these men as criminals, whom Heaven had thought fit for so many ages, to suffer, unpunished, to go on, and to be, as it were, the executioners of His judgments one upon another; how far these people were offenders against me, and what right I had to engage in the quarrel of that blood which they shed promiscuously one upon another.

When I considered this a little, it followed necessarily that I was certainly in the wrong: that these people were not murderers, in the sense that I had before condemned them in my thoughts, any more than those Christians were murderers who often put to death the prisoners taken in battle; or more fre-

quently, upon many occasions, put whole troops of men to the sword, without giving quarter, though they threw down their arms, and submitted.

These considerations really put me to a pause, and to a kind of full stop; and I began, by little and little, to be off my design, and to conclude I had taken wrong measures in my resolution to attack the savages; and that it was not my business to meddle with them, unless they first attacked me; and this it was my business, if possible, to prevent; but that, if I were discovered and attacked by them, I knew my duty.

In this disposition I continued for near a year after this; and so far was I from desiring an occasion for falling upon these wretches, that in all that time I never once went up the hill to see whether there were any of them in sight, or to know whether any of them had been on shore there or not, that I might not be tempted to renew any of my contrivances against them, or be provoked by any advantage that might present itself, to fall upon them. Only this I did: I went and removed my boat, which I had on the other side of the island, and carried it down to the east end of the whole island, where I ran it into a little cove, which I found under some high rocks and where I knew, by reason of the currents, the savages durst not, at least would not, come with their boats upon any account whatever. With my boat I carried away everything that I had left there belonging to her, though not necessary for the bare going thither, viz., a mast and sail which I had made for her, and a thing like an anchor, but which indeed could not be called either anchor or grapnel; however, it was the best I could make of its kind; all these I removed, that there might not be the least shadow for discovery, or appearance of any boat, or of any human habitation upon the island. Besides this, I kept myself, as I said, more retired than ever, and seldom went from my cell except upon my constant employment to milk my she-goats, and manage my little flock in the wood, which, as it was quite on the other part of the island, was out of danger; for certain it is that these savage people, who sometimes haunted this island, never came with any thoughts of finding anything here, and consequently never wandered off from the coast, and I doubt not but they might have been several times on shore after my apprehensions of them had made me cautious, as well as before. Indeed, I looked back with some horror upon the thoughts of what my condition

would have been, if I had chopped upon them and been discovered before that, when naked and unarmed, except with one gun, and that loaded often only with small shot, I walked everywhere, peeping and peering about the island to see what I could get ; what a surprise should I have been in, if, when I discovered the print of a man's foot, I had, instead of that, seen fifteen or twenty savages, and found them pursuing me, and, by the swiftness of their running, no possibility of my escaping them.

I had the care of my safety more now upon my hands than that of my food. I dared not to drive a nail, or chop a stick of wood now, for fear the noise I might make should be heard : much less would I fire a gun for the same reason : and, above all, I was intolerably uneasy at making any fire, lest the smoke, which is visible at a great distance in the day, should betray me. For this reason, I removed that part of my business which required fire, such as burning of pots and pipes, etc., into my new apartment in the woods ; where, after I had been some time, I found to my unspeakable consolation a mere natural cave in the earth, which went in a vast way, and where, I dare say, no savage, had he been at the mouth of it, would be so hardy as to venture in.

* * * * *

Having now brought all my things on shore, and secured them, I went back to my boat, and rowed or paddled her along the shore to her old harbor, where I laid her up, and made the best of my way to my old habitation, where I found everything safe and quiet ; so I began to repose myself, live after my old fashion, and take care of my family affairs ; and for a while I lived easy enough ; only that I was more vigilant than I used to be, looked out oftener, and did not go abroad so much ; and if at any time I did stir with any freedom, it was always to the east part of the island, where I was pretty well satisfied the savages never came, and where I could go without so many precautions, and such a load of arms and ammunition as I always carried with me if I went the other way.

I am now to be supposed retired in my castle, after my late voyage to the wreck, my frigate laid up and secured under water, and my condition restored to what it was before ; I had more wealth than I had before, but was not at all the richer ; for I had no more use for it than the Indians of Peru had before the Spaniards came there.

It was one of the nights in the rainy season in March, the four and twentieth year of my first setting foot in this island of solitariness; I was lying in my bed or hammock awake, very well in health, had no pain, no distemper, no uneasiness of body, nor any uneasiness of mind more than ordinary, but could by no means close my eyes; that is, so as to sleep; no, not a wink all night long. It is impossible to set down the innumerable crowd of thoughts that whirled through that great thoroughfare of the brain, the memory, in this night's time: I ran over the whole history of my life in miniature, or by abridgment, as I may call it, to my coming to this island, and also of that part of my life since I came to this island.

When these thoughts were over, my head was for some time taken up in considering the nature of those wretched creatures, the savages, and how it came to pass in the world that the wise Governor of all things should give up any of his creatures to such inhumanity—nay, to something so much below even brutality itself—as to devour its own kind: but, as this ended in some (at that time) fruitless speculations, it occurred to me to inquire, what part of the world these wretches lived in? how far off the coast was from whence they came? what they ventured over so far from home for? what kind of boats they had? and why I might not order myself and my business so, that I might be able to go over thither, as they were to come to me?

I never so much as troubled myself to consider what I should do with myself when I went thither; what would become of me if I fell into the hands of these savages; or how I should escape them if they attacked me; but my mind was wholly bent upon the notion of my passing over in my boat to the mainland. I looked upon my present condition as the most miserable that could possibly be; that I was not able to throw myself into anything but death, that could be called worse; and if I reached the shore of the main, I might perhaps meet with relief, or I might coast along, as I did on the African shore, till I came to some inhabited country, and where I might find some relief; and, after all, perhaps I might fall in with some Christian ship that might take me in; and if the worst came to the worst, I could but die, which would put an end to all these miseries at once. All this was the fruit of a disturbed mind, an impatient temper, made desperate, as it were, by the long continuance of my troubles, and the disap-

pointments I had met in the wreck I had been on board of, and where I had been so near obtaining what I so earnestly longed for — somebody to speak to, and to learn some knowledge from them of the place where I was, and of the probable means of my deliverance. I was agitated wholly by these thoughts ; all my calm of mind in my resignation to Providence, and waiting the issue of the dispositions of Heaven, seemed to be suspended ; and I had, as it were, no power to turn my thoughts to anything but to the project of a voyage to the main, which came upon me with such force, and such an impetuosity of desire, that it was not to be resisted.

When this had agitated my thoughts for two hours or more, with such violence that it set my very blood into a ferment, and my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever, merely with the extraordinary fervor of my mind about it, Nature, as if I had been fatigued and exhausted with the very thoughts of it, threw me into a sound sleep. One would have thought I should have dreamed of it, but I did not, nor of anything relating to it ; but I dreamed that as I was going out in the morning as usual, from my castle, I saw upon the shore two canoes and eleven savages, coming to land, and that they brought with them another savage, whom they were going to kill, in order to eat him ; when, on a sudden, the savage that they were going to kill jumped away, and ran for his life ; and I thought, in my sleep, that he came running into my little thick grove before my fortification, to hide himself ; and that I, seeing him alone, and not perceiving that the others sought him that way, showed myself to him, and smiling upon him, encouraged him : that he kneeled down to me, seeming to pray me to assist him ; upon which I showed him my ladder, made him go up, and carried him into my cave, and he became my servant ; and that as soon as I had gotten this man, I said to myself, “ Now I may certainly venture to the mainland, for this fellow will serve me as a pilot, and will tell me what to do, and whither to go for provisions, and whither not to go for fear of being devoured ; what places to venture into, and what to escape.” I waked with this thought ; and was under such inexpressible impressions of joy at the prospect of my escape in my dream, that the disappointments which I felt upon coming to myself, and finding that it was no more than a dream, were equally extravagant the other way, and threw me into a very great dejection of spirit.

Upon this, however, I made this conclusion: that my only way to go about to attempt an escape was, to endeavor to get a savage into my possession; and, if possible, it should be one of their prisoners, whom they had condemned to be eaten, and should bring hither to kill. But these thoughts still were attended with this difficulty: that it was impossible to effect this without attacking a whole caravan of them, and killing them all; and this was not only a very desperate attempt, and might miscarry; but, on the other hand, I had greatly scrupled the lawfulness of it to me; and my heart trembled at the thoughts of shedding so much blood, though it was for my deliverance.

However, at last, after many secret disputes with myself, and after great perplexities about it, the eager prevailing desire of deliverance at length mastered all the rest; and I resolved, if possible, to get one of these savages into my hands, cost what it would. My next thing was to contrive how to do it, and this indeed was very difficult to resolve on; but as I could pitch upon no probable means for it, so I resolved to put myself upon the watch, to see them when they came on shore, and leave the rest to the event, taking such measures as the opportunity should present, let what would be.

With these resolutions in my thoughts, I set myself upon the scout as often as possible, and indeed so often, that I was heartily tired of it; for it was above a year and a half that I waited, and for great part of that time went out to the west end, and to the southwest corner of the island almost every day, to look for canoes, but none appeared. This was very discouraging, and began to trouble me much, though I cannot say that it did in this case wear off the edge of my desire to the thing; but the longer it seemed to be delayed, the more eager I was for it: in a word, I was not at first so careful to shun the sight of these savages, and avoid being seen by them, as I was now eager to be upon them.

About a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, and by long musing had, as it were, resolved them all into nothing, for want of an occasion to put them into execution, I was surprised one morning by seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes

more in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed ; so lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted ; however, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just as ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my rudder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual ; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number ; that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed ; how they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was ; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived, by my perspective, two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall ; being knocked down, I suppose with a club, or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me, I mean, towards that part of the coast where my habitation was. I was dreadfully frightened, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way ; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body ; and now I expected that part of my dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my grove : but I could not depend, by any means, upon my dream for the rest, that the other savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him, and still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them, so that, if he could but hold out for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all,

There was between them and my castle, the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but, plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, or thereabouts, landed, and ran with exceeding strength and swiftness; when the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the end. I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant; and that I was plainly called by Providence to save this poor creature's life; I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladders, as I observed before, and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea; and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the mean time, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece; I was loath to fire because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke, too, they would not have known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced towards him: but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he

seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again, and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer; at length, he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head; this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself: so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now; the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him: upon this, my savage, for so I called him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it, but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly that no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords: however, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will even cut off heads with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the

savage that he had killed, just before me. But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other Indian so far off ; so, pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him ; and I bade him go, as well as I could ; when he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which it seems was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed ; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows, and came back, so I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them. Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed ; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work ; and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him ; and did so by the other also ; I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island : so I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, that he came into my grove for shelter. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for from his running : and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes ; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped ; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face ; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool ; his forehead very high and large ; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of the skin was not quite black, but very tawny ; and yet not an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had in it something very agreeable,

though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the Negroes, a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory. After he had slumbered rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me; for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by: when he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a great many antic gestures to show it; at last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me so long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be FRIDAY, which was the day I saved his life: I called him so for the memory of the time; I likewise taught him to say Master; and then let him know that was to be my name: I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I kept there with him all night; but, as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again and eat them. At this, I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

SERMON ON PENITENCE.

By MASSILLON.

[JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON, one of the chief pulpit orators of France, was born at Hyères, near Toulon, in 1663; became a monk under purely voluntary rigors, and was so alarmed at admiration of his eloquent preaching that he increased them; but Cardinal de Noailles ordered him to Paris, where he soon became famous, and first preached before Louis XIV. in 1699. Louis said other preachers made him pleased with them, Massillon made him dissatisfied with himself; also the Jesuits were in favor, and Massillon received no preferment from him. The Regent in 1717 made him bishop of Clermont; in 1718 Lent preacher before Louis XV.; in 1719 he was elected to the Academy. He spent the rest of his life in Clermont, dying in 1742. He preached the funeral sermons of Louis XIV., the Dauphin, and the Prince of Conti.]

SUCH are the first sacrifices of her love: she is not contented with giving up cares visibly criminal, she even sacrifices such as might have been looked upon as innocent, and thinks that the most proper way of punishing the abuse she had formerly made of them, is by depriving herself of the liberty she might still have had of employing them.

In effect, by having once abused them, the sinner loses the right he had over them: what is permitted to an innocent soul, is no longer so to him who has been so unhappy as to deviate from the right path. He no longer enjoys, as I may say, the common right, and he must no more judge of his duties by the general maxims, but by the personal exceptions which concern him.

Now, upon this principle, you are continually demanding of us, if the use of such and such an artifice in dress be a crime? If such and such public pleasures be forbidden? I mean not here to decide for others: but I ask of you who maintain their innocency, whether you have never made a bad use of them? Have you never made these cares of the body, these amusements and these artifices, instrumental toward iniquitous passions? Have you never employed them in corrupting hearts, or in nourishing the corrupting of your own? What! your entire life has perhaps been one continued and deplorable chain of passions and evils; you have abused everything around you, and you have made them instrumental to your irregular appetites; you have called them all in aid to that unfortunate tendency of your heart; your intentions have even exceeded your evil; your eye hath never been single, and you would

willingly never have had that of others to have been so with regard to you ; all your cares for your person have been crimes ; and when there is question of returning to your God, and of making reparation for a whole life of corruption and debauchery, you pretend to dispute with him for vanities of which you have always made so infamous a use? You pretend to maintain the innocency of a thousand abuses, which, though permitted to the rest of men, would be forbidden to you? You enter into contestation, when it is intended to restrict you from the criminal pomps of the world ; you, to whom the most innocent, if such there be, are forbidden in future, and whose only dress ought henceforth to be sackcloth and ashes? Can you still pretend to justify cares which are your inward shame, and which have so often covered you with confusion at the feet of the sacred tribunal? And should so much contestation and so many explanations be required, where your own shame alone should amply suffice.

Besides, the holy sadness of piety no longer looks upon, but with horror, that which has once been a stumbling-block to us. The contrite soul examines not whether he may innocently indulge in it ; it suffices for him to know, that it has a thousand times been the rock upon which he has seen his innocence split. Whatever has been instrumental in leading him to his evils, becomes equally odious in his sight as the evils themselves ; whatever has been assisting to his passions, he equally detests as the passions themselves ; whatever, in a word, has been favorable to his crimes, becomes criminal in his eyes. Should it even happen that he might be disposed to accord it to his weakness, ah ! his zeal, his compunction, would reject the indulgence, and would adopt the interests of God's righteousness against men ; he could not prevail upon himself to permit abuses, which would be the means of recalling to him his past disorders ; he would always entertain a dread that the same manner of acting might recall the same dispositions, and that, engrossed by the same cares, his heart would find itself the same ; the sole image of his past infidelities disturbs and alarms him ; and, far from bearing about with him their sad remains, he would wish to have it in his power to remove even from the spots, and to tear himself from the occupations which renew their remembrance. And, surely, what kind of a penitence must that be which still permits us to love all those things which have been the occasion of our greatest crimes? And, while yet dripping from a ship-

wreck can we too strenuously form the resolution of forever shunning those rocks upon which we had so lately split?

Lastly, true penitence causes us to find everywhere matter of a thousand invisible sacrifices. It does not confine itself to certain essential privations; everything which flattens the passions, everything which nourishes the life of the senses, every superfluity which tends solely to the gratification of self-love, all these become the subject of its sacrifices; and, like a sharp and grievous sword, it everywhere makes divisions and separations painful to the heart, and cuts even to the quick, whatever in the smallest degree approached too near to the corruption of our propensities. The grace of compunction at once leads the contrite soul to this point; it renders him ingenuous in punishing himself, and arranges matters so well that everything serves in expiation of his crime; that duties, social intercourse, honors, prosperity, and the cares attendant upon his station, become opportunities of proving his merit; and that even his pleasures, through the circumspection and faith with which they are accompanied, become praiseworthy and virtuous actions.

Behold the divine secret of penitence! As it officiates here below toward the criminal soul, says Tertullian, as the justice of God; and as the justice of God shall one day punish guilt by the eternal privation of all creatures which the sinner hath abused, penitence anticipates that terrible judgment; it everywhere imposes on itself the most rigorous privations; and if the miserable condition of human life renders the use of present things still requisite, it employs them much less to flatter than to punish the senses, by the sober and austere manner in which it applies them.

You have only to calculate thereupon the truth of your penitence. In vain do you appear to have left off the brutal gratification of the passions, if the same pomp and splendor are requisite toward satisfying that natural inclination which courts distinction through a vain magnificence; the same profusions, in consequence of not having the courage to deprive self-love of accustomed superfluities; the same pleasures of the world, in consequence of being unable to do without it; the same advantages on the part of fortune, in consequence of the continual desire of rising superior to others: in a word, if you can part with nothing, you exclude yourself from nothing; even admitting that all those attachments which you still preserve should

not be absolute crimes, your heart is not penitent ; your manners are apparently different, but all your passions are still the same ; you are apparently changed, but you are not converted. How rare, my brethren, are true penitents ! How common are vain and superficial conversions ! And how many souls, changed in the eyes of the world, shall one day find themselves the same before God !

But it is not enough to have attained to that degree of self-denial which keeps us without the circle of attraction of the allurements of guilt ; those laborious atonements must likewise be added which wash out its stains. Thus, in the third place, the sinner of our gospel is not contented with having sacrificed her hair and her perfumes to Jesus Christ ; she prostrates herself at his feet, she washes them with her tears, she wipes, she kisses them : and, as the third disorder of her sin had been a shameful subjection of her senses, she begins the reparation of these criminal lewdnesses, by the humiliation and disgust of these lowly services.

New instruction : it is not sufficient to remove from the passions those allurements which incite them ; it is likewise necessary that laborious exertions of such virtues as are most opposite to them insensibly repress, and recall them to duty and order. You were fond of gaming, pleasures, amusements, and everything which composes a worldly life ; it is doing little to cut off from these pleasures that portion which may still conduct to guilt ; if you wish that the love of the world be extinguished in your heart, it is necessary that prayer, retirement, silence, and acts of charity succeed to these dissolute manners ; and that, not satisfied with shunning the crimes of the world, you likewise fly from the world itself. By giving yourself up to boundless and shameful passions, you have fortified the empire of the senses and of the flesh ; it is necessary that fasting, watching, the yoke of mortification, gradually extinguish these impure fires, weaken these tendencies, become ungovernable through a long indulgence of voluptuousness, and not only remove guilt from you, but operate, as I may say, to dry up its source in your heart. Otherwise, by sparing, you only render yourself more miserable : the old attachments which you shall have broken without having weakened, and, as it were, rooted them from your heart by mortification, will incessantly be renewing their attacks ; your passions, become more violent and impetuous by being checked and suspended, without your having weakened and overcome them, will make you undergo agita-

tions and storms, such as you had never experienced even in guilt : you will behold yourself on the point, every moment, of a melancholy shipwreck ; you will never taste of peace in this new life. You will find yourself more weak, more exhausted, more animated for pleasure, more easy to be shaken, and more disgusted with the service of God, in this state of imperfect penitence, than you had even been formerly in the midst of dissipation ; everything will become a rock to you ; you will be a continual temptation to yourself ; you will be astonished to find within you a still greater repugnance to duties ; and, as it is hardly possible to stand out long against yourself, you will soon become disgusted with a virtue by which you suffer so much ; and, in consequence of your having wished to be only a tranquil and mitigated penitent, you will be an unhappy one, without consolation, without peace, and, consequently, without perseverance. To augment and multiply the sacrifices is to abridge the sufferings in virtue ; and whatever we are induced to spare to the passions, becomes rather the punishment and the disgust than the softening of our penitence.



THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

By L. A. THIERS.

[LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, French statesman and historian, was born April 16, 1797, at Marseilles, of the lower middle class, but kinsman to André Chénier. Well educated (in law at Aix), he was called to the bar in 1819, but in 1821 went to Paris and became a journalist of great distinction on the *Constitutionnel*. In 1823-1827 he published his ten-volume "History of the French Revolution," enormously popular and influential ; in 1826, "History of [John] Law." In 1829 he, with Armand Carrel and others, started the *National* to oppose the reactionary Polignac ministry ; in 1831 wrote the history of the revolution of 1830. He held several ministries under Louis Philippe 1832-1836, then resigned and went into opposition ; foreign minister again in 1840, again resigned and began his more than twenty years' task, the "History of the Consulate and Empire" (20 vols., 1845-1862), for some years taking little part in politics. In 1846-1848 he led a fierce opposition to Louis Philippe ; then, too late, as minister, tried to avert the revolution. He held no office under the republic, but supported Louis Napoleon's presidency and thwarted his measures as president ; sent out of France after the *Coup d'État*, but soon allowed to return, he was out of politics till 1863, when he began to organize a cautious but relentless opposition to all ministries and measures of the empire whatever. On its fall in 1870, he, as the only important one of the old Republican statesmen not physically superannuated, became the only feasible head of a new system ; and after hopeless embassies about Europe for intervention and to Bismarck for leniency, was elected by the Provisional Government "chief of the executive power,"

and settled a peace overwhelmingly accepted. Made president shortly after, he reorganized the finances, army, and civil service, paid the German indemnity and got their troops withdrawn, and sternly crushed the revolt of the Paris commune. In 1873, however, he lost his parliamentary majority, and resigned. He died September 3, 1877. Besides the works mentioned, he wrote "Property" (1848), "Man and Matter" (1875), and many pamphlets and review articles. He was an orator of immense force and exhaustless fertility.]

LET us recapitulate the events of the *system*, in order to review the whole and understand more clearly the causes of its downfall.

A Scotchman, going from a poor country into the midst of a rich one, had been struck with the spectacle of an extensive circulation, and had been led to think that all prosperity originated in an abundance of money. Perceiving that banks had the means of increasing the amount of money by giving to paper the currency of coin, he conceived the plan of a general bank, uniting commercial enterprises with the administration of the public revenue, issuing paper money for large payments, coin being reserved for the smaller; thus joining to the creation of an abundant circulation that of a convenient and profitable investment.

Repulsed in different countries, this Scotchman was listened to in France, where he found a government reduced to expedients and inclined to adopt new ideas. He established, at first, a private bank, which the need of an institution for credit caused to succeed. He then established, but entirely distinct from the bank, a commercial company, to which he granted privileges very different in their nature, designing to unite it with the bank eventually, and complete the vast system which he had projected. The first shares of the company were delivered to holders of different government securities which represented the floating debt, so that the creditors of the Treasury were paid with the privileges which constituted the fortune of the company. Soon, Law transferred to this company the principal leases of the revenue, on the condition that it should assume the funded debt, amounting to sixteen hundred millions. In this way all the creditors of the state were gradually to become shareholders in the company, and although they received only three per cent on their capital, they would find their income increased by the profits of an immense enterprise. The project was accomplished: the sixteen hundred millions were transferred; but, managed without proper caution, they were precipitated upon the shares by the apprehension of the public that the investment would be taken up

immediately. The shares rose to thirty-six times their cost, and the debt which, transformed into shares, should have been two billions at the utmost, rose to eight or ten. A universal intoxication seized the imagination of everybody. People hastened no longer to seek an investment, but to make a fortune by the marvelous rise in the value of capital. A crowd of landed proprietors sold their estates, which did not increase in value, to purchase this imaginary property, which increased in value hourly. Then the holders of the shares, better informed than those who came later, hastened to dispose of them for wealth which was real. This example was followed, and every one wished to *realize*. From this moment, the fictitious being contrasted with the real, the illusion ceased, and the decline of the shares soon became rapid. Those who had seen the fictitious capital rise to ten billions, now saw it fall to eight, and then to six billions, and gave themselves up to despair. It was proper to lament this depreciation, but not to attempt to prevent a catastrophe which had become inevitable. Law, who had permitted people to idolize him for this sudden creation of wealth, committed the fault of attempting to maintain it, and he conceived the unfortunate plan of uniting the shares to the bank notes. He attempted to establish the value of the notes by obliging the use of them in all payments above one hundred francs, and prohibiting the possession of more than five hundred francs in coin at a time. He then fixed the value of the shares in notes, and ordered that a share should be received at the bank for nine thousand francs in notes. Immediately, the shares were exchanged for this forced money, and for all kinds of property which could be bought. What followed? The imaginary capital declined in the form of notes as rapidly as it would have done in the form of shares; only the notes, which might have been saved, were sacrificed. Every one who had anything to sell refused the notes in payment, or demanded four times the value of their property. Only creditors, who were bound by their contracts, were forced to accept the notes at their full nominal value, and they were ruined. There was an attempt to reduce the nominal value on the 21st of May, in order to end this financial fiction; but a violent clamor arose, the attempt was abandoned, and the fiction was suffered to continue. The ruin of the *system* was none the less inevitable, for so monstrous an imposition could not maintain itself. The *system* must be abolished, the shares and notes converted into

government securities, and the old form of the public debt resumed, after the most frightful disorders, and the ruin of so many fortunes. Such was the *system* of Law, and its sad results.

If this financial catastrophe is compared with that of the "*assignats*," and of the Bank of England in the present century, a remarkable resemblance will be seen in the events of a credit system, and useful lessons can be drawn from the comparison.

Credit always anticipates the future, by employing values yet to be produced and using them as already existing.

Law, anticipating the success of a vast commercial enterprise, represented the profits of it by shares, and used them to pay the public debt.

The French revolution wished to pay for the ecclesiastical offices which had been abolished, the debt of the monarchy and the expenses of a universal war, with the national property; this property not being disposable, on account of its quantity and the want of confidence, it anticipated the sale and represented the results by papers called "*assignats*."

The Bank of England, by discounts and by loans to government, anticipated and accepted as real two kinds of values: commercial bills, which represented immense quantities of colonial produce, difficult to define, and the obligations of the government, values infinitely fluctuating and depending upon the success of war and policy.

In these three cases there was a supposititious value; the shares of Law represented commercial successes and fiscal products, which were very uncertain; the *assignats* represented the price of goods, which would perhaps be diverted from their revolutionary destination; the notes of the Bank of England represented obligations which the government might not be able to fulfill.

The crisis produced by loss of confidence differed in the three cases according to the difference of circumstances. The *prestige* of a newly discovered country, the sudden displacement of an enormous sum, caused the shares of Law to rise in an extravagant manner. But a blind confidence must soon lead to a blind despair. It is well-founded confidence, based upon the real success of labor, slow in its progress, which alone is exempt from these sudden reverses which resemble tempests. The *assignats* could not be ruined in the same manner. They could not rise, because they represented the value of land, which is not susceptible of increase. But as the success of the revolution began to be distrusted, and doubts arose as to the

maintenance of the national sale, they declined; and as they declined, the government, to supply the deficiency in value, was obliged to double the issue, and the repletion contributed, with the distrust, to depreciate them. The notes of the Bank of England, based upon merchandise which might depreciate, and upon engagements of the government, which the victories of France caused to diminish in value, suffered a decline, but comparatively a moderate one, because only one part of the property pledged was destructible.

In the three cases, the authorities wishing to compel confidence met with a failure proportioned to the doubtful value of the securities, the reality of which it attempted to establish by violent measures.

Law fixed the value of the shares in notes, and attempted to fix the value of the notes themselves, by rendering the acceptance of them compulsory at a determined rate.

The revolutionary French government gave a forced currency to the *assignats*, and punished with death those who refused to take them at their nominal value.

The Bank of England was authorized to refuse to pay its notes at sight.

The result of these different measures was a deplorable disturbance in every kind of exchange. All those making bargains would not accept the depreciated money at its nominal rate, and demanded double or triple price, according to the degree of depreciation; but those who were obliged to accept payment on a previous bargain—in a word, all creditors—were ruined, because they were obliged to accept a value purely nominal.

In proportion as the resistance to the oppression increased, the authorities became more tyrannical, because they invaded domestic life. Law forbade the possession of more than five hundred francs in coin, and authorized informations. The revolutionary government, more violent and extreme in everything, established a maximum and regulated the rate of all exchanges, but succeeded no better. The Bank of England, more moderate, because the values which it proclaimed as certain were nearer the true standard, threw itself upon the patriotism of the London merchants, who assembled and declared that they would receive the notes in payments. The notes continued to circulate at a moderate discount.

But forced measures cannot prevent the fall of what must inevitably perish. The eight or ten billions of Law did not

fall below what they were really worth. The *assignats*, issued beyond all proportion to the property which they represented, became utterly worthless. The Bank of England notes declined twelve and fifteen per cent and rose again after the general peace, when specie payment was resumed, but they would have succumbed if Napoleon had employed the infallible aid of time against the English policy.

Certain general truths appear from these facts.

Credit ought to represent positive values, and should be at most a very limited anticipation of these values.

As soon as values become uncertain, force can accomplish nothing to sustain them.

Forced values are refused by all who are at liberty to refuse them, and ruin those who, by previous contracts, cannot refuse them.

Thus falsehood, oppression, spoliation, destruction of all fortunes, these are the ordinary result of a false credit soon followed by a forced credit. The least deplorable of these experiences, which caused but a momentary embarrassment, that of the Bank of England, owed its safety to a successful battle. The entire wealth of a country should never depend upon the deceitful favors of fortune.

Law, unhappy man, after having made Europe resound with the name of himself and of his system, traveled through different countries, and at last took up his residence at Venice. Notwithstanding the capital which he had taken to France and that which he had left there, he ended his life in poverty.

Continuing in correspondence with the Duke of Orleans, and afterward with the Duke of Bourbon, he never ceased to claim that which the French government had the injustice to refuse him. He wrote to the Duke of Bourbon, "*Æsop* was a model of disinterestedness, however, the courtiers accused him of keeping treasure in a trunk which he visited often; they found there only the garment which he possessed before he became a favorite of the prince. If I had saved my garment, I would not change condition with those employed in the highest places; but I am naked; they require that I shall subsist, without having any property to maintain me, and that I shall pay my debts when I have no money." Law could not obtain the old garment which he demanded. A few years after his departure from France, in 1729, he died at Venice, destitute, miserable, and forgotten.

DEFENSE OF FREE THOUGHT.

By LORD SHAFTESBURY.

(From the "Characteristics.")

[ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER the third, and third Earl of Shaftesbury (grandson of Dryden's "Achitophel"), was born at London in 1671; died at Naples in 1713. He is remembered as a writer on ethics, his chief work being "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times" (1711).]

THERE is good reason to suppose that however equally framed, or near alike, the race of mankind may appear in other respects, they are not always equal thinkers, or of a like ability in the management of this natural talent which we call thought. The race, on this account, may therefore justly be distinguished, as they often are, by the appellation of the thinking and the unthinking sort. The mere unthinking are such as have not yet arrived to that happy thought by which they should observe "how necessary thinking is, and how fatal the want of it must prove to them." The thinking part of mankind, on the other side, having discovered the assiduity and industry requisite to right thinking, and being already commenced thinkers upon this foundation, are, in the progress of the affair, convinced of the necessity of thinking to good purpose, and carrying the work to a thorough issue. They know that if they refrain or stop once upon this road, they had done as well never to have set out. They are not so supine as to be withheld by mere laziness, when nothing lies in the way to interrupt the free course and progress of their thought.

Some obstacles, it is true, may, on this occasion, be pretended. Spectres may come across, and shadows of reason rise up against reason itself. But if men have once heartily espoused the reasoning or thinking habit, they will not easily be induced to lay the practice down; they will not at an instant be arrested, or made to stand, and yield themselves, when they come to such a certain boundary, landmark, post, or pillar, erected here or there, for what reason may probably be guessed, with the inscription of a "Ne plus ultra."

It is not, indeed, any authority on earth, as we are well assured, can stop us on this road, unless we please to make the arrest, or restriction of our own accord. It is our own thought which must restrain our thinking. And whether the restrain-

ing thought be just, how shall we ever judge, without examining it freely, and out of all constraint? How shall we be sure that we have justly quitted reason, as too high and dangerous, too aspiring or presumptive; if, through fear of any kind, or submitting to mere command, we quit our very examining thought, and in the moment stop short so as to put an end to further thinking on the matter? Is there much difference between this case and that of the obedient beasts of burden, who stop precisely at their appointed inn, or at whatever point the charioteer, or governor of the reins, thinks fit to give the signal for a halt?

I cannot but from hence conclude that of all species of creatures said commonly to have brains, the most insipid, wretched, and preposterous are those whom, in just propriety of speech, we call half-thinkers.

I have often known pretenders to wit break out into admiration, on the sight of some raw, heedless, unthinking gentleman; declaring on this occasion that they esteemed it the happiest case in the world, "never to think, or trouble one's head with study or consideration." This I have always looked upon as one of the highest airs of distinction, which the self-admiring wits are used to give themselves in public company. Now, the echo or antiphony which these elegant exclaimers hope, by this reflection, to draw necessarily from their audience, is, "that they themselves are over-freighted with this merchandise of thought; and have not only enough for ballast, but such a cargo over and above, as is enough to sink them by its weight." I am apt, however, to imagine of these gentlemen, that it was never their over-thinking which oppressed them; and that if their thought had ever really become oppressive to them, they might thank themselves, for having under-thought, or reasoned short, so as to rest satisfied with a very superficial search into matters of the first and highest importance,

If, for example, they overlooked the chief enjoyments of life, which are founded in honesty and a good mind; if they presumed mere life to be fully worth what its tenacious lovers are pleased to rate it at; if they thought public distinction, fame, power, an estate, or title to be of the same value as is vulgarly conceived, or as they concluded, on a first thought, without further skepticism or after-deliberation; it is no wonder if, being in time become such mature dogmatists and well-practiced dealers in the affairs of what they call a settlement or

fortune, they are so hardly put to it to find ease or rest within themselves.

These are the deeply loaded and over-pensive gentlemen, who, esteeming it the truest wit to pursue what they call their interest, wonder to find they are still as little at ease when they have succeeded as when they first attempted to advance.

There can never be less self-enjoyment than in these supposed wise characters, these selfish computers of happiness and private good; whose pursuits of interest, whether for this world or another, are attended with the same steady vein of cunning and low thought, sordid deliberations, perverse and crooked fancies, ill dispositions, and false relishes of life and manners. The most negligent, undesigning, thoughtless rake has not only more of sociableness, ease, tranquillity, and freedom from worldly cares, but in reality more of worth, virtue, and merit than such grave plodders and thoughtful gentlemen as these.

If it happens, therefore, that these graver, more circumspect, and deeply interested gentlemen, have, for their soul's sake, and through a careful provision for hereafter, engaged in certain speculations of Religion; their taste of Virtue and relish of life is not the more improved on this account. The thoughts they have on these new subjects of divinity are so biased, and perplexed by those half-thoughts and raw imaginations of interest, and worldly affairs, that they are still disabled in the rational pursuit of happiness and good: and being necessitated thus to remain short-thinkers, they have the power to go no further than they are led by those to whom, under such disturbances and perplexities, they apply themselves for cure and comfort.

It has been the main scope and principal end of these volumes "to assert the reality of a beauty and charm in moral as well as natural subjects, and to demonstrate the reasonableness of a proportionate taste, and determinate choice, in life and manners." The standard of this kind, and the noted character of moral truth, appear so firmly established in nature itself, and so widely displayed through the intelligent world, that there is no genius, mind, or thinking principle, which, if I may say so, is not really conscious in the case. Even the most refractory and obstinate understandings are by certain reprises or returns of thought, on every occasion, convinced of this existence, and necessitated, in common with others, to acknowledge the actual right and wrong.

It is evident that whensoever the mind, influenced by passion or humor, consents to any action, measure, or rule of life contrary to this governing standard and primary measure of intelligence, it can only be through a weak thought, a scantiness of judgment, and a defect in the application of that unavoidable impression and first natural rule of honesty and worth; against which, whatever is advanced will be of no other moment than to render a life distracted, incoherent, full of irresolution, repentance, and self-disapprobation.

Thus every immorality and enormity of life can only happen from a partial and narrow view of happiness and good. Whatever takes from the largeness or freedom of thought, must of necessity detract from that first relish, or taste, on which virtue and worth depend.

For instance, when the eye or appetite is eagerly fixed on treasure, and the moneyed bliss of bags and coffers, it is plain there is a kind of fascination in the case. The sight is instantly diverted from all other views of excellence or worth. And here, even the vulgar, as well as the more liberal part of mankind, discover the contracted genius, and acknowledge the narrowness of such a mind.

In luxury and intemperance we easily apprehend how far thought is oppressed and the mind debarred from just reflection, and from the free examination and censure of its own opinions or maxims, on which the conduct of a life is formed.

Even in that complicated good of vulgar kind, which we commonly call interest, in which we comprehend both pleasure, riches, power, and other exterior advantages, we may discern how a fascinated sight contracts a genius, and by shortening the view even of that very interest which it seeks, betrays the knave, and necessitates the ablest and wittiest proselyte of the kind, to expose himself on every emergency and sudden turn.

But above all other enslaving vices, and restrainers of reason and just thought, the most evidently ruinous and fatal to the understanding is that of superstition, bigotry, and vulgar enthusiasm. This passion, not contented like other vices to deceive and tacitly supplant our reason, professes open war, holds up the intended chains and fetters, and declares its resolution to enslave.

The artificial managers of this human frailty declaim against free-thought and latitude of understanding. To go beyond those bounds of thinking which they have prescribed is by

them declared a sacrilege. To them, freedom of mind, a mastery of sense, and a liberty in thought and action, imply debauch, corruption, and depravity.

In consequence of their moral maxims and political establishments, they can indeed advance no better notion of human happiness and enjoyment than that which is in every respect the most opposite to liberty. It is to them doubtless that we owe the opprobriousness and abuse of those naturally honest appellations of free-livers, free-thinkers, latitudinarians, or whatever other character implies a largeness of mind and generous use of understanding. Fain would they confound licentiousness in morals with liberty in thought and action; and make the libertine, who has the least mastery of himself, resemble his direct opposite. For such indeed is the man of resolute purpose and immovable adherence to reason, against everything which passion, prepossession, craft, or fashion can advance in favor of aught else. But here, it seems, the grievance lies. It is thought dangerous for us to be over-rational, or too much masters of ourselves, in what we draw, by just conclusions, from reason only. Seldom, therefore, do these expositors fail of bringing the thought of liberty into disgrace. Even at the expense of virtue, and of that very idea of goodness on which they built the mysteries of their profitable science, they derogate from morals, and reverse all true philosophy; they refine on selfishness and explode generosity; promote a slavish obedience in the room of voluntary duty and free service; exalt blind ignorance for devotion; recommend low thought; decry reason; extol voluptuousness, willfulness, vindictiveness, arbitrariness, vain-glory; and even deify those weak passions which are the disgrace rather than ornament of human nature.

But so far is it from the nature of liberty to indulge such passions as these, that whoever acts at any time under the power of any single one may be said to have already provided for himself an absolute master. And he who lives under the power of a whole race, since it is scarce possible to obey one without the other, must of necessity undergo the worst of servitudes, under the most capricious and domineering lords.

EARLY LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

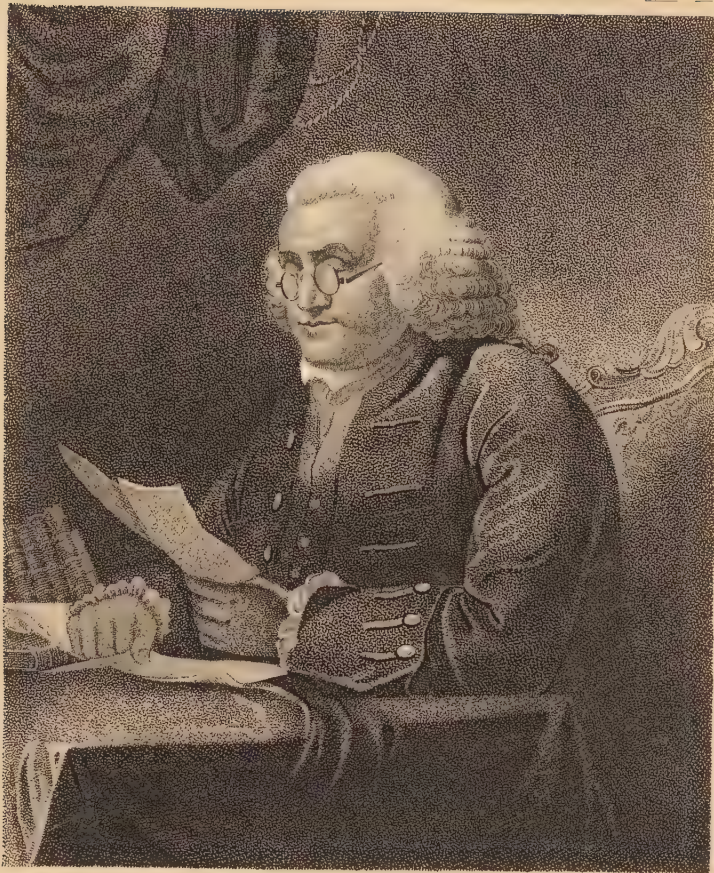
BY HIMSELF.

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the celebrated American statesman and philosopher, was born in Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706, the son of a tallow chandler. He learned the printer's trade in the office of his elder brother, and at seventeen ran away to Philadelphia, where he established the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac* (1732). Having acquired extraordinary popularity on account of his public spirit and integrity, he was appointed successively clerk of the Assembly, postmaster, and deputy postmaster-general of British North America. He was sent to England as colonial agent in 1757, and during a second visit (1764) was mainly instrumental in securing the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act. Despairing of bringing about any reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country, he returned to Philadelphia and became one of a committee of five chosen by Congress to draw up the Declaration of Independence. Ambassador to France (1776-1785), he succeeded in inducing France to form an alliance with the United States (1778); in conjunction with Jay and Adams concluded the treaty of Paris with England (1783); and was president of Pennsylvania (1785-1788). He died on the 17th of April, 1790. His autobiography, edited by John Bigelow, was published in 1868.]

I CONTINUED employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow chandler. But my dislike for the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. . . .

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's Historical Collections; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's "Lives" there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of DeFoe's, called an "Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's,

Benjamin Franklin



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called "Essays to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his own business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made a great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of *Teach* (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you

how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities, where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinborough.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I ow'd to the printing house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them

by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, try'd to compleat the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it.

When about 16 years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconveniency, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my

brother, that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books. But I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing house to their meals, I remained there alone, and, dispatching presently my light repast, which often was no more than a basket or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry cook's, and a glass of water, had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

And now it was that, being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed in learning when at school, I took Cocker's book of Arithmetick, and went through the whole by myself with great ease. I also read Seller's and Shermy's books of Navigation, and became acquainted with the little geometry they contain; but never proceeded far in that science. And I read about this time Locke "On Human Understanding," and the "Art of Thinking," by Messrs du Port Royal.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procur'd Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates," wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropt my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practis'd it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserv'd. I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence;

never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so*; or *it is so, if I am not mistaken*. This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engag'd in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For, if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fix'd in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner, you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in *pleasing* your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. Pope says, judiciously:—

Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot;

farther recommending to us

To speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.

And he might have coupled with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think, less properly:—

For want of modesty is want of sense.

If you ask, Why less properly? I must repeat the lines:—

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of modesty is want of sense.

Now, is not *want of sense* (where a man is so unfortunate as to

want it) some apology for his *want of modesty*? and would not the lines stand more justly thus?

Immodest words admit *but* this defense,
That want of modesty is want of sense.

This, however, I should submit to better judgments.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. The only one before it was the *Boston News Letter*. I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five and twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers thro' the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amus'd themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gain'd it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they call'd in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteem'd them.

Encourag'd, however, by this, I wrote and convey'd in the same way to the press several more papers, which were equally approv'd; and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted, and then I discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by

my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And perhaps this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and accordingly expected the same services from me as he would from another, while I thought he demean'd me too much in some he requir'd of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and, thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censur'd, and imprison'd for a month, by the Speaker's warrant, I suppose, because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examin'd before the council; but, tho' I did not give them any satisfaction, they content'd themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libeling and satire. My brother's discharge was accompany'd with an order of the House (a very odd one), that "*James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the New England Courant.*"

There was a consultation held in our printing house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother, seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture

should be return'd to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion, but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name, for several months.

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natur'd man; perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refus'd to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclin'd to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and, from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stay'd, soon bring myself into scrapes; and farther, that my indiscrete disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel or atheist. I determin'd on the point, but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that, if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his, that had got a naughty girl with child, whose friends would compel me to marry her, and therefore I could not appear or come away publicly. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near 300 miles from home, a boy of but 17, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worne out, or

I might now have gratify'd them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offer'd my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way, a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desir'd I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, with copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mix'd narration and dialogue; a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, brought into the company and present at the discourse. DeFoe in his "Cruso," his "Moll Flanders," "Religious Courtship," "Family Instructor," and other pieces, has imitated it with success; and Richardson has done the same in his "Pamela," etc.

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surff on the stony beach. So we dropt anchor, and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallow'd to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surff so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallow'd that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy

but to wait till the wind should abate ; and, in the mean time, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could ; and so crowded into the scuttle, with the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray beating over the head of our boat, leak'd thro' to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest ; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sail'd on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went in to bed ; but, having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I follow'd the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day ; I was thoroughly soak'd, and by noon a good deal tired ; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions ask'd me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and, finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continu'd as long as he liv'd. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England, or country in Europe, of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travestie the Bible in doggrel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published ; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reach'd Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday ; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and ask'd her advice. She

invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot traveling, I accepted the invitation. She, understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox cheek with great good will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we row'd all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arriv'd there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street-wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best cloaths being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a

threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bad him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continu'd so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I then walked down towards the river, and looking in the faces of every one, I met a young Quaker man whose countenance pleased me, and accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get a lodging. We were then near the Sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," said he, "is a house where they receive strangers, but it is not a reputable one: if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better one," and he conducted me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. There I got a dinner and while I was eating, several questions were asked me, as, from my youth and appearance, I was suspected of being a runaway.

After dinner, my host having shown me to a bed, I laid myself on it without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, when I was called to supper. I went to bed again very early, and slept very soundly till next morning.

PEDANTRY AGAINST INERTIA.

By LUDVIG HOLBERG.

(From "Erasmus Montanus.")

[LUDVIG HOLBERG, the Scandinavian Molière, and also historian, philosopher, essayist, critic, and letter-writer, was born at Bergen, Norway, December 3, 1684; but was educated in Copenhagen; left Norway permanently at twenty-one, and is purely Danish in work and influence, — the creator of modern Danish literature. He was the youngest of twelve children, and early orphaned. He journeyed much abroad for twenty years, spending 1705–1707 at Oxford, and was the means of fertilizing Scandinavian thought and letters with foreign ideas and art. He became a professor in the Copenhagen University in 1718, and never left its service, teaching at first metaphysics, which he hated, and afterwards other branches. His first works were historical; next he wrote on international law, then a satirical mock epic, "Peder Paars"; then he began writing comedies for the Copenhagen theater, producing twenty-eight in five years, immortalizing himself, and creating a great national Danish stage. The burning of Copenhagen in 1728, and the accession of a strait-laced king in 1730, put an end to the theater, and it was nearly twenty years before Holberg began again, producing six more plays. The best known of them outside is "Erasmus Montanus"; "The Lucky Shipwreck" is the author's self-defense for his satire; he dealt with all sides of life and character. He wrote also a notable History of Denmark; hero and heroine stories in Plutarch's manner; "Niels Klim's Subterranean Journey" (of the Gulliver sort); "Moral Thoughts," and several volumes of "Letters." He was ennobled in 1747, and died January 28, 1754.]

[Rasmus Berg is just home from the university. He has Latinized his name into Erasmus Montanus, and airs his vanity and superior knowledge with needless frequency and offensiveness among the villagers.]

Present: MONTANUS, JEPPE *his father*, NILLE *his mother*,
JESPER *the bailiff*.

Jesper—*Serviteur, Monsieur!* I wish you joy of your arrival.

Montanus—I thank you, Master Bailiff.

Jesper—I am truly glad that we have got such a learned man in our town. It must have given you many a headache before you got so far. I congratulate you also, Jeppe Berg, on the great comfort you have got in your old days.

Jeppe—Comfort and joy indeed!

Jesper—But prithee, my dear Monsieur Rasmus, I beg leave to ask you about something.

Montanus—My name is Montanus.

Jesper [*aside to Jeppe*]—Is that Latin for Rasmus?

Jeppe—I suppose it is.

Jesper — Pray, my dear Montanus Berg, tell me. I have heard that learned folks have the queerest notions. Is it true that in Copenhagen there are people who believe that the earth is round? Nobody will believe that, here in our place; the world seems to us perfectly flat.

Montanus — The reason is that the earth is so large that its rotundity is not perceived.

Jesper — That is true; the earth is very large, almost half of the universe. Can Monsieur tell me how many stars go to one moon?

Montanus — The moon is to a star what a cabbage-garden is to all Zealand.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha! good that! These learned folks must have a screw loose somewhere. There are some, too, who would make us believe that the earth moves, and the sun stands still. Surely Monsieur does not believe that?

Montanus — No man of sense doubts that any more.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha! if the earth moves, we must needs all of us fall out and break our necks.

Montanus — Can't a ship move with you without you breaking your neck?

Jesper — But you say, sir, that the earth moves around: if the ship should turn round too, wouldn't the people fall out into the sea?

Montanus — No, no. I will make it plain to you if you will have a little patience.

Jesper — Faith, and I won't listen! I must be crazy before I believe such nonsense. The earth to turn round and we not fall off, down into the bottomless pit! But, my dear M. Berg, how is it that the moon sometimes is so little and at other times so big?

Montanus — If I should tell you the reason, you would not believe me.

Jesper — Oh! be good enough to tell me.

Montanus [*joocularly*] — The reason is, that when the moon is full grown, they cut it to pieces to make stars of.

Jesper — Faith, that *is* curious. I never knew that before. But, sure enough, it stands to reason that if no pieces were cut away from her, she would soon grow bigger than the whole of Zealand. It is a wise Providence which rules these things. But tell me, how is it that the moon doesn't warm like the sun, as it is just as big?

Montanus — Because the moon has no light, but is made of the same dark matter as our earth, which borrows its light from the sun.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha ! What awful stuff and nonsense ! It makes one's head swim to think of it.

Present : MONTANUS, JERONIMUS, JESPER.

Montanus — Welcome, my respected father-in-law [in prospect] : I am glad to see you in such good health.

Jeronimus [*coldly*] — Health at my age cannot be much to speak of.

Montanus — Still, I must say you look remarkably well.

Jeronimus — Do you really think so ?

Montanus — Indeed I do. How is Mademoiselle Lisbed, pray ?

Jeronimus — Well enough, thank ye.

Montanus — What is the matter ? It seems to me my worthy Jeronimus speaks rather coldly to his future son-in-law.

Jeronimus — Perhaps I have a reason for it.

Montanus — In what way have I offended ?

Jeronimus — I am told that you hold such curious opinions. Folks will think you are getting crazy. How can a sensible man be so foolish as to maintain that the world is round ?

Montanus — Most assuredly it is round. I must needs maintain what is the truth.

Jeronimus — Truth ? — it must be the devil's truth, then, and of necessity spring from the Evil One, who is the father of lies. I am sure there is not a soul in this town but condemns it. Ask the bailiff, who is a man of sense, if he is not of *my* opinion.

Jesper — Indeed, it don't concern me much whether it is long or round ; but I am bound to believe my own eyes, which tell me that the earth is as flat as a pancake.

Montanus — Nor does it concern me what the bailiff and others in this place may think of the matter ; but the earth is round for all that.

Jeronimus — The devil it is ! Are you crazy ? Sure you have eyes in your head, as any other Christian.

Montanus — It is well known that there are people who live right underneath us, and whose feet are turned towards ours.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha ! hi, hi, hi, hi !

Jeronimus — Yes, the bailiff may well laugh. You must have a screw loose somewhere. Just you try to walk on the ceiling up there with your head down, and see what will come of it.

Montanus — That is a very different thing, father-in-law, as —

Jeronimus — I will by no manner of means be your father-in-law. I love my daughter too much to throw her away on the likes of you.

Montanus — Believe me, I love your daughter as my own soul ; but that I should deny *philosophia* for her sake, or stultify myself, is more than you have a right to demand.

Jeronimus — What proofs do you offer for assertions ?

Montanus — No proofs are considered necessary. No men of education have any doubt about it at all.

Jesper — Still, Peer Clerk won't allow any such thing.

Montanus — Peer Clerk ! he is a pretty fellow, and I am but a fool to allow myself to discuss *philosophia* with the likes of him and you. But to please M. Jeronimus I will adduce a couple of proofs, to wit, — firstly : travelers, when they reach a point many thousand miles from here, have day when we have night, and look upon another heaven and other stars.

Jeronimus — You are raving ! Have we more than one heaven or one earth ?

Jesper — Yes ; with submission, M. Jeronimus. There are seven heavens, each one higher than the other, till you come at last to the heaven of crystal — so far he is right enough.

Montanus [*clasps his hands*] — *O quantæ tenebræ !*

Jeronimus — Well, then, I have in my youth been sixteen times to the great fair in Kiel ; and, as I hope to be saved, I have never seen any other heaven than the one above us.

Montanus — You will have to travel sixteen times farther, *Domine Jeronyme*, before you will see what I told you ; when —

Jeronimus — Cease this nonsense : it has neither rhyme nor reason. Let us hear the other proofs.

Montanus — The second proof is the eclipse of the sun and moon.

Jeronimus — You must stop now : this is really too much.

Montanus — What is your opinion of an eclipse, Mr. Bailiff ?

Jesper — Eclipses are certain signs which appear on the sun and moon when any great calamity is going to happen, which I can prove by my own experience. When, for instance, my wife

miscarried three years ago, and my daughter Gertrude died, there were two eclipses immediately before.

Montanus — I shall get insane if I listen to this much longer.

Jeronimus — The bailiff is right : there is never an eclipse but that it means something. When the last eclipse occurred everything seemed all right, but not for long, mind ye : fourteen days afterwards came news from Copenhagen that six students had failed to pass their examinations at the university, all the sons of great people, two bishops' sons among them. If no ill-luck happens in one place, you can be sure it will in another.

Montanus — Most certainly; as no day passes away but that some calamity happens in this world of ours. As for the students you mentioned, they needn't blame the eclipse. If they had attended more to their studies, they would not have been rejected.

Jeronimus — What is, then, an eclipse of the moon, according to *your* notion ?

Montanus — Simply the shadow of the earth, which deprives the moon of the light of the sun ; and, as the shadow is plainly round, the earth which causes it must needs be round too. The whole is perfectly natural: you can calculate beforehand when an eclipse will occur, and only stupidity and folly can see in that phenomenon a warning sign of misfortunes to come.

Jeronimus — Oh, Mr. Bailiff ! I begin to feel unwell. In an unhappy hour it came to pass that your honest parents took you from the plow and put you in college.

Jesper — He is not far from being an atheist, too. I must get the clerk to take him in hand again. That is a fellow who talks with unction. He is your man, whether in Latin or Greek, and will soon convince you that the earth, thank God, is as flat as the palm of my hand. But here comes Madame Jeronimus and her daughter.

Enter MAGDELONE AND LISBED.

Magdelone — Ah, my dearest son-in-law, it is indeed a joy to see you looking so well.

Lisbed — Oh, darling, let me kiss you.

Jeronimus — Quietly, my child ; be not too forward.

Lisbed — May I not embrace my sweetheart that I have not seen for such a long time ?

Jeronimus — Keep away from him, I tell you.

Lisbed [crying] — But are we not betrothed people?

Jeronimus — So you *were* — but there is something gone wrong now. You must know, my daughter, that when he plighted his troth to you he was a decent fellow and a good Christian; but now I find him an heretic and an atheist, who deserves to become acquainted with a tar barrel rather than to be received in the bosom of a Christian family.

Lisbed — If that is all, dear father, we will soon get over the difficulty. [Advances toward MONTANUS.]

Jeronimus — Keep away from him, you forward minx!

Magdelone — What is the meaning of all this, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — Trouble enough, madam; he preaches false doctrines: says that the earth is round, and other wicked blasphemies that I am ashamed talking about.

Jeronimus — Doesn't it seem to you that his honest old parents are to be pitied for having wasted so much money on his schooling?

Magdelone — Is that all that is the matter? If he loves our daughter, he won't mind giving up his opinions and saying the earth is flat, for her sake; will you, Rasmus?

Montanus — It is impossible for me to say any such thing as long as I am in possession of my five senses. I can't give the earth any other shape than it really has got. I am ready to please you in every possible way, but I really cannot afford to stultify myself to gratify your whims. If my learned friends should come to know that I had made such a statement, I should be deemed a fool, and despised accordingly. Besides, we men of letters never recant our opinions, but defend what we once have advanced to the last drop of our inkstands.

Magdelone — Here, my good husband. I don't think this of such importance that we should break off the engagement for the sake of it.

Jeronimus — But I deem it of such importance that I would sue for a divorce on that ground if they had been actually married.

Magdelone — And, faith, I will also have a word to say in this matter: if Lisbed is your daughter, she is mine too.

Lisbed [weeping and addressing MONTANUS] — Do, darling, say it is flat.

Montanus — Upon my honor, my dear girl, it is impossible.

Jeronimus — You must know, good wife, that I am master in my own house, and that I am her father.

Magdelone — And I will have *you* to know that I am mistress in my own house, and that I am her mother.

Jeronimus — I should think that a father is more than a mother.

Magdelone — Then *I* think no such thing. That I am her mother is beyond a doubt—but if you are—but I won't say any more. You do vex me!

Lisbed — Dearest heart, do say, for my sake, the earth is flat.

Montanus — I cannot, sweetheart; *nam contra naturam est*.

Jeronimus — Wife! what do you mean! Am I not her father as much as you are her mother? Hear, *Lisbed*, am I not your father?

Lisbed — I believe it, as my mother says so; but I am *sure* she is my mother.

Jeronimus — Now what do you think of such talk, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — With submission, Monsieur *Jeronimus*, I cannot say that Mam'selle is in the wrong, because —

Jeronimus — I have enough of this. Be assured, my good *Rasmus Berg*, that you will never marry *my* daughter before you recall your damnable opinions.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — Oh, darling *Rasmus*, do, for heaven's sake, say it is flat!

Jeronimus — Come away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

* * * * *

Montanus [*solus*] — Here I have been baited and worried for a whole hour by my silly parents-in-law trying their utmost to move me from my opinion; but the worthy people know not *Erasmus Montanus*. Not to be an emperor would I take back what I have once said. I love *Mademoiselle Lisbed*, it is true; but that I for her sake should sacrifice philosophy, and recede from what I have publicly maintained—that can never be. I trust, however, that things may yet come right, and I at last shall obtain the hand of my sweetheart without sacrificing my reputation.

* * * * *

Present: MONTANUS, the LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant — But I have been told that Monsieur could prove that it is the duty of a son to chastise his parents: that would be no easy matter to demonstrate, I opine.

Montanus — If I have propounded such *thesis*, I am abundantly able to demonstrate the proposition.

Lieutenant — I will wager a ducat that Monsieur is not able to do it.

Montanus — I accept the wager.

Lieutenant — Done — let us now hear.

Montanus — Those we love the most we chastise the most; we ought to love none more than our parents; hence we ought to chastise them the most. And, by way of *Syllogismus*, I will further add: what I have received I am bound to repay; and as I, in my boyhood, have received many blows from my parents, it becomes my duty to return them again.

Lieutenant — Enough: I have lost; you have fairly won your ducat.

Montanus — Surely, lieutenant, I was not in earnest. I will *profecto* receive no money.

Lieutenant — You shall receive it, upon my honor: I swear you shall.

Montanus — Well, then, I will consent to receive it to save you from perjuring yourself. [*Accepts the money.*]

Lieutenant — I hear you can transform people: permit me to try and turn you into something else. *Par exemple*: shall I make a soldier out of you?

Montanus — Oh, that is easy enough: all we students are, in a manner, spiritual soldiers.

Lieutenant — Well, I will convince you that you are a bodily soldier as well. Listen: He who has taken the king's money is a regular enlisted soldier. You have just done that: *ergo* —

Montanus — *Nego minorem.*

Lieutenant — *Et ego probo minorem* of the money you just now received.

Montanus — *Distinguendum est inter nummos.*

Lieutenant — There is no distinction whatsoever: you are now a soldier.

Montanus — *Distinguendum est inter simpliciter et relative accipere.*

Lieutenant — Stuff and nonsense! The contract is concluded, and you have got your money.

Montanus — *Distinguendum est inter contractum verum et apparentum.*

Lieutenant — Do you deny that you have received my money?

Montanus — *Distinguendum est inter rem et modum rei.*

Lieutenant — Come along, comrade, and I will get you your uniform.

Montanus — Pray take your money back. Besides, you have no witness that I have taken it.

Enter JESPER and NIELS (a Corporal).

Jesper — I will swear, for one, that I saw the lieutenant put the money in your hand.

Niels — And I also.

Montanus — But why did I take the money?— *distinguendum est inter* —

Lieutenant — I will stand no nonsense. Stay here, Niels, and watch him till I get the uniform. [NIELS collars him.]

Montanus — Murder, murder!

Niels — If you don't stop your noise, you dog, I will run my bayonet through ye. Has he not enlisted, Bailiff?

Jesper — That he has, sure enough.

Lieutenant — Now quick — off with the black coat and on with the red one. Pshaw! you are much better off now than ever you were. Drill him well, Corporal: begin at once. He is a very learned chap, but he is still raw in his manual.

[NIELS takes him aside, drills him, and strikes him occasionally with his cane.]

Present: JERONIMUS, MAGDELONE, LISBED, JEPPE, NILLE, LIEUTENANT, MONTANUS, CORPORAL.

Montanus — I do, then, most humbly beg everybody's pardon. I promise to lead a different life, and I repent me of my former follies, which I have been brought to see in their true light no more by my late predicament than by this brave gentleman's sound reason and weighty words, whom I shall always hold — next to my parents — in the highest esteem and reverence.

Jeronimus — You retract then, my dear son-in-law, your pestiferous notion about the earth being round: that piece of heresy worries me most of all.

Montanus — My dear father-in-law, I don't care to discuss that matter any further: I will only remark that all men of learning hold nowadays that the earth is round.

Jeronimus — The devil! O Mr. Lieutenant, do make him a soldier again, till he confesses that the earth is flat.

Montanus — Hold, my dear sir. *The earth is as flat as a pancake.* Will that satisfy you?

Jeronimus — Yes, perfectly. Now we are all friends again, and you shall have my daughter. Let us all go in and drink a glass to a general reconciliation. Lieutenant, do us the honor of joining us.



PEGGY AND JENNY.

(From "The Gentle Shepherd.")

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

[ALLAN RAMSAY, the founder of modern Scotch literary poetry, was born 1686, in Lanarkshire, of peasant family but good blood; in 1711, apprenticed like Jasmin to a barber and wig-maker (in Edinburgh), his literary taste and sense of fun soon gained him admission to a convivial and literary club of young gentlemen (1712-1715). In no long time he made a reputation as a poet, set up a book-shop, and for many years had immense influence by editing and publishing collections of old Scotch poetry, as well as writing vernacular poems; the former he published as "Tea-Table Miscellany" and "The Evergreen" (1724), the latter were collected in 1721 and 1728, besides his great pastoral "The Gentle Shepherd." This was issued in separate dialogues for some years, connected and published together in 1725. It dominated Scotch poetry till Burns's time, greatly influenced him, and through him reigns still, and deeply affected the character of the Scotch peasantry. His "Fables," original and translated, appeared in 1830. He died in 1758.]

The Scene.

A FLOWRIE howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles, shining, smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.

Jenny — Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleech our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lilly wet with dew.

Peggy — Go farer up the burn to Habby's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
 The water fa's, and makes a singand din;
 A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glass,
 Kisses with easy whirls the bordring grass:
 We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 There wash oursells — 'tis healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny — Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
 Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 And see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate
 Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peggy — We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
 The lads they're feeding far beyond the height:
 But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)
 What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
 The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
 That Roger loes you, yet ye carna by.
 What ails ye at him? Trowth, between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny — I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
 With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet-lug;
 Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-gee,
 And spread his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
 He falds his owrlay down his breast with care;
 And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair.
 For a' that he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, *How d'ye?* — or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peggy — Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
 Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld.
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
 Like dawted we'an, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet.
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past, }
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast, }
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last. }
 Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

SANG.

Tune: Polwart on the Green.

The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or eat what they've refused.

Jenny — I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy — Nor I — but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny — If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell;
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause,
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his *hums* and *haws*?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slavery like, and may be free:
 The cheils may a' knit up themsells for me.

Peggy — Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny — Heh! lass, how can you loo that rattle-skull.
 A very deil that ay maun hae his will?
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy — I'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
 There we may kiss as long as kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
 He's get his will: Why no? 'Tis good my part
 To give him that; and he'll give me his heart.

Jenny — He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
 Make meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise;
 And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,

He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delite,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flite:
 And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a lounderin lick.

SANG.

Tune: O dear mother, what shall I do?

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betyde you.
 Lassies, when their fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marri'd:
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy — Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
 My settl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath;
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
 And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like musick thro' my heart.
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave?
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is — but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gait,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure:
 Ill-nature heffs in sauls are weak and poor.

SANG.

Tune: How can I be sad on my wedding day?

How shall I be sad, when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae

Sour weak silly fallows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Jenny — Hey ! bonny lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O ! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;
 Syne whindging getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din,
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae we'an fa's sick, ane scads itsell in broo,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tynes his shoe ;
 The Deel gaes o'er John Wabster, hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

Peggy — Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife,
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight,
 To hear their little complaints, and keep them right.
 Now ! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;
 When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss ?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night,
 The like of them, when love makes care delight ?

Jenny — But poorthith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw :
 But little love, or canty chear can come,
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom,
 Your nowt may die — the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay. —
 The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent:
 'Tis no to gi'e ; your merchants to the bent ;
 His Honour mauna want, he poinds your gear :
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
 Troth, 'tis nae mows to be a marry'd wife.

Peggy — May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
 Wha has sic fears ; for that was never me.

Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's required, let Heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's vertuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my Shepherd's heart.
 What e'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care, }
 And win the vogue, at market, tron, or fair, }
 For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware. }
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sald, to pay the laird his due;
 Syne a' behind's our ain. — Thus, without fear,
 With love and rowth we thro' the world will steer:
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny — But what if some young giglit on the green,
 With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his hafi-worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy — Nae mair of that; — Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we:
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them with solidity of mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 Sae, whensoever they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
 At even, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane.
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pot's be ready to take aff.
 Clean hagabag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny — A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy — But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a firmer ty,
 Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increast, }
 And in their mixture now are fully blest. }
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single, — a state sae lik'd by you!
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.
Jenny — I've done, — I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG.

Tune: Nancy's to the green-wood gane.

I yield, dear lassie, you have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying.
 For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heads us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heartstrings leads us.

Peggy — Alake! poor prisoner! Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
 Haste, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jenny — Anither time's as good — for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
 To freath the graith; — if canker'd Madge our aunt
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
 For this seems true — nae lass can be unkind.

HOW SELF-INDULGENCE PARALYZES VIRTUE.

By WILLIAM LAW.

(From the "Serious Call.")

[WILLIAM LAW, one of the foremost of eighteenth-century divines, and one of the ablest expository and controversial theologians of any age, was born in 1686, near Stamford, England; became a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; as a non-juror, lost his fellowship; some years later was tutor to Gibbon's father at Putney, and "the much honored friend and spiritual director to the whole family" (Gibbon) for over ten years, and a guiding star to many eminent men, including the Wesleys. The elder Gibbon's death broke up the family, and in 1740 Law retired to his native place, and lived, till his death in 1761, a life of devotion and charity, in company with Hester Gibbon (his pupil's sister) and the rich widow of a former friend, who committed her to Law's care on his death-bed. His still living work, which for generations deeply touched men of all shades, from the Wesleys and Dr. Johnson to Gibbon, is the "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life" (1729); but he wrote an almost equal predecessor, "A Treatise of Christian Perfection" (1726), a crushing answer to Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees" (1723), an anticipation of Butler's "Analogy" ("The Case of Reason," 1732), and other controversial works of great power; and a great number to advocate the doctrines of mysticism inspired by Jacob Boehme.]

PERSONS that are well affected to religion, that receive instructions of piety with pleasure and satisfaction, often wonder how it comes to pass that they make no greater progress in that religion which they so much admire.

Now the reason of it is this; it is because religion lives only in their head, but something else has possession of their heart; and therefore they continue from year to year mere admirers and praisers of piety, without ever coming up to the reality and perfection of its precepts.

If it be asked why religion does not get possession of their hearts, the reason is this: it is not because they live in gross sins, or debaucheries, for their regard to religion preserves them from such disorders; but it is because their hearts are constantly employed, perverted, and kept in a wrong state by the indiscreet use of such things as are lawful to be used.

The use and enjoyment of their estate is lawful, and therefore it never comes into their heads to imagine any great danger from that quarter. They never reflect that there is a vain and imprudent use of their estate, which, though it does not destroy, like gross sins, yet so disorders the heart, and supports it in such sensuality and dullness, such pride and vanity, as makes it incapable of receiving the life and spirit of piety.

For our souls may receive an infinite hurt, and be rendered incapable of all virtue, merely by the use of innocent and lawful things. . . .

Gross sins are plainly seen and easily avoided by persons that profess religion. But the indiscreet and dangerous use of innocent and lawful things, as it does not shock and offend our consciences, so it is difficult to make people at all sensible of the danger of it.

A gentleman that expends all his estate in sports, and a woman that lays out all her fortune upon herself, can hardly be persuaded that the spirit of religion cannot subsist in such a way of life.

These persons, as has been observed, may live free from debaucheries, they may be friends of religion, so far as to praise and speak well of it, and admire it in their imaginations; but it cannot govern their hearts, and be the spirit of their actions, till they change their way of life, and let religion give laws to the use and spending of their estate.

For a woman that loves dress, that thinks no expense too great to bestow upon the adorning of her person, cannot stop there. For that temper draws a thousand other follies along with it, and will render the whole course of her life, her business, her conversation, her hopes, her fears, her tastes, her pleasures, and diversions, all suitable to it.

Flavia and Miranda are two maiden sisters, that have each of them two hundred pounds a year. They buried their parents twenty years ago, and have since that time spent their estate as they pleased.

Flavia has been the wonder of all her friends, for her excellent management, in making so surprising a figure on so moderate a fortune. Several ladies that have twice her fortune are not able to be always so genteel, and so constant at all places of pleasure and expense. She has everything that is in the fashion, and is in every place where there is any diversion. Flavia is very orthodox, she talks warmly against heretics and schismatics, is generally at Church, and often at the Sacrament. She once commended a sermon that was against the pride and vanity of dress, and thought it was very just against Lucinda, whom she takes to be a great deal finer than she need to be. If any one asks Flavia to do something in charity, if she likes the person who makes the proposal, or happens to be in a right temper, she will toss him half-a-crown, or a crown, and tell him

if he knew what a long milliner's bill she had just received, he would think it a great deal for her to give. A quarter of a year after this, she hears a sermon upon the necessity of charity; she thinks the man preaches well, that it is a very proper subject, that people want much to be put in mind of it; but she applies nothing to herself, because she remembers that she gave a crown some time ago, when she could so ill spare it.

As for poor people themselves, she will admit of no complaints from them; she is very positive they are all cheats and liars, and will say anything to get relief; and therefore it must be a sin to encourage them in their evil ways.

You would think Flavia had the tenderest conscience in the world, if you were to see how scrupulous and apprehensive she is of the guilt and danger of giving amiss.

She buys all books of wit and humor, and has made an expensive collection of all our English poets. For she says, one cannot have a true taste of any of them without being very conversant with them all.

She will sometimes read a book of piety, if it is a short one, if it is much commended for style and language, and she can tell where to borrow it.

Flavia is very idle, and yet very fond of fine work; this makes her often sit working in bed until noon, and be told many a long story before she is up; so that I need not tell you that her morning devotions are not always rightly performed.

Flavia would be a miracle of piety, if she was but half so careful of her soul as she is of her body. The rising of a pimple in her face, the sting of a gnat, will make her keep her room two or three days, and she thinks they are very rash people that do not take care of things in time. This makes her so over-careful of her health that she never thinks she is well enough; and so over-indulgent, that she never can be really well. So that it costs her a great deal in sleeping draughts and waking draughts, in spirits for the head, in drops for the nerves, in cordials for the stomach, and in saffron for her tea.

If you visit Flavia on the Sunday, you will always meet good company; you will know what is doing in the world, you will hear the last lampoon, be told who wrote it, and who is meant by every name that is in it. You will hear what plays were acted that week, which is the finest song in the opera,

who was intolerable at the last assembly, and what games are most in fashion. Flavia thinks they are atheists that play at cards on the Sunday, but she will tell you the nicety of all the games, what cards she held, how she played them, and the history of all that happened at play, as soon as she comes from Church. If you would know who is rude and ill-natured, who is vain and foppish, who lives too high, and who is in debt ; if you would know what is the quarrel at a certain house, or who are in love ; if you would know how late Belinda comes home at night, what clothes she has bought, how she loves compliments, and what a long story she told at such a place ; if you would know how cross Lucius is to his wife, what ill-natured things he says to her when nobody hears him ; if you would know how they hate one another in their hearts, though they appear so kind in public, — you must visit Flavia on the Sunday. But still she has so great a regard for the holiness of the Sunday that she has turned a poor old widow out of her house, as a profane wretch, for having been found once mending her clothes on the Sunday night.

Thus lives Flavia ; and if she lives ten years longer, she will have spent about fifteen hundred and sixty Sundays after this manner. She will have worn about two hundred different suits of clothes. Out of these thirty years of her life, fifteen will have been disposed of in bed ; and, of the remaining fifteen, about fourteen will have been consumed in eating, drinking, dressing, visiting, conversation, reading and hearing plays and romances, at operas, assemblies, balls, and diversions. For you may reckon all the time that she is up, thus spent, except about an hour and a half, that is disposed of at Church, most Sundays in the year. With great management, and under mighty rules of economy, she will have spent sixty hundred pounds upon herself, bating only some shillings, crowns, or half-crowns that have gone from her in accidental charities.

I shall not take upon me to say, that it is impossible for Flavia to be saved ; but thus much must be said, that she has no grounds from Scripture to think she is in the way of salvation. For her whole life is in direct opposition to all those tempers and practices which the Gospel has made necessary to salvation.

If you were to hear her say, that she had lived all her life like Anna the prophetess, who “ departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day,”

you would look upon her as very extravagant ; and yet this would be no greater an extravagance than for her to say that she had been “striving to enter in at the strait gate,” or making any one doctrine of the Gospel a rule of her life.

She may as well say that she lived with our Saviour when He was upon earth, as that she has lived in imitation of Him, or made it any part of her care to live in such tempers as He required of all those that would be His disciples. She may as truly say that she has every day washed the saints’ feet, as that she has lived in Christian humility and poverty of spirit ; and as reasonably think that she has taught a charity school, as that she has lived in works of charity. She has as much reason to think that she has been a sentinel in an army, as that she has lived in watching and self-denial. And it may as fairly be said that she lived by the labor of her hands, as that she had given all diligence to make her calling and election sure.

And here it is to be well observed, that the poor, vain turn of mind, the irreligion, the folly and vanity of this whole life of Flavia, is all owing to the manner of using her estate. It is this that has formed her spirit, that has given life to every idle temper, that has supported every trifling passion, and kept her from all thoughts of a prudent, useful, and devout life.

When her parents died, she had no thought about her two hundred pounds a year, but that she had so much money to do what she would with, to spend upon herself, and purchase the pleasures and gratifications of all her passions.

And it is this setting out, this false judgment and indiscreet use of her fortune, that has filled her whole life with the same indiscretion, and kept her from thinking of what is right, and wise, and pious, in everything else.

If you have seen her delighted in plays and romances, in scandal and backbiting, easily flattered, and soon affronted ; if you have seen her devoted to pleasures and diversions, a slave to every passion in its turn, nice in everything that concerned her body or dress, careless of everything that might benefit her soul, always wanting some new entertainment, and ready for every happy invention in show or dress, it was because she had purchased all these tempers with the yearly revenue of her fortune.

She might have been humble, serious, devout, a lover of good books, an admirer of prayer and retirement, careful of her

time, diligent in good works, full of charity and the love of God, but that the imprudent use of her estate forced all the contrary tempers upon her.

And it was no wonder that she should turn her time, her mind, her health, and strength, to the same uses that she turned her fortune. It is owing to her being wrong in so great an article of life, that you can see nothing wise, or reasonable, or pious, in any other part of it.

Now, though the irregular trifling spirit of this character belongs, I hope, but to few people, yet many may here learn some instruction from it, and perhaps see something of their own spirit in it.

For as Flavia seems to be undone by the unreasonable use of her fortune, so the lowness of most people's virtue, the imperfections of their piety, and the disorders of their passions, are generally owing to their imprudent use and enjoyment of lawful and innocent things.

More people are kept from a true sense and taste of religion by a regular kind of sensuality and indulgence, than by gross drunkenness. More men live regardless of the great duties of piety through too great a concern for worldly goods, than through direct injustice.

This man would perhaps be devout, if he was not so great a virtuoso. Another is deaf to all the motives of piety, by indulging an idle, slothful temper. Could you cure this man of his great curiosity and inquisitive temper, or that of his false satisfaction and thirst after learning, you need do no more to make them both become men of great piety.

If this woman would make fewer visits, or that not be always talking, they would neither of them find it half so hard to be affected with religion.

For all these things are only little, when they are compared to great sins: and though they are little in that respect, yet they are great, as they are impediments and hindrances to a pious spirit.

For as consideration is the only eye of the soul, as the truths of religion can be seen by nothing else, so whatever raises a levity of mind, a trifling spirit, renders the soul incapable of seeing, apprehending, and relishing the doctrines of piety.

THE STRULDBRUGGS.

By SWIFT.

[For biographical sketch, see page 36.]

ONE Day in much good Company I was asked by a Person of Quality, whether I had seen any of their *Struldbruggs* or *Immortals*. I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an Appellation applyed to a mortal Creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a Child happened to be born in a Family with a red circular Spot in the Forehead, directly over the left Eyebrow, which was an infallible Mark that it should never dye. The Spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a Silver Threepence, but in the course of Time grew larger, and changed its Colour; for at twelve Years old it became Green, so continued till five and Twenty, then turned to a deep Blue; at Five and Forty it grew coal Black, and as large as an *English Shilling*, but never admitted any farther Alteration. He said these Births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above Eleven Hundred *Struldbruggs* of both Sexes in the whole Kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the Metropolis, and among the rest a young Girl born about three Years ago. That these Productions were not peculiar to any Family but a meer effect of Chance, and the Children of the *Struldbruggs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the People.

I freely own my self to have been struck with inexpressible Delight upon hearing this Account. I cried out as in a Rapture; Happy Nation where every Child hath at least a chance for being immortal! Happy People who enjoy so many living Examples of ancient Virtue, and have Masters ready to instruct them in the Wisdom of all former Ages! But, happiest beyond all comparison are those excellent *Struldbruggs*, who, born exempt from that universal Calamity of human Nature, have their Minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of Spirits caused by the continual Apprehension of Death. I discovered my Admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious Persons at Court: the black Spot on the Fore-head, being so remarkable a Distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: And it was impossible that his Majesty, a most Judicious Prince, should not pro-

vide himself with a good number of such wise and able Counsellours. Yet perhaps the Virtue of those Reverend Sages was too strict for the Corrupt and Libertine Manners of a Court. And we often find by Experience that young Men are too opinionative and volatile to be guided by the sober Dictates of their Seniors. However, since the King was pleased to allow me Access to his Royal Person, I was resolved upon the very first occasion to deliver my Opinion to him on this Matter freely, and at large by the help of my Interpreter; and whether he would please to take my Advice or no, yet in one thing I was determined, that his Majesty having frequently offered me an Establishment in this Country, I would with great thankfulness accept the Favour, and pass my Life here in the Conversation of those superiour Beings the *Struldbruggs*, if they would please to admit me.

The Gentleman to whom I addressed my Discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the Language of *Balnicbarbi*, said to me with a sort of a Smile, which usually ariseth from Pity to the Ignorant, that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my Permission to explain to the Company what I had spoke. He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own Language, whereof I understood not a Syllable, neither could I observe by their Countenances what impression my Discourse had made on them. After a short Silence the same Person told me, that his Friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious Remarks I had made on the great Happiness and Advantages of immortal Life, and they were desirous to know in a particular manner, what Scheme of Living I should have formed to my self, if it had fallen to my Lot to have been born a *Struldbrugg*.

I answered, it was easy to be Eloquent on so copious and delightful a Subject, especially to me who have been often apt to amuse my self with Visions of what I should do if I were a King, a General, or a great Lord: And upon this very Case I had frequently run over the whole System how I should employ my self, and pass the time if I were sure to live for ever.

That, if it had been my good Fortune to come into the World a *Struldbrugg*, as soon as I could discover my own Happiness by understanding the difference between Life and Death, I would first resolve by all Arts and Methods whatsoever to procure my self Riches. In the pursuit of which by Thrift and

Management, I might reasonably expect in about two Hundred Years, to be the Wealthiest Man in the Kingdom. In the second place, I would from my earliest Youth apply myself to the study of Arts and Sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in Learning. Lastly I would carefully record every Action and Event of Consequence that happened in the Publick, impartially draw the Characters of the several Successions of Princes, and great Ministers of State, with my own Observations on every Point. I would exactly set down the several changes in Customs, Languages, Fashions, Dress, Dyet, and Diversions. By all which Acquirements, I should be a living Treasury of Knowledge and Wisdom, and certainly become the Oracle of the Nation.

I would never marry after threescore, but live in an hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the Minds of hopeful young Men, by convincing them from my own Remembrance, Experience and Observation, fortified by numerous Examples, of the usefulness of Virtue in publick and private Life. But, my Choice and constant Companions should be a sett of my own immortal Brother hood, among whom I would elect a dozen from the most Ancient down to my own Contemporaries. Where any of these wanted Fortunes, I would provide them with convenient Lodges round my own Estate, and have some of them always at my Table, only mingling a few of the most valuable among you Mortals, whom length of Time would harden me to lose with little or no Reluctance, and treat your Posterity after the same manner, just as a Man diverts himself with the Annual Succession of Pinks and Tulips in his Garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding Year.

These *Struldbruggs* and I would mutually communicate our Observations and Memorials through the Course of Time, remark the several Gradations by which Corruption steals into the World, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual Warning and Instruction to Mankind; which, added to the strong Influence of our own Example, would probably prevent that continual Degeneracy of Human Nature so justly complained of in all Ages.

Add to all this, the pleasure of seeing the various Revolutions of States and Empires, the Changes in the lower and upper World, antient Cities in Ruins, and obscure Villages become the Seats of Kings. Famous Rivers lessening into shal-

low Brooks, the Ocean leaving one Coast dry, and overwhelming another : The Discovery of many Countries yet unknown. Barbarity over-running the politest Nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the Discovery of the *Longitude*, the *perpetual Motion*, the *Universal Medicine*, and many other great Inventions brought to the utmost Perfection.

What wonderful Discoveries should we make in Astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own Predictions, by observing the Progress and Returns of Comets, with the changes of Motion in the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

I enlarged upon many other Topicks, which the natural desire of endless Life and sublunary Happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the Sum of my Discourse had been interpreted as before, to the rest of the Company, there was a good deal of Talk among them in the Language of the Country, not without some Laughter at my Expence. At last the same Gentleman who had been my Interpreter said he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few Mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common Imbecillity of human Nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That, this Breed of *Struldbruggs* was peculiar to their County, for there were no such People either in *Balnibarbi* or *Japan*, where he had the Honour to be Ambassador from his Majesty, and found the Natives in both these Kingdoms very hard to believe that the Fact was possible, and it appeared from my Astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two Kingdoms above mentioned, where during his Residence he had converse very much, he observed long Life to be the universal Desire and Wish of Mankind. That whoever had one Foot in the Grave, was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the eldest had still hopes of living one Day longer, and looked on Death as the greatest Evil, from which Nature always prompted him to retreat ; only in this Island of *Luggnagg*, the Appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual Example of the *Struldbruggs* before their Eyes.

That the System of Living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a Perpetuity of Youth, Health, and Vigour, which no Man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his Wishes. That the Ques-

tion therefore was not whether a Man would chuse to be always in the Prime of Youth, attended with Prosperity and Health, but how he would pass a perpetual Life under all the usual Disadvantages which old Age brings along with it. For although few Men will avow their Desires of being immortal upon such hard Conditions, yet in the two Kingdoms before-mentioned of *Balnibarbi* and *Japan*, he observed that every Man desired to put off Death for sometime longer, let it approach ever so late, and he rarely heard of any Man who died willingly, except he were incited by the Extremity of Grief or Torture. And he appealed to me whether in those Countries I had travelled as well as my own, I had not observed the same general Disposition.

After this Preface he gave me a particular Account of the *Struldbruggs* among them. He said they commonly acted like Mortals, till about thirty Years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, encreasing in both till they came to four-score. This he learned from their own Confession; for otherwise there not being above two or three of that Species born in an Age, were too few to form a general Observation by. When they came to four-score Years, which is reckoned the Extremity of living in this Country, they had not only all the Follies and Infirmities of other old Men, but many more which arose from the dreadful Prospects of never dying. They were not only Opinionative, Peevish, Covetous, Morose, Vain, Talkative, but incapable of Friendship, and dead to all natural Affection, which never descended below their Grand-children. Envy and impotent Desires are their prevailing Passions. But those Objects against which their Envy seems principally directed, are the Vices of the younger sort, and the Deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of Pleasure; and whenever they see a Funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to an Harbour of Rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no Remembrance of any thing but what they learned and observed in their Youth and middle Age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the Truth or Particulars of any Fact, it is safer to depend on common Traditions than upon their best Recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to Dotage, and entirely lose their Memories; these meet with more Pity and Assistance, because they want many bad Qualities which abound in others.

If a *Struldbugg* happen to marry one of his own kind, the Marriage is dissolved of course by the Courtesy of the Kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two come to be four-score. For the Law thinks it a reasonable Indulgence, that those who are condemned without any Fault of their own to a perpetual Continuance in the World, should not have their Misery doubled by the Load of a Wife.

As soon as they have completed the term of eighty Years, they are look'd on as dead in Law; their Heirs immediately succeed to their Estates, only a small Pittance is reserved for their Support, and the poor ones are maintained at the publick Charge. After that Period they are held incapable of any Employment of Trust or Profit, they cannot purchase Lands or take Leases, neither are they allowed to be Witnesses in any Cause, either Civil or Criminal, not even for the Decision of Meers and Bounds.

At Ninety they lose their Teeth and Hair, they have at that age no Distinction of Taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without Relish or Appetite. The Diseases they were subject to still continuing without encreasing or diminishing. In talking they forgot the common Appellation of things, and the Names of Persons, even of those who are their nearest Friends and Relations. For the same reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their Memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a Sentence to the end; and by this Defect they are deprived of the only Entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The Language of this Country being always upon the Flux, the *Struldbuggs* of one Age do not understand those of another, neither are they able after two hundred Years to hold any Conversation (farther than by a few general Words) with their Neighbours the Mortals, and thus they lye under the Disadvantage of living like Foreigners in their own Country.

This was the Account given me of the *Struldbuggs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different Ages, the youngest not above two hundred Years old, who were brought me at several times by some of my Friends, but although they were told that I was a great Traveller, and had seen all the World, they had not the least Curiosity to ask me a Question; only desired I would give them *Slumskudask*, or a Token of Remembrance, which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the Law that strictly forbids it, because they are pro-

vided for by the Publick, although indeed with a very scanty Allowance.

They are deprived and hated by all sort of People ; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their Birth is recorded very particularly ; so that you may know their Age by consulting the Registry, which however hath not been kept above a thousand Years past, or at least hath been destroyed by time or publick Disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what Kings or great Persons they can remember, and then consulting History, for infallibly the last Prince, in their Mind, did not begin his Reign after they were four-score Years old.

They were the most mortifying Sight I ever beheld, and the Women more horrible than the Men. Besides the usual Deformities in extreme old Age, they acquired an additional Ghastliness in Proportion to their Number of Years, which is not to be described, and among half a Dozen I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a Century or two between them.

The Reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen Appetite for Perpetuity of Life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing Visions I had formed, and thought no Tyrant could invent a Death into which I would not run with Pleasure from such a Life. The King heard of all that had passed between me and my Friends upon this Occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly, wishing I would send a couple of *Struldbruggs* to my own Country, to arm our People against the Fear of Death ; but this it seems is forbidden by the fundamental Laws of the Kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the Trouble and Expence of transporting them.

I could not but agree that the Laws of this Kingdom, relating to the *Struldbruggs*, were founded upon the strongest Reasons, and such as any other Country would be under the Necessity of enacting in the like Circumstances. Otherwise, as Avarice is the necessary Consequent of old Age, those Immortals would in time become Proprietors of the whole Nation, and engross the Civil Power, which, for want of Abilities to manage, must end in the Ruin of the Publick.

FABLES OF JOHN GAY.

[JOHN GAY, English poet, was born at Barnstaple, Devon, in 1685, and was apprenticed to a silk mercer. Disliking his occupation, he was released from it by his master, and some verses having made him a sudden reputation, he was taken up by the Duchess of Monmouth, and afterwards by Lord Clarendon, envoy extraordinary to Hanover, as private secretary. His earlier poem, "Rural Sports," was dedicated to Pope, who took a great interest in the young poet and later became his firm friend. Gay then published "The Shepherd's Week," a burlesque on the pathos of the imitative pastorals of Ambrose Phillips and others; "The What-d'ye-call-it," a farce; "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London"; "Poems" (including "Black-eyed Susan"); "The Captives," a tragedy. In 1728 was produced the famous "Newgate Pastoral," "The Beggar's Opera," which ran over sixty nights and netted the author seven hundred pounds; and the acting of "Polly Peachum" in it secured three actresses brilliant marriages with the nobility. The representation of "Polly," a sequel, was forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain. After this Gay lived with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and died suddenly, December 4, 1732. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

"GIVE me a son." The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.

Waked to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.

"Sure some disaster has befell:
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well."

"Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence conveyed,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature."

"The woman's blind, (the Mother cries)
I see wit sparkle in his eyes."

"Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."

Just as she spoke, a pygmy sprite
Pops through the keyhole swift as light;

Perched on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands:—

“Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull, helpless sons of Clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we dote upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.”

THE EAGLE AND ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Surveyed the worlds beneath the sky;
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For everything alive complained
That he the hardest life sustained.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.

“Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies;
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon sour Dog I first appeal.”

“Hard is my lot, (the Hound replies)
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.”

“When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.”

The Lion craved the Fox's art;
 The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
 The Cock implored the Pigeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
 The Pigeon strength of wing despised,
 And the Cock's matchless valor prized:
 The fishes wished to graze the plain,
 The Beasts to skim beneath the main:
 Thus, envious of another's state,
 Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.

The Bird of Heaven then cried aloud,
 "Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;
 The god rejects your idle prayers.
 Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
 Entirely change your name and nature,
 And be the very envied creature? —
 What, silent all, and none consent?
 Be happy, then, and learn content;
 Nor imitate the restless mind,
 And proud ambition, of mankind."

THE PAINTER

WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view.
 The traveler leaping o'er those bounds,
 The credit of his book confounds.
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
 Makes even his real courage doubted.
 But flattery never seems absurd;
 The flattered always take your word:
 Impossibilities seem just:
 They take the strongest praise on trust.
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
 Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
 That every eye the picture knew;
 He hit complexion, feature, air,
 So just, the life itself was there.
 No flattery with his colors laid,
 To bloom restored the faded maid;
 He gave each muscle all its strength;
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;

His honest pencil touched with truth,
And marked the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice failed;
Truth should not always be revealed:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustoes, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He placed in view: resolved to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb;
My Lord appeared; and, seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter looked, he sketched the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talked of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
"Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."

Observe the work. My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."

"Oh! pardon me, (the artist cried)
In this we Painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."

My Lord examined it anew;
No looking-glass seemed half so true.

A lady came, with borrowed grace,
He from his Venus formed her face.
Her lover praised the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
Even beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they praised;
His custom grew, his price was raised.
Had he the real likeness shown,

Would any man the picture own?
 But when thus happily he wrought,
 Each found the likeness in his thought.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base!
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
 There o'er some petty club preside;
 So poor, so paltry, is their pride!
 Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
 An ass in everything but ears!
 If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
 They grinned applause before he spoke;
 But at each word what shouts of praise!
 "Good gods! how natural he brays!"

Elate with flattery and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
 Forward, and fond to show his parts,
 His Highness brays; the Lion starts.

"Puppy! that cursed vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation:
 Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe? (the Cub replies)
 Our senate always held me wise."

"How weak is pride! (returns the sire)
 All fools are vain when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise."

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?"

"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across:
On Friday, too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounced from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"

"Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy dessert, I'll read my Fable."

Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summed up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:—

"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread
Fell prone; o'erturned the pannier lay,
And her mashed eggs bestrewed the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Railed, swore, and cursed: "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame, (quothe the Raven) spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred,

With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
 Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
 And you, good Woman, saved your eggs."

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their eye;
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tired of common food,
 Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
 Behind her ran an infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.
 "Draw near, my Birds! (the mother cries)
 This hill delicious fare supplies;
 Behold the busy negro race,
 See millions blacken all the place!
 Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
 An Ant is most delightful meat.
 How blessed, how envied, were our life,
 Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
 But man, cursed man, on Turkeys preys,
 And Christmas shortens all our days.
 Sometimes with oysters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the savory chine;
 From the low peasant to the lord,
 The Turkey smokes on every board.
 Sure men for gluttony are cursed,
 Of the seven deadly sins the worst."

An Ant, who climbed beyond his reach,
 Thus answered from the neighb'ring beech:—
 "Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thine own conscience look within;
 Control thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A gardener of peculiar taste,
 On a young Hog his favor placed,
 Who fed not with the common herd;
 His tray was to the hall preferred:
 He wallowed underneath the board,
 Or in his master's chamber snored,
 Who fondly stroked him every day,

And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus addressed the Swine:—

“My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supplied!”

The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers:
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spied:
“Villain! suspend thy rage, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!” no more he said,
But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.

The Hog with fluttering speech returns:—
“Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouched, your tulips strown;
For I devoured the roots alone.”

At this the Gardener's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he falls to blows:
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

Ah! foolish Swain! too late you find
That sties were for such friends designed!

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
“Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.”

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED
SUSAN.

BY JOHN GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came aboard :—
 "Oh! where shall I my true love find!
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
 Rocked with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory, so white:

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

“Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s eye.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word:
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed; she sighed; he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
“Adieu!” she cries, and waved her lily hand.



THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 373.]

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away :
For God is paid when man receives ;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath ;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise ;
All nature's incense rise !

A MODEST PROPOSAL

FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN IRELAND FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC.

By SWIFT.

[For biographical sketch, see page 36.]

[A foreign author is said actually to have considered this ghastly sarcasm as serious, and to have quoted it as an instance of the extremity under which Ireland labored.]

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants; who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the

several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam, may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment : at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in seraps by her lawful occupation of begging ; and it is at exactly one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas, too frequent among us ! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about 200,000 couple whose wives are breeders ; from which number I subtract 30,000 couple who are able to maintain their own children (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom) ; but this being granted, there will remain 170,000 breeders. I again subtract 50,000 for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain 120,000 children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for ? which as I have already said under the present situation of affairs is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture ; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land ; they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts ; although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier ; during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers ; as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before

twelve years old is no salable commodity ; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above 3*l.* or 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* at most on the exchange ; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled ; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the 120,000 children already computed, 20,000 may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males ; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine ; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining 100,000 may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom ; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends ; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infants' flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, and a little before and after : for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season ; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the

number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom ; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about 2s. per annum, rags included ; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give 10s. for the carcass of a good fat child, which as I have said will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he has only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants ; the mother will have 8s. net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass ; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shamles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting ; although I rather recommend buying the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding 14 years of age nor under 12 ; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service ; and these to be disposed of by their parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments ; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable ; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would I think with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves : and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed

very unjustly) as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, has always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London about twenty years ago; and in conversation told my friend, that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of 15, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at 400 crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an incumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not the strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose to deliver the kingdom to the pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen

rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of 100,000 children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than 10*s.* a piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased 50,000*l.* per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside the gain of 8*s.* sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating; and a skillful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit or expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice), for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our table: which are

no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that 1000 families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about 20,000 carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining 80,000.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and it was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at 5s. a pound: of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture: of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance: of learning to love our country, in the want of which we differ even from Laplanders and the inhabitants of Topinamboo: of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing: of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants: lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our negative goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he has at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it has something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for 100,000 useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt 2,000,000*l.* sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with the wives and children who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not, at this day, think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed forever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

THE SEASONS.

BY JAMES THOMSON.

[JAMES THOMSON: A Scottish poet; born at Ednam, September 11, 1700; died at the Leeward Islands, August 27, 1748. His father was a minister, and the son was intended for the same profession, studying to that end in Edinburgh. The ministry being distasteful to him, he became a tutor, then held an appointment in the Court of Chancery, and finally, in 1744, became surveyor general of the Leeward Islands. His most famous poems are "The Seasons," published in four parts, 1726-1730, and "The Castle of Indolence" (1748). He also wrote several plays and less successful poems.]

SPRING.

FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherished Eye.
 The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy Forest stands displayed.
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
 Where the Deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the Birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
 In all the colors of the flushing Year,
 By Nature's swift and secret working Hand,
 The Garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promised Fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the Town
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where Freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
 Of sweetbrier hedges I pursue my walk;
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffused around,
 One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured Eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brushed from Russian Wilds, a cutting Gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy Mildew; or, dry blowing, breathe
 Untimely Frost; before whose baleful Blast
 The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,

Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engendered by the hazy North,
 Myriads on myriads, Insect armies waft
 Keen in the poisoned breeze; and wasteful eat,
 Through buds and bark, into the blackened Core,
 Their eager way. A feeble Race, yet oft
 The sacred Sons of Vengeance; on whose course
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year. . . .

Be patient, Swains; these cruel seeming Winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repressed,
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain,
 That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
 In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened Year. . . .

Thus all day long the full-distended Clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered Earth
 Is deep enriched with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
 The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
 The illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the Woods; their every Music wakes,
 Mixed in wild concert, with the warbling Brooks
 Increased, the distant bleatings of the Hills,
 The hollow lows responsive from the Vales,
 Whence, blending all, the sweetened Zephyr springs. . . .

Still Night succeeds,
 A softened shade, and saturated Earth
 Awaits the Morning beam, to give to light,
 Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living Herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
 Of Botanist to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely Dale,
 In silent search; or through the Forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious Weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain Rock,
 Fired by the nodding Verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung

Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumeros mixed them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

SUMMER.

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial mead:
 The rustic Youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy Maid,
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping Age is here; and Infant hands
 Trail the long rake, or o'er the fragrant load
 O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the Sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
 Or, as they rake the green appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet haycock rises thick behind,
 In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy Labor, Love, and social Glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
 Compelled, to where the mazy running brook
 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamor much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful People to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the Swain,
 On some, impatient, seizing, hurls them in:
 Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting, labor to the farther shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-washed Fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt,
 The Trout is banished by the sordid stream.
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless Race: where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild

Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill ; and, tossed from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gathered Flocks
 Are in the wattled pen, innumerable, pressed,
 Head above head : and, ranged in lusty rows,
 The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd king ;
 While the glad Circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all,
 From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending Steams
 And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharpening scythe : the Mower, sinking, heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed :
 And scarce a chirping Grasshopper is heard
 Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very Streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
 Beam not so fierce ! incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for Night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter Hours approach.
 Thrice happy he, who, on the sunless side
 Of a romantic fountain, forest-crowned,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines :
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,

Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
 Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmonized,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

Welcome, ye Shades ! ye bowery Thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty Pines ! ye venerable Oaks !
 Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted Hart the sallying spring,
 Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbage brink.
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The Heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded Eye
 And Ear resume their watch ; the Sinews knit ;
 And Life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.

AUTUMN.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfined ; and taste, revived,
 The breath of Orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy Pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepared ;
 Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixed.
 Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points
 The piercing Cyder for the thirsty tongue :
 Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 The inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
 Of Nature, ever open ; aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral Song.
 And, as I steal along the sunny wall,

Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought
Presents the downy Peach; the shining Plum,
With a fine bluish mist of animals
Clouded; the ruddy Nectarine; and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious Fig.
The Vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The Vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes,
White o'er the turgent film, the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touched into flavor by the mingling ray,
The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing Swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:
The Claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, checked
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapor, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:

Vanish the Woods: the dim-seen River seems
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppressed, the Sun
 Sheds, weak and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear; and, wildered, o'er the waste
 The Shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last
 Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
 A formless gray confusion covers all.

WINTER.

To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse:
 For now, behold, the joyous Winter days,
 Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, the ethereal Niter flies;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining Atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted Glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigor for the coming year;
 A stronger Glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
 The purer Rivers flow, their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the Shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost. . . .

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful Swains,
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Find o'er the river crowd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train, the raptured Boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine

Branched out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
 On sounding Skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
 The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
 Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
 Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's Dames,
 Or Russia's buxom Daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome Day;
 But soon elapsed. The horizontal Sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
 And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the Vale
 Relents awhile to the reflected ray;
 Or from the forest falls the clustered Snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the Season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
 Astonished shoot into the frigid zone;
 Where, for relentless months, continual Night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign. . . .

'Tis done! — dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns, tremendous, o'er the conquered Year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictured Life: pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
 And pale, concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene.

THE FATHER OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

I. BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

(From "Frederick the Great.")

[THOMAS CARLYLE, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795. He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor; in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course. His chief succeeding works were "Chartism Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and "Frederick the Great." He died February 4, 1881.]

WITH the death of old King Friedrich, there occurred at once vast changes in the Court of Berlin; a total and universal change in the mode of living and doing business there. Friedrich Wilhelm, out of filial piety, wore at his father's funeral the grand French peruke and other sublinities of French costume; but it was for the last time: that sad duty once done, he flung the whole aside, not without impatience, and on no occasion wore such costume again. He was not a friend to French fashions, nor had ever been; far the contrary. In his boyhood, say the Biographers, there was once a grand embroidered cloth-of-gold, or otherwise supremely magnificent, little Dressing-gown given him; but he would at no rate put it on, or be concerned with it; on the contrary, stuffed it indignantly "into the fire," and demanded wholesome useful duffel instead.

He began his reform literally at the earliest moment. Being summoned into the apartment where his poor Father was in the last struggle, he could scarcely get across for *Kammerjunker*, *Kammerherrn*, Goldsticks, Silversticks, and the other solemn histrionic functionaries, all crowding there to do their sad mimicry on the occasion: not a lovely accompaniment in Friedrich Wilhelm's eyes. His poor Father's death struggle once done, and all reduced to everlasting rest there, Friedrich Wilhelm looked in silence over the Unutterable, for a short space, disregarding of the Goldsticks and their eager new homaging; walked swiftly away from it to his own room, shut the door with a slam; and there, shaking the tears from his

eyes, commenced by a notable duty—the duty nearest hand, and therefore first to be done, as it seemed to him. It was about one in the afternoon, 25th February, 1713; his Father dead half an hour before: “Tears at a Father’s deathbed, must they be dashed with rage by such a set of greedy Histrios?” thought Friedrich Wilhelm. He summoned these his Court-people, that is to say, summoned their *Ober-Hofmarschall* and representative; and through him signified to them, That, till the Funeral was over, their service would continue; and that on the morrow after the Funeral they were, every soul of them, discharged; and from the highest Goldstick down to the lowest Page-in-waiting, the King’s House should be swept entirely clean of them—said House intending to start afresh upon a quite new footing. Which spread such a consternation among the courtier people, say the Histories, as was never seen before.

Eight Lackeys, in the antechambers and elsewhere, these, with each a *Jägerbursch* (what we should call an *Underkeeper*) to assist when not hunting, will suffice: Lackeys at “eight *thalers* monthly,” which is six shillings a week. Three active Pages, sometimes two, instead of perhaps three dozen idle that there used to be. In King Friedrich’s time, there were wont to be a Thousand saddle horses at corn and hay: but how many of them were in actual use? Very many of them were mere imaginary quadrupeds; their price and keep pocketed by some knavish *Stallmeister*, Equerry or Head-groom. Friedrich Wilhelm keeps only Thirty Horses; but these are very actual, not imaginary at all, their corn not running into any knave’s pocket, but lying actually in the mangers here, getting ground for you into actual fourfooted speed, when on turf or highway you require such a thing. About thirty for the saddle, with a few carriage teams, are what Friedrich Wilhelm can employ in any reasonable measure; and more he will not have about him.

In the like ruthless humor he goes over his Pension-list, strikes three fourths of that away, reduces the remaining fourth to the very bone. In like humor, he goes over every department of his Administrative, Household, and other Expenses; shears everything down, here by the Hundred *thalers*, there by the Ten, willing even to save *half a thaler*. He goes over all this three several times; his Papers, the three successive Lists he used on that occasion, have been printed. He has

satisfied himself, in about two months, what the effective minimum is ; and leaves it so. Reduced to below the fifth of what it was : 55,000 *thalers* instead of 276,000.

By degrees he went over, went into and through, every department of Prussian Business, in that fashion ; steadily, warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it, large and little, to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity, of utility, pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done ; needless work and ineffectual or imaginary workers, to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this Earth, worth purchasing almost at any price ! The money saved is something, nothing if you will ; but the amount of mendacity expunged, has any one computed that ? Mendacity not of tongue ; but the far feller sort, of hand, and of heart, and of head ; short summary of all Devil's-worship whatsoever. Which spreads silently along, once you let it in, with full purse or with empty ; some fools even praising it : the quiet *dry rot* of Nations ! To expunge such is greatly the duty of every man, especially of every King. Unconsciously, not thinking of Devil's worship, or spiritual dry rot, but of money chiefly, and led by Nature and the ways she has with us, it was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm's life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian Business, great and little, public and even private. Year after year, he brings it to perfection ; pushes it unweariedly forward every day and hour. So that he has Prussia, at last, all a Prussia made after his own image ; the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous, and Spartan country any modern King ever ruled over, and himself (if he thought of that) a King indeed. He that models Nations according to his own image, he is a King, though his scepter were a walking-stick, and properly no other is.

Friedrich Wilhelm was wondered at, and laughed at, by innumerable mortals for his ways of doing, which indeed were very strange. Not that he figured much in what is called Public History, or desired to do so ; for though a vigilant ruler he did not deal in protocoling and campaigning,—he let a minimum of that suffice him. But in court soirées, where elegant empty talk goes on, and of all materials for it scandal is found incomparably the most interesting, I suppose there turned up no name oftener than that of his Prussian Majesty ; and during these Twenty-seven years of his Reign, his wild pranks and explosions gave food for continual talk in such quarters.

For he was like no other King that then existed, or had ever been discovered. Wilder Son of Nature seldom came into the artificial world ; into a royal throne there, probably never. A wild man, wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks, and, with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. He would have been strange anywhere ; but among the dapper Royal gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century, what was to be done with such an Orson of a King? Clap him in Bedlam, and bring out the ballot boxes instead? The modern generation, too, still takes its impression of him from these rumors—still more now from Wilhelmina's Book, which paints the outside savagery of the royal man in a most striking manner, and leaves the inside vacant, undiscovered by Wilhelmina or the rumors. . . .

For the first ten years of his reign he had a heavy, continual struggle, getting his finance and other branches of administration extricated from their strangling imbroglios of coiled nonsense, and put upon a rational footing. His labor in these years, the first of little Fritz's life, must have been great ; the pushing and pulling strong and continual. The good plan itself, this comes not of its own accord ; it is the fruit of "genius" (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all): given a huge sack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital center of it, or get the first thrum by the end! And then the execution, the realizing, amid the contradiction, silent or expressed, of men and things? Explosive violence was by no means Friedrich Wilhelm's method ; the amount of slow, stubborn, broad-shouldered strength, in all kinds, expended by the man, strikes us as very great. The amount of patience even, though patience is not reckoned his forte. . . .

How he introduced a new mode of farming his Domain Lands, which are a main branch of his revenue, and shall be farmed on regular lease henceforth, and not wasted in speculation and indolent mismanagement as heretofore ; new modes of levying his taxes and revenues of every kind : How he at last concentrated and harmonized into one easy-going effective *General Directory* the multifarious conflicting Boards that were jolting and jangling in a dark use-and-wont manner, and leaving their work half done, when he first came into power : How he insisted on having daylight introduced to the very bottom of every business, fair-and-square observed as the rule of it, and the shortest road adopted for doing it : How he drained bogs,

planted colonies, established manufactures, made his own uniforms of Prussian wool, in a *Lagerhaus* of his own : How he dealt with the Jew Gompert about farming his Tobacco ; how, from many a crooked case and character he, by slow or short methods, brought out something straight ; would take no denial of what was his, nor make any demand of what was not ; and did prove really a terror to evil-doers of various kinds, especially to prevaricators, defalcators, imaginary workers, and slippery, unjust persons : How he urged diligence on all mortals, would not have the very Applewomen sit “without knitting” at their stalls ; and brandished his stick, or struck it fiercely down, over the incorrigibly idle — All this, as well as his ludicrous explosions and unreasonable violences, is on record concerning Friedrich Wilhelm, though it is to the latter chiefly that the world has directed its unwise attention, in judging of him. He was a very arbitrary King. Yes, but then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well, and did exceedingly behove to be done, if the Earth would prosper. Which is an immense consideration in regard to his sovereign will and him ! He was prompt with his rattan, in urgent cases ; had his gallows also, prompt enough, where needful. Let him see that no mistakes happen, as certainly he means that none shall !

Yearly he made his country richer ; and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity, — the grand fountains from which money and all real *values* and valors spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm, in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value ; rather the reverse. To the homespun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people’s along with them and as the source of them, larger : and in all states of his revenue he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it ; and yearly saved masses of coin, and “reposited them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss,” where they proved very useful, one day. Much in Friedrich Wilhelm proved useful, beyond even his expectations. As a Nation’s *Husband* he seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the Nation which gets such a Husband, once in the half thousand years. The Nation, as foolish wives and Nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being

thwarted very often ; but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of well-doing ; and after long times the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation and to all Nations.

Strange as it sounds in the Republic of Letters, we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius—genius fated and promoted to work in National Husbandry, not in writing Verses or three-volume Novels. A silent genius. His melodious stanza, which he cannot bear to see halt in any syllable, is a rough fact reduced to order—fact made to stand firm on its feet, with the world rocks under it, and looking free towards all the winds and all the stars. He goes about suppressing platitudes, ripping off futilities, turning deceptions inside out. The realm of Disorder, which is Unveracity, Unreality, what we call Chaos, has no fiercer enemy. Honest soul, and he seemed to himself such a stupid fellow often, no tongue learning at all, little capable to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He cannot argue in articulate logic, only in inarticulate bellowings, or worse. He must *do* a thing, leave it undemonstrated ; once done, it will itself tell what kind of thing it is, by and by. Men of genius have a hard time, I perceive, whether born on the throne or off it, and must expect contradictions next to unendurable—the plurality of blockheads being so extreme ! . . .

He was full of sensitiveness, rough as he was and shaggy of skin. His wild imaginations drove him hither and thither at a sad rate. He ought to have the privileges of genius. His tall Potsdam Regiment, his mad-looking passion for enlisting tall men ; this also seems to me one of the whims of genius—an exaggerated notion to have his “stanza” polished to the last punctilio of perfection, and might be paralleled in the history of Poets. Stranger “man of genius,” or in more peculiar circumstances, the world never saw !

Friedrich Wilhelm, in his Crown-Prince days, and now still more when he was himself in the sovereign place, had seen all along, with natural arithmetical intellect, That his strength in this world, as at present situated, would very much depend upon the amount of potential battle that lay in him, on the quantity and quality of Soldiers he could maintain and have ready for the field at any time. A most indisputable truth, and a heart-felt one in the present instance. To augment the quantity, to improve the quality, in this thrice-essential partic-

ular: here lay the keystone and crowning summit of all Friedrich Wilhelm's endeavors, to which he devoted himself, as only the best Spartan could have done. Of which there will be other opportunities to speak in detail. For it was a thing world-notable, world-laughable, as was then thought, the extremely serious fruit of which did at length also become notable enough.

In the Malplaquet time, once on some occasion, it is said, two English Officers, not well informed upon the matter, and provoking enough in their contemptuous ignorance, were reasoning with one another in Friedrich Wilhelm's hearing, as to the warlike powers of the Prussian State, and Whether the King of Prussia could on his own strength maintain a standing army of 15,000? Without subsidies, do you think, so many as 15,000? Friedrich Wilhelm, incensed at the thing and at the tone, is reported to have said with heat, "Yes, 30,000!" whereat the military men slightly wagged their heads, letting the matter drop for the present. But he makes it good by degrees, twofold or threefold; and will have an army of from seventy to a hundred thousand before he dies, the best drilled of fighting men; and what adds much to the wonder, a full Treasury withal. This is the Brandenburg Spartan King, acquainted with National Economics. Alone of existing Kings he lays by money annually; and is laying by many other and far more precious things for Prussia and the little Boy he has here.

Friedrich Wilhelm's passion for drilling, recruiting, and perfecting his army attracted much notice: laughing satirical notice, in the hundred mouths of common rumor, which he regarded little; and notice iracund and minatory, when it led him into collision with the independent portions of mankind, now and then. This latter sort was not pleasant, and sometimes looked rather serious; but this, too, he contrived always to digest in some tolerable manner. He continued drilling and recruiting, — we may say not his Army only, but his Nation in all departments of it, — as no man before or since ever did: increasing, by every devisable method, the amount of potential battle that lay in him and it.

In a military, and also in a much deeper, sense, he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed, this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along — this difficult, unpleasant, and indispensable one of

drilling. . . . This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process, finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fiber and cranny of Prussian Business, and, so far as possible, of Prussian Life ; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command ; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation everywhere. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers ; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled ; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called "Tyrants," and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world. England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William Conqueror, and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets ; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been ? A gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations ; lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity ; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this Universe, and the golden mountain tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn. Their very ballot boxes and suffrages, what they call their "Liberty," if these mean "Liberty," and are such a road to Heaven, Anglo-Saxon highroad thither, could never have been possible for them on such terms. How could they ? Nothing but collision, intolerable interpressure (as of men *not* perpendicular), and consequent battle often supervening, could have been appointed those undrilled Anglo-Saxons ; their pot-bellied equanimity itself continuing liable to perpetual interruptions, as in the Heptarchy time. An enlightened Public does not reflect on these things at present ; but will again, by and by. Looking with human eyes over the England that now is, and over the America and the Australia, from pole to pole ; and then listening to the Constitutional litanies of Dryasdust, and his lamentations on the old Norman and Plantagenet Kings, and *his* recognition of departed merit and causes of effects, — the mind of man is struck dumb !

II. FROM THE DIARY OF WILHELMINE OF BAYREUTH.

[WILHELMINE, the favorite sister of Frederick the Great, was born in 1709; married the Margrave of Bayreuth in 1731; and died in 1758. Her memoirs were published in 1810.]

ON THE evening of the 12th of August, as my mother was sitting near Mademoiselle von Bülow, and taking off her headdress, they heard a terrible noise in my mother's boudoir. This room was beautifully decorated with china, some pieces being most rare, and embossed with crystal and precious stones. All the crown plate, too, and my mother's jewel case, were kept in this room. The queen at once exclaimed that all her china had been broken, and that it must be looked after. Mademoiselle von Bülow and three maids immediately entered the boudoir, but they found everything in order and nothing broken. The noise was repeated three times, and they also heard a great disturbance in the corridor connecting the king and queen's rooms, at the end of which sentinels were always posted. The queen said, "I cannot stand this: I must go myself and see what is the matter." Upon this the queen, Mademoiselle von Bülow, and the maids each took a candle and stepped out into the corridor. As they did so they heard sighing and groaning close to them, but could discover nobody. They asked the sentinels if they had seen anything, and they answered, No, but they had heard the same noise. My mother, who was very courageous, caused every nook and corner to be searched, even the king's rooms, but nothing whatever was discovered.

A few days afterwards the queen gave a concert. I generally accompanied on the piano and guitar, and every amateur in Berlin was present. When I had played long enough, I rose to go into another room, where some ladies were playing at cards. I was suddenly stopped by Katt, who said to me, "For God's sake, and for the love you bear your brother, listen to me for a moment. I am distracted. I have been calumniated to the queen and to yourself, and you have been made to believe that I have put the idea of flight into the crown prince's head. I swear to your Royal Highness, by all that is most holy, the whole plan was settled long before I knew anything of it. You can assure the queen most emphatically from me that I have written to him, and told him that if he carries out

his intention I shall not follow him. But there is nothing to fear this time : I will answer for it with my head."

"I already see your head shaking," I replied, "and fear it will soon be lying at your feet. What pleasure can it have afforded you to have proclaimed everywhere that my brother had the intention of taking flight? And who allowed you to have a snuffbox with my portrait on it?"

Katt then answered me, "As regards your first question, I merely mentioned your brother's idea to M. von Löwner, and a few others whom I knew I could trust; then as to your second remark I did not think it such a serious matter to have shown a portrait of you which I had myself painted."

"You are playing a dangerous game," I replied, "and I fear that I shall prove but too true a prophet."

He grew very pale, and answered, "Well, if misfortune is to be my fate, then it will be in a good cause, and I know that the crown prince will never desert me."

This was my last conversation with Katt, and I never saw him again. I had not thought that I could so truly have foretold what was in store for him, and I said it then only to make him more modest and discreet.

The next day was the 15th of August, the king's birthday, and every one came to congratulate my mother. On such occasions the Court was very numerously attended. I had another long conversation with Grunkow. He had got rid of his fit of moroseness, and held forth at length on my father's many great qualities. He finished up the conversation by saying, "I shall soon have an opportunity of proving to your Royal Highness how truly I am devoted to you." He said this in such a marked manner that I could not make out what he meant by it. . . .

The queen had prepared a fête at Monbijou for the next day, which was to be a surprise for us all. It was also to celebrate a second time the king's birthday. I shall never forget this day. My mother had arranged the supper table most beautifully, and each guest found a charming little present under his napkin. We were all in the highest spirits, except Countess Finkenstein and Mademoiselle von Bülow, who never uttered a word. After supper there was a ball, and as I loved dancing I enjoyed myself to my heart's content. Mademoiselle von Bülow said several times, "It is late, I wish the dancing would stop!" to which I replied, "Oh, do let me have the

pleasure of dancing as long as possible. I shall not soon have the opportunity again." "That is very likely," she answered. At the end of half an hour she touched my arm and said, "Do put an end to the ball; you have danced quite enough. You are so engrossed by it that you neither see nor hear." "But what is the matter?" I answered, in great astonishment. "Look at your mother," Mademoiselle von Bülow said, pointing to the queen, who was standing in a corner of the room, talking in whispers to Countess Finkenstein, Madame von Konnken, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. All four were pale as death, and showed symptoms of the greatest alarm. I asked at once what was the matter, and if it concerned my brother. Mademoiselle von Bülow shrugged her shoulders and said she knew nothing. The queen at last took leave of the company and got into her carriage with me, but she never spoke one word the whole way home. My heart began beating furiously; I was in a terrible state of agitation, and yet I dared not ask her a single question.

No sooner had I reached my room than I tormented Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to tell me what had happened. "You will learn it but too soon," she replied. Yet as she saw the state of mind in which I was, she continued, "The queen was anxious not to disturb your rest, and has therefore forbidden me to mention anything of what has occurred." As, however, she now saw in what great distress I was, she thought it better to tell me the truth than to let me suppose even worse news. She then proceeded to say that the king had sent a messenger to the mistress of the robes, Madame von Konnken, to tell her he had been obliged to arrest the crown prince, as he had discovered his intention of taking flight. Madame von Konnken was to tell this to the queen, as he wished to spare her health, and she was to give her the inclosed letter. "The crown prince was arrested on the 11th," Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld continued — "the very same day on which the queen heard all that noise in the corridor." I thought I must have fainted on hearing all this. My grief about my brother knew no bounds, and I spent a terrible night.

Early next morning my mother at once sent for me, and showed me the king's letter, which had evidently been written in the first heat of passion: "I have arrested and imprisoned the scoundrel (Schurke), and shall treat him as his crime and cowardice deserve. I no longer acknowledge him as my son.

He has cast dishonor on me as well as on my family. Such a wretch as he is does not deserve to live." My mother and I were beside ourselves with misery.

The queen then told me that Katt had been secretly arrested next day, and all his papers and possessions seized. Marshal Natzmer had been intrusted with this task.

As this whole occurrence sounds very strange, I must try and explain it all. Grumkow had been in possession of the fact of the crown prince's arrest since the 15th, and could not resist telling several people of his great satisfaction at it. M. von Löwner, the Danish envoy, had been informed by his spies of the probable arrest of Katt, and had written him a note advising him to fly before it was too late. Katt accordingly went next morning to Marshal Natzmer and asked leave to go to Friedrichsfelde, where the Margrave Albert had invited him to dinner. As Natzmer had not then received any orders from the king, he gave him permission to go. Katt had ordered a saddle to be made on purpose for him, in which he could put money and papers and even clothes. This saddle was unfortunately not quite finished, and this delayed his departure, and he employed the time he was kept waiting in burning letters and papers. Just as he was about to mount his horse Marshal Natzmer appeared and desired him to give up his sword. Natzmer had waited three hours after receiving the king's orders to arrest Katt, in order to give the unfortunate young man a chance of escape, and was therefore not a little surprised when he still found him in Berlin.

When my mother had somewhat recovered from her first burst of grief, she asked me if I had known of my brother's intentions. I answered in the affirmative, and then proceeded to tell her everything that had passed on the subject, saying that I had not told her anything of it that she might not be involved if he did carry out his plan, but that after what Katt had lately told me I had not been in the least prepared for this catastrophe. "But what has he done with our letters?" the queen said. "We are lost if they are discovered." "I have often spoken to him about this," I answered, "and he has always assured me that he had destroyed them." "But I know him better," my mother replied, "and I am sure they are among Katt's papers." "That is possible," I said, "and if so, then my head is in danger." "And mine too," the queen answered. "I have sent for Countess Finkenstein and Made-

moiselle von Sonnsfeld, to consult with them as to what can be done." And we really heard next day that all my brother's papers were among Katt's things. The officers who had been present when these were seized described to me all the different boxes, and I recognized from the description the casket which contained our letters. After much consideration, the queen determined to seek the aid of her chaplain, Reinbeck, in this matter. He was to ask Natzmer to find some means of getting the casket out of Katt's house. Reinbeck was unfortunately ill, and could not come. These letters were of the utmost importance to us. In several of them I had expressed myself in very strong terms about the king. I repeat it here again, that I have reproached myself over and over again for having been wanting in respect towards him. In spite of my sharp words I loved my father dearly, and it was more from a desire to show off my cleverness than from any evil motive that I wrote about him as I did. But to return to my subject.

Next morning Countess Finkenstein came to my room in a great state of alarm, exclaiming, "I am lost! Yesterday on my return from the queen I found a casket sealed with Katt's arms addressed to the queen at my house, accompanied by this note." She gave it to me to read, and its contents were as follows: "Pray have the goodness to deliver this casket into the queen's hands; it contains her correspondence and the princess' with the crown prince." "Four trusty friends brought the box and letter to my servants," Countess Finkenstein continued; "I do not know what I am to decide on doing. Am I to say anything to the queen about it, or shall I send it to the king? If I do this last, then I may be certain of sharing Katt's fate." We teased and begged her so long that she consented, although in fear and trembling, to speak with the queen about it. My mother was greatly relieved at this good news, till she reflected where she was to hide the casket. If we made a mystery about it, and Katt were to mention it during the inquiry held on his conduct, then Countess Finkenstein would be ruined, and my mother would lay herself open to every kind of suspicion, and consequently would be exposed to the king's fury. If, on the other hand, the casket were brought openly to the queen, then my father would hear of it, and he would force the queen to give up these luckless letters to him, by doing which she would herself work her own destruction.

After due consideration, and weighing carefully all the ad-

vantages and disadvantages, it was decided to make no mystery of the matter, and the casket was brought to the queen, who locked it up in her boudoir in the presence of all her household.

No sooner had one difficulty been surmounted than another presented itself. The question now was how to destroy the letters. The queen was of opinion that they had best be burned, and the king told quite simply that they were of no importance of any kind, and that she had not thought it necessary to show them to him. This proposition, however, met with general disapproval, and the whole day was spent in useless discussion. The next day I and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld again carefully considered what could be done. At last I said, "I have thought of a last resource, but we must be careful that we risk nothing. The seal on the casket is only of leather; we must break it, break the lock, take out our letters and write others, which we must put in the casket in their stead. I think we shall hardly need even to break the seal, and if the queen will only promise solemnly not to say anything to Ramen about it, I will at once set to work." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld entirely approved of my idea, and we proposed its execution to the queen, who agreed. We explained to her how all-important it was to keep it a profound secret from Ramen, who saw so many people, and might let drop a word which would at once rouse suspicion. The queen promised to say nothing to her about it, and kept her word. That afternoon she sent all her ladies away, and kept me alone with her. As the casket was too heavy for the queen and me to lift, we had to take her page into our confidence; but we ran no risk in doing so, for he was an old, tried, and faithful servant. It was not possible to undo the cords which were tied round the casket without breaking the seal, and this necessity made us tremble. However, when we came to examine the seal we found it a very simple one. The arms on it were composed of a dog surrounded by implements of war, and we thought we might easily find one like it; and, as good luck would have it, the queen's page's own seal was very similar to it. We broke open the lock, and began our examination of the letters.

The sight of them caused me a deadly fear. I had often secretly written to my brother, and, to escape discovery in case the letters fell into the king's hands, we had used lemon juice instead of ink. If you held the letter close to the fire you could decipher the writing. My letters contained chiefly abuse

of Ramen, and complaints of her influence over the queen. The effect these letters would produce on my mother, if she read them, would be anything but pleasant for me. And this would have happened had not the chaplain, Reinbeck, been announced to her at this moment, and extricated me from the difficulty. As the queen had sent for Reinbeck some days previously, she could not do otherwise than receive him. My mother was so nervous at all that was taking place that she said to me, as she left the room, "For goodness' sake burn every single one of these horrid letters." I did not require to be told this twice, and all my letters, five hundred in number, fell a prey to the flames. I then next destroyed my mother's letters, and had just finished my task when she returned. We then proceeded to look through the other papers. We found two French passports made out in the name of Ferrand, a letter from my brother to Katt, and some quite unimportant papers. Then we lighted on a bag with a thousand pistoles, some notes and meditations in my brother's handwriting, and some jewels in gold, as also in precious stones.

His letter to Katt was written as follows: "I am leaving, dear Katt, and have taken such precautions that I risk nothing. I go first to Leipsic, where I shall give myself out a Marquis d'Ambreville. Keith is already informed of all, and goes straight to England. Don't lose any time, for I hope to find you at Leipsic. Good-by! Be of good courage." We thought it best to burn all these things. For several days we were busily occupied in writing letters with different dates. But how could we possibly manage to write twelve or fifteen hundred of these missives? We therefore took sheets of paper with the dates of different years, and folded them so tightly together that the devil even would have noticed nothing. Yet, in spite of all our trouble, the casket was still so empty that that would have betrayed us, so my mother filled it up with a quantity of snuffboxes and other knickknacks. I did not like this, and offered to write a hundred more letters, but the queen would not hear of it. We therefore replaced the lock and fastened up the casket, and no one could ever have discovered that it had been tampered with.

The king arrived on the evening of the 27th, his household having preceded him. We asked in vain after my brother; nobody could give us any news of him, or knew where he was. They could only tell us of the circumstances and manner of his

arrest. As this account tallies with all my brother has since told us about it, I think it will be well if I repeat it here.

When my brother arrived at Anspach, he complained bitterly to the Margrave of the ill usage he received at the king's hands. He added that, not satisfied with abusing him before his family, he had publicly insulted him, and had on several occasions even said to him, "If my father treated me as I do you, I should have run away a thousand times over. But you, you are such an arrant coward, you have courage for nothing." This reiterated remark at last determined my brother on carrying out his intention. He asked the Margrave to lend him his fastest horse, saying he wished to go for a ride; but as the former knew nothing of my brother's plan, he put off the ride till after the king's departure. As my brother saw his first attempt thwarted, he thought of another. Katt's messenger met my brother a few miles beyond Anspach. I knew of this messenger, but I have never learned what the contents of the letters he brought were. He answered at once that he intended to take flight two days later, and that he advised him to do the same: they would meet at the Hague. My brother again assured Katt that his plan would certainly succeed. If he were pursued, he could then take refuge in the monasteries which were on his road. He sent this answer back by the same messenger. The crown prince had unfortunately forgotten to address the letter to Berlin. A cousin of Katt's was stationed ten or twelve miles from Anspach, and the messenger, instead of going on to Berlin, delivered the letter to this officer.

The king meanwhile had continued his journey to the neighborhood of Frankfort, and found himself compelled with his suite to spend the night in some barns in a small village. The crown prince had a barn appropriated to him, in which he, Colonel Rochow, and his valet were to sleep. The king had made Keith's brother his page. This young man was very stupid, so that my brother had said nothing to him of his intentions. He determined, however, to take advantage of this lad's stupidity, and told him to wake him at four in the morning, as he wished to go to the neighboring village in quest of adventures; also to get him horses, which was an easy thing, as a horse fair was being held close by. The page did as he was told, but mistook the bed, and woke the valet instead of the crown prince. This man had presence of mind enough to pretend that he had not observed anything, so he lay quiet, watch-

ing the course of events. My brother rose hastily, dressed himself in a French uniform instead of his own, and left the barn. The valet instantly told Rochow what he had seen, and he rushed to the king's generals and suite and told them of it. These were Generals Bedenbruck, Waldow, and Derehow. The last named was a thorough scoundrel, and as true a son of Satan as ever walked this earth; he was, besides, a sworn enemy to my brother. These four gentlemen at once went out to look for the prince, and after having searched the village thoroughly found him in the market place, leaning against a carriage. His French uniform startled them at once, and they asked him, at first respectfully, what he was doing there. My brother has often told me since that his despair and fury at having been discovered were so great that, but that he had no arms, he would have attempted violence. He answered them very brusquely. "Sir," they said, "the king is awake, and intends starting in half an hour; for goodness' sake change your clothes before he sees you!" The prince refused to do so, and said he was going for a walk, and would be back before the king left. They were still disputing when Keith appeared with the horses. My brother endeavored to jump on one of them, but the gentlemen surrounded him and took him back to the barn, where they forced him to change his uniform. His state of mind resembled that of a madman. They reached Frankfort that evening, and next morning the king received a messenger sent by Katt's cousin, sending him my brother's letter. The king at once summoned Rochow and Waldow, and communicated this beautiful news to them. It is said that the valet had already told my father of the scene enacted that morning.

The king desired the two gentlemen to watch my brother, and to answer for him with their lives. He then commanded the crown prince to be immediately brought on board the yacht on which they were going from Frankfort to Wesel, and his orders were at once obeyed. This was the 11th of August.

My father came on board the yacht next morning. As soon as he caught sight of my brother, he sprang upon him, and would have throttled him had not General Waldow liberated him. The king tore my brother's hair out in handfuls, and in one moment beat him till he bled. At length the entreaties of the gentlemen prevailed on the king to allow the crown prince to be removed to another vessel. They took his sword from

him and all his clothes, but discovered no papers of any kind, for the valet had taken possession of these before the search commenced, and burned them in my brother's presence. In doing this he had rendered my mother and myself a signal service. Nothing further of importance took place during the journey. The king never saw my brother, but swore he should die — an oath which he repeated constantly.

My brother meanwhile tried his utmost to discover some means of eluding the watchfulness of the two gentlemen.

In this manner Wesel was at last reached. The king strengthened the watch put on the prince by adding a company of soldiers, and treated him like a State prisoner. The next day he sent for my brother. There was nobody present with the king but General Mosel, a brave officer and a most upright man.

At first my father asked my brother in a furious tone why he wished "to desert"; this was his own expression. "Why did I wish to do so?" the prince replied, in a firm, calm voice, "because you do not treat me like your son, but like a slave." "You are a mean deserter; you have neither courage nor honor!" the king screamed at him.

"I have as much as you have," the prince answered, "and I have only done that which, as you yourself told me, a hundred times over, you would have done had you been in my place." This answer, and the voice in which it was made, drove the king into a perfect frenzy. He drew his sword, and would have pierced my brother through with it, had not General Mosel thrown himself between them. This honest man called out, "My sovereign, kill me, but spare your son!" He defended my brother so well with his own person that the king could not strike at him. From that day my father and my brother were never allowed to meet. It was represented to the king that my brother's life was at all times in his power, but that such behavior was opposed to all the principles of Christianity. Upon this the king never asked again to see his son.

A few days only were spent at Wesel, and the journey was then continued to Berlin. My brother — this was the king's order — was to follow in four days. My father, who did not sufficiently trust his two Arguses, appointed a third, General Dostow, who was as great a scoundrel as Derchow. In spite of the king's orders, Weldow and Rochow allowed the crown prince to receive visits. In that part of the country my brother

was adored; his generosity, courtesy, and goodness had won him all hearts. The cruel treatment he had received from the king was an excuse for everything, but at the same time made all tremble for his life. He had found numbers of people who would gladly have risked their lives to set him at liberty. Ropes had already been brought him, by which to let himself down from the windows, and a disguise in the shape of a peasant's dress, in which to escape, when General Dostow's appearance spoiled all his plans. As Dostow was a great favorite with the king, and was anxious to pay him as much court as possible, he offered to take the sole watch over the prince, pretending that he wished to lighten Waldow and Rochow's work. From this time forward my brother was so incessantly watched that it was quite impossible to try to think of escaping. He started four days after the king, and was by his orders taken to some place six or seven miles beyond Berlin.

After the king's arrival, the queen went alone to see him in his room. As soon as he saw her he said, in a furious tone, "Your son is dead!" and then at once, "Where is the casket with the letters?"

My poor mother cried out in great distress, saying how was it possible to believe that he could have made his son a victim of his "barbarous" fury.

"He is dead," the king repeated, "and I will have the casket." The queen fetched it, and as she brought it called out, "Oh, my God, my God!" I heard these lamentations, which pierced me through and through. The king had scarcely got hold of the casket, when he broke it open and tore the papers out of it, and therewith left the room. The queen lost not a moment in taking possession of the seals and whatever else there was which could rouse suspicion, and gave them to me to burn. My mother afterwards came and told us all that had passed between her and the king. God alone knows what I endured during this terrible tale, and I burst out crying violently.

At this moment my father entered the room. In the terrible state of uncertainty in which we were as to my brother's fate, I did not know what I had best do. My sisters and I approached the king to kiss his hand, but he had no sooner caught sight of me than he became black with rage, and hit me so violently in the face, one blow striking my temple, that I fell insensible to the ground. The king wanted to kick me

and repeat his blows ; but the queen and my sisters surrounded me like a wall, and prevented his touching me. One of my sisters, seeing me lying, as it were, lifeless, fetched a glass of water with a little spirits, to try and restore me to consciousness. The king was struggling meanwhile with my defenders, and prevented my being lifted up from the ground. After much rubbing, and smelling strong salts, I recovered sufficiently to be placed on a stool which stood in the window. How gladly would I have remained in my unconscious condition ! It is impossible for me to describe our despairing condition. The king was almost choked with rage, and had a wild look in his eyes, while his face was red and swollen, and his mouth foaming. The queen was crying and wringing her hands. My sisters were kneeling at my father's feet—even our little tiny sister of three years old—all sobbing bitterly. Madame von Konnken and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld stood there pale as death, unable to speak, and I—I was in the very depths of despair. I was shivering from head to foot, and a cold perspiration poured off my face. My father now said that my brother was not dead, but that “by all holy angels,” he would kill him ! These reiterated assertions roused me from my lethargy, and I cried out, “Spare my brother, and I will marry the Duke of Weissenfels !” The king was too angry to understand what I was saying, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, fearing that I should repeat these imprudent words, stuffed her pocket handkerchief into my mouth just as I was going to do so. My father now began to abuse me. He said I was the cause of all the trouble that had fallen on us, and that I should pay for it with my head. He could not then have granted me a greater favor than to have carried out his threat. My grief was so intense that I would gladly have left this world.

During this scene I saw poor Katt being led between two gendarmes to the king. He looked pale and disordered ; and as he caught sight of me, he took off his hat, and I observed his distressed and frightened expression. My brother's boxes and his own were carried behind him. Immediately afterwards the king was informed of Katt's presence, and he rushed off saying, “Now at last I shall have proofs enough against the scoundrel Fritz to cost him his head.” The mistress of the robes followed him, saying, “For God's sake, if you wish to put the crown prince to death, at least do not kill the queen !

I can assure you that she has known absolutely nothing of the whole business, and if you are kind to her you may succeed in obtaining much help from her." Madame von Konnken then continued in another tone: "Hitherto you have laid great stress on being a just and pious king, and God blessed you for it; but now you wish to become a tyrant. Take heed that God's wrath does not fall on you. Sacrifice your son to your fury, and be sure that God's vengeance will light upon you. Remember Peter the Great and Philip the Second: they died without heirs, and their memory is held in abhorrence." The king looked at her, and said, "You are very bold to say such things, but you are a good woman, and mean well. Go and calm my wife." I really admired this lady's courage in speaking at such a moment in the manner she did, because she ran the risk of being sent to Spandau. We were, on the other hand, much astonished when Ramen in the queen's presence insisted on having been ignorant of what had occurred. I was at last dragged out of the queen's room, for I shook all over, and was incapable of walking a step. I was brought into an apartment into which the king never came.

My father had meanwhile sent for Grumkow, Mylius, and Gerber to come to his room. Mylius was fiscal general, and a very bad man, and Gerber auditor general. As soon as the king entered the room, Katt threw himself on his knees before him. My father fell upon him, hit him with his stick, and treated him shamefully. The inquiry then commenced. Katt confessed at once that he had agreed with the crown prince about his flight, but that there had never been any designs against the king, and that their only intention had been to escape into England to be safe from his anger, and to put themselves under English protection. On being asked what had become of my letters and those of my mother, he answered that he had given them back to the queen. Katt was then asked if I had known of the plot: his answer was "No." He was then questioned as to whether he had been intrusted with letters from the crown prince to me, and if I had ever given him any for my brother. He replied that he remembered giving me a letter from the prince one Sunday morning as I came out of the Dom (Cathedral), but that he had no idea what were its contents. He had never any letters intrusted to him by me. Katt then confessed to having been several times secretly to Potsdam, where Lieutenant Span had let him into

the town; that Keith knew of the plan, and was to have accompanied them in their flight. After the inquiry was over, my brother's boxes and Katt's were searched, but not a single letter was discovered. Grumkow, who had hoped to have caught us this time safely in his net, was in despair at this, and said to the king, "These devils of women are cleverer than we are, and have cheated us."

The king returned again to the queen and said to her, "I have not made a mistake; I knew it must be so. Your worthless daughter has been mixed up in this plot. Katt has just confessed that he gave her letters from the prince; I shall have her conduct rigorously inquired into! Command her in my name not to leave her room. In three days I will have her removed to a place where she may repent of her misdeeds. Tell her this and that she is to be ready to start as soon as her examination is closed." The king was in a great rage as he said this. The queen swore that I had never received any letter through Katt, and offered to go and ask me about it. . . .

The whole town was horror-struck at the misery and sorrow which had fallen on our family. People spoke of me and my fate openly in the streets, for my mother's rooms were on the ground floor, and the windows stood open, so that passers-by must have witnessed that terrible scene. As I was carried to my room that day, I had to pass through quite a crowd, who all were sobbing and crying. Things were very much exaggerated, and in several parts of the town the rumor of my death was circulated, and also that of my brother, and this only tended to increase the general feeling of hopelessness.

I spent a very sad night, disturbed by dark and sinister forebodings. Fear of death did not trouble me, and I was not disturbed about the journey: but what I dreaded beyond description was being separated from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and being given over into strange hands. These sad reflections kept me awake till the news was brought me in the morning that the sentinels before my room had been doubled. I had scarcely risen when Ramen appeared, and brought me a message from my mother to the effect that the king would send the same people to examine me as had conducted Katt's inquiry, and that she begged me to be careful and not to forget my promise. I was much put out at receiving such a message through so suspicious a person, who could at any moment, by betraying the queen and myself to the king, ruin us.

She then continued in a hypocritical tone to say that my mother "was in great anxiety" about my examination, and feared I "should not retain my firmness." "I cannot understand," I replied, "how the queen can trouble herself about such a trivial matter. I need not be afraid, as I have had nothing whatever to do with the whole business, and if the king has me examined I shall simply say what I know about it." "Yes," she answered, "and other terrible things are happening. Your departure is decided on, and you are to be taken to a convent called 'The Holy Grave.' There you will be kept as a State prisoner. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and all your own people are to be taken away from you, and you will be much to be pitied." I replied that the king was my father and my master, and that he would decide my fate as he pleased. "I trust in God and in my innocence, and know that Providence will watch over me." Ramen then proceeded to say, "You are only so full of courage because you believe these are mere threats; but I have seen the written order for your imprisonment, signed by the king himself. Besides which you must see by all that has taken place that the king is in earnest. Poor Mademoiselle von Bülow has received commands to leave the Court in two days, and to retire with her family to Lithuania. Lieutenant Span, who let Katt secretly into Potsdam, is cashiered, and has been sent to Spandau. A mistress of the crown prince who lives at Potsdam is to be flogged by the public hangman, and turned out of the town. Dühau (he was my brother's master, and devoted to him) is exiled to Memel. Jacques (his librarian) is also sent there, and your governess would have shared the same fate had she not been, as good luck would have it, not on good terms with the queen during this last winter." . . . I do not understand how I could listen to all this quietly. God does indeed give strength in the time of our sorest need. My great composure saved me, and made this old Megæra believe that I was either innocent or that nothing would shake my courage. When she had left me, I felt I need no longer control myself. The ruin of so many excellent people cut me to the heart. My brother's fate inspired me with deadly fear, and the separation from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld filled me with the bitterest sorrow.

The day went by. I hourly expected my examination to commence, and every little sound made my heart beat faster. But I waited in vain; no one appeared, and I began to feel calmer. My face as well as my body were so bruised by my

fall, and I was so exhausted, that when the evening drew on I lay down.

The next morning Ramen made her appearance. She again repeated my mother's injunctions as to courage and determination, and then added that my inquiry had not yet taken place because it had been determined to confront me with my brother and Katt, and that to prevent the possibility of any disturbance, the crown prince would be brought to Berlin only in the dusk of the evening. I answered Ramen in the same way at which, the previous day, the queen had been so vexed. She thought I must be so overcome with fear that I should lose my head and mention the casket, because otherwise she could not understand my determination to say all I knew about this sad business. In the afternoon she sent me her faithful old page to implore me not to betray anything. I confided to him in what a difficult position I was placed by having Ramen sent to me with such messages, and begged him to assure the queen that she need fear nothing, and that I should never say anything which could compromise her. All I ventured to beg of her was not to send so often to me, as it might awaken the king's suspicions, but if she had any message to send it through her page and not through Ramen, who knew nothing about the business of the letters. I was obliged to treat the matter from this point of view to avoid vexing my mother. I knew she would have been annoyed if she had found out that I distrusted Ramen.

Another day passed in the same manner, and I remained standing at the window till one in the morning, only to have the comfort of seeing my brother pass by. The thought of seeing him made me wish ardently to be confronted with him at my examination. This wish was not fulfilled. My brother was taken to Küstrin on the 5th of September, and shut up in the fortress of that place. All his household and all his possessions were taken from him, so that he had nothing but the shirt and clothes he wore. Nobody waited on him, and his only means of occupation were a Bible and Prayer Book.

His expenditure was limited to fourpence a day. The room in which he was imprisoned received all its light from one tiny aperture. He had a candle only when his supper was brought him at seven o'clock; all the rest of the time he had to sit in the dark. What an awful fate for a prince that was already held in such high esteem! So much sorrow could only make him bitter and harsh.

MANON LESCAUT.

By ABBÉ PRÉVOST.

[ABBÉ ANTOINE FRANÇOIS PRÉVOST D'EXILES, better known as the Abbé Prévost, was born of good family at Hesdin, Artois, April 1, 1697; died near Chantilly, November 23, 1763. He served for a time in the army, and in 1719 joined the Benedictines of St. Maur, leaving the order in 1727. He then went to Holland and gave his time wholly to writing. He published "*Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité*" (8 vols., 1728-1732), "*L'Histoire de M. Cléveland*" (8 vols., 1732-1739), "*Le Doyen de Killerine*" (6 vols., 1735), "*Histoire du Chevalier des Grieux et de Manon Lescaut* (1731), and many essays and translations. "*Manon Lescaut*" is his greatest work and one of the greatest of French novels.]

ON QUITTING me my father went to pay a visit to M. G—— M——. He found him with his son, whom the guardsman had safely restored to liberty. I never learned the particulars of their conversation; but I could easily infer them from the disastrous results. They went together (the two old gentlemen) to the lieutenant general of police, from whom they requested one favor each: the first was to have me at once liberated from Le Châtelet; the second to condemn Manon to perpetual imprisonment or to transport her for life to America. They happened at that very period to be sending out a number of convicts to the Mississippi. The lieutenant general promised to have her embarked on board the first vessel that sailed. . . .

Never did apoplexy produce on mortal a more sudden or terrible effect than did the announcement of Manon's sentence upon me. I fell prostrate, with so intense a palpitation of the heart that as I swooned I thought that death itself was come upon me. This idea continued even after I had been restored to my senses. I gazed around me upon every part of the room, then upon my own paralyzed limbs, doubting, in my delirium, whether I still bore about me the attributes of a living man. It is quite certain that, in obedience to the desire I felt of terminating my sufferings, even by my own hand, nothing could have been to me more welcome than death at that moment of anguish and despair. Religion itself could depict nothing more insupportable after death than the racking agony with which I was then convulsed. Yet, by a miracle, only within the power of omnipotent love, I soon regained strength enough to express my gratitude to Heaven for restoring me to sense and reason. My death could have only been a relief and blessing to myself;

whereas Manon had occasion for my prolonged existence, in order to deliver her, to succor her, to avenge her wrongs; I swore to devote that existence unremittingly to these objects.

My first idea was nothing less than to make away with the two G—— M——s and the lieutenant general of police, and then to attack the hospital, sword in hand, assisted by all whom I could enlist in my cause. Even my father's life was hardly respected, so just appeared my feelings of vengeance; for the porter had informed me that he and G—— M—— were jointly the authors of my ruin.

But when I had advanced some paces into the street, and the fresh air had cooled my excitement, I gradually viewed matters in a more rational mood. The death of our enemies could be of little use to Manon; and the obvious effect of such violence would be to deprive me of all other chance of serving her. Besides, could I ever bring myself to be a cowardly assassin? By what other means could I accomplish my revenge? I set all my ingenuity and all my efforts at work to procure the deliverance of Manon, leaving everything else to be considered hereafter when I had succeeded in this first and paramount object.

[He finally does assail the escort, but his hired soldiers run away.]

Seeing nothing around me but despair, I took a final and indeed desperate resolution. This was, far from attacking the police, to go up with submission and implore them to receive me among them, that I might accompany Manon to Havre de Grace, and afterwards, if possible, cross the Atlantic with her. "The whole world is either persecuting or betraying me," said I to the guardsman; "I have no longer the power of interesting any one in my favor; I expect nothing more either from Fortune or the friendship of man; my misery is at its height; it only remains for me to submit; so that I close my eyes henceforward against every gleam of hope. May Heaven," I continued, "reward you for your generosity! Adieu! I shall go and aid my wretched destiny in filling up the full measure of my ruin.

Riding towards the cortège at a slow pace, and with a sorrowful countenance, the guards could hardly see anything very terrific in my approach. They seemed, however, to expect an attack. "Be persuaded, gentlemen," said I to them, "that I come not to wage war, but rather to ask favors."

I then begged of them to continue their progress without any distrust, and as we went along I made my solicitations.

They consulted together to ascertain in what way they should entertain my request. The chief of them spoke for the rest. He said that the orders they had received to watch the prisoners vigilantly were of the strictest kind ; that, however, I seemed so interesting a young man that they might be induced to relax a little in their duty ; but that I must know, of course, that this would cost me something. I had about sixteen pistoles left, and candidly told them what my purse contained. "Well," said the gendarme, "we will act generously. It shall only cost you a crown an hour for conversing with any of our girls that you may prefer,—that is the ordinary price in Paris."

I said not a word to Manon, because I did not wish to let them know of my passion. They at first supposed it was merely a boyish whim, that made me think of amusing myself with these creatures ; but when they discovered that I was in love, they increased their demands in such a way that my purse was completely empty on leaving Mantes, where we had slept the night before our arrival at Passy.

Shall I describe to you my heartrending interviews with Manon during this journey, and what my sensations were when I obtained from the guards permission to approach her caravan ? Oh, language never can adequately express the sentiments of the heart ; but picture to yourself my poor mistress, with a chain round her waist, seated upon a handful of straw, her head resting languidly against the panel of the carriage, her face pale and bathed with tears, which forced a passage between her eyelids, although she kept them continually closed. She had not even the curiosity to open her eyes on hearing the bustle of the guards when they expected our attack. Her clothes were soiled and in disorder ; her delicate hands exposed to the rough air ; in fine, her whole angelic form, that face, lovely enough to carry back the world to idolatry, presented a spectacle of distress and anguish utterly indescribable.

I spent some moments gazing at her as I rode alongside the carriage. I had so lost my self-possession that I was several times on the point of falling from my horse. My sighs and frequent exclamations at length attracted her attention. She looked at and recognized me, and I remarked that on the first impulse she unconsciously tried to leap from the carriage

towards me, but being checked by her chain, she fell into her former attitude.

I begged of the guards to stop one moment for the sake of mercy ; they consented for the sake of avarice. I dismounted to go and sit near her. She was so languid and feeble that she was for some time without the power of speech, and could not raise her hands : I bathed them with my tears ; and being myself unable to utter a word, we formed together as deplorable a picture of distress as could well be seen. When at length we were able to speak, our conversation was not less sorrowful. Manon said little : shame and grief appeared to have altered the character of her voice ; its tone was feeble and tremulous.

She thanked me for not having forgotten her, and for the comfort I gave her in allowing her to see me once more, and she then bade me a long and last farewell. But when I assured her that no power on earth could ever separate me from her, and that I was resolved to follow her to the extremity of the world, — to watch over her, — to guard her, — to love her, — and inseparably to unite my wretched destiny with hers, the poor girl gave way to such feelings of tenderness and grief that I almost dreaded danger to her life from the violence of her emotion ; the agitation of her whole soul seemed intensely concentrated in her eyes ; she fixed them steadfastly upon me. She more than once opened her lips without the power of giving utterance to her thoughts. I could, however, catch some expressions that dropped from her, of admiration and wonder at my excessive love, — of doubt that she could have been fortunate enough to inspire me with a passion so perfect, — of earnest entreaty that I would abandon my intention of following her, and seek elsewhere a lot more worthy of me, and which, she said, I could never hope to find with her.

In spite of the cruelest inflictions of Fate, I derived comfort from her looks, and from the conviction that I now possessed her undivided affection. I had in truth lost all that other men value ; but I was the master of Manon's heart, the only possession that I prized. Whether in Europe or in America, of what moment to me was the place of my abode, provided I might live happy in the society of my mistress ? Is not the universe the residence of two fond and faithful lovers ? Does not each find in the other, father, mother, friends, relations, riches, felicity ?

If anything caused me uneasiness, it was the fear of seeing Manon exposed to want. I fancied myself already with her in

a barbarous country, inhabited by savages. "I am quite certain," said I, "there will be none there more cruel than G—— M—— and my father. They will, at least, allow us to live in peace. If the accounts we read of savages be true, they obey the laws of nature: they neither know the mean rapacity of avarice, nor the false and fantastic notions of dignity, which have raised me up an enemy in my own father. They will not harass and persecute two lovers, when they see us adopt their own simple habits." I was, therefore, at ease upon that point.

But my romantic ideas were not formed with a proper view to the ordinary wants of life. I had too often found that there were necessities which could not be dispensed with, particularly by a young and delicate woman, accustomed to comfort and abundance. I was in despair at having so fruitlessly emptied my purse, and the little money that now remained was about being forced from me by the rascally imposition of the gendarmes. I imagined that a very trifling sum would suffice for our support for some time in America, where money was scarce, and might also enable me to form some undertaking there for our permanent establishment.

This idea made me resolve on writing to Tiberge, whom I had ever found ready to hold out the generous hand of friendship. I wrote from the first town we passed through. I only alluded to the destitute condition in which I foresaw that I should find myself on arriving at Havre de Grace, to which place I acknowledged that I was accompanying Manon. I asked him for only fifty pistoles. "You can remit it to me," said I to him, "through the hands of the postmaster. You must perceive that it is the last time I can by possibility trespass on your friendly kindness; and my poor unhappy mistress being about to be exiled from her country forever, I cannot let her depart without supplying her with some few comforts, to soften the sufferings of her lot, as well as to assuage my own sorrows."

The gendarmes became so rapacious when they saw the violence of my passion, continually increasing their demands for the slightest favors, that they soon left me penniless. Love did not permit me to put any bounds to my liberality. At Manon's side I was not master of myself; and it was no longer by the hour that time was measured, rather by the duration of whole days. At length, my funds being completely exhausted, I found myself exposed to the brutal caprice of these six

wretches, who treated me with intolerable rudeness, — you yourself witnessed it at Passy. My meeting with you was a momentary relaxation accorded me by Fate. Your compassion at the sight of my sufferings was my only recommendation to your generous nature. The assistance which you so liberally extended enabled me to reach Havre, and the guards kept their promise more faithfully than I had ventured to hope.

We arrived at Havre. I went to the post office: Tiberge had not yet had time to answer my letter. I ascertained the earliest day I might reckon upon his answer: it could not possibly arrive for two days longer; and by an extraordinary fatality our vessel was to sail on the very morning of the day when the letter might be expected. I cannot give you an idea of my despair. "Alas!" cried I, "even amongst the unfortunate I am to be ever the most wretched!"

Manon replied: "Alas! does a life so thoroughly miserable deserve the care we bestow on ours? Let us die at Havre, dearest Chevalier! Let death at once put an end to our afflictions! Shall we persevere, and go to drag on this hopeless existence in an unknown land, where we shall no doubt have to encounter the most horrible pains, since it has been their object to punish me by exile? Let us die," she repeated, "or do at least in mercy rid me of life, and then you can seek another lot in the arms of some happier lover."

"No, no, Manon," said I, "it is but too enviable a lot, in my estimation, to be allowed to share your misfortunes."

Her observations made me tremble. I saw that she was overpowered by her afflictions. I tried to assume a more tranquil air in order to dissipate such melancholy thoughts of death and despair. I resolved to adopt the same course in future; and I learned by the results that nothing is more calculated to inspire a woman with courage than the demonstration of intrepidity in the man she loves.

When I lost all hope of receiving the expected assistance from Tiberge, I sold my horse. The money it brought, joined to what remained of your generous gift, amounted to the small sum of forty pistoles. I expended eight in the purchase of some necessary articles for Manon; and I put the remainder by, as the capital upon which we were to rest our hopes and raise our fortunes in America. I had no difficulty in getting admitted on board the vessel. They were at the time looking for young men as voluntary emigrants to the colony. The pas-

sage and provisions were supplied gratis. I left a letter for Tiberge, which was to go by the post next morning to Paris. It was no doubt written in a tone calculated to affect him deeply, since it induced him to form a resolution, which could only be carried into execution by the tenderest and most generous sympathy for his unhappy friend.

We set sail ; the wind continued favorable during the entire passage. I obtained from the captain's kindness a separate cabin for the use of Manon and myself. He was so good as to distinguish us from the herd of our miserable associates. I took an opportunity on the second day of conciliating his attentions by telling him part of our unfortunate history. I did not feel that I was guilty of any very culpable falsehood in saying that I was the husband of Manon. He appeared to believe it, and promised me his protection ; and indeed we experienced during the whole passage the most flattering evidences of his sincerity. He took care that our table was comfortably provided ; and his attentions procured us the marked respect of our companions in misery. The unwearied object of my solicitude was to save Manon from every inconvenience. She felt this ; and her gratitude, together with a lively sense of the singular position in which I had placed myself solely for her sake, rendered the dear creature so tender and impassioned, so attentive also to my most trifling wants, that it was between us a continual emulation of attentions and of love. I felt no regret at quitting Europe ; on the contrary, the nearer we approached America the more did I feel my heart expand and become tranquil. If I had not felt a dread of our perhaps wanting by and by the absolute necessities of life, I should have been grateful to Fate for having at length given so favorable a turn to our affairs.

After a passage of two months, we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind ; no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town ; it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropped from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions

to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers and as beloved companions who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them; but we were astonished to perceive as we advanced that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain; and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of convicts had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them, he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. "I learn from the captain," said he, "that you are married; and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot; and you may on your part contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me."

I replied in a manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation, Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs and some few necessaries of life.

Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this melancholy dwelling. It was on my account much more than upon

her own that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves, she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common afflictions she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

"What is there in my lot to lament?" said I; "I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for? Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you might have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are; and then you are an admirable chemist," added I, embracing her; "you transform everything into gold."

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have often caused you annoyances, which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile; and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness; I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not with the last drop of her blood compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

Her grief, the language, and the tone in which she expressed herself made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to

break within me. "Take care," said I to her, — "take care, dear Manon; I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. — O Heaven!" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me, and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centered."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value."

We carefully cultivated the governor's friendship. He bestowed upon me, a few weeks after our arrival, a small appointment which became vacant in the fort. Although not one of any distinction, I gratefully accepted it as a gift of Providence, as it enabled me to live independently of others' aid. I took a servant for myself, and a woman for Manon. Our little establishment became settled: nothing could surpass the regularity of my conduct, or that of Manon; we lost no opportunity of serving or doing an act of kindness to our neighbors. This friendly disposition, and the mildness of our manners, secured us the confidence and affection of the whole colony. We soon became so respected that we ranked as the principal persons in the town after the governor.

The simplicity of our habits and occupations, and the perfect innocence in which we lived, revived insensibly our early feelings of devotion. Manon had never been an irreligious girl, and I was far from being one of those reckless libertines who delight in adding impiety and sacrilege to moral depravity; all the disorders of our lives might be fairly ascribed to the natural influences of youth and love. Experience had now begun with us to do the office of age; it produced the same effect upon us as years must have done. Our conversation,

which was generally of a serious turn, by degrees engendered a longing for virtuous love. I first proposed this change to Manon. I knew the principles of her heart; she was frank and natural in all her sentiments, qualities which invariably predispose to virtue. I said to her that there was but one thing wanting to complete our happiness: "It is," said I, "to invoke upon our union the benediction of Heaven. We have both of us hearts too sensitive and minds too refined to continue voluntarily in the willful violation of so sacred a duty. It signifies nothing our having lived while in France in such a manner, because there it was as impossible for us not to love as to be united by a legitimate tie; but in America, where we are under no restraint, where we own no allegiance to the arbitrary distinctions of birth and aristocratic prejudice, where besides we are already supposed to be married, why should we not actually become so, — why should we not sanctify our love by the holy ordinances of religion? As for me," I added, "I offer nothing new in offering you my hand and my heart; but I am ready to ratify it at the foot of the altar."

This speech seemed to inspire her with joy. "Would you believe it," she replied, "I have thought of this a thousand times since our arrival in America. The fear of annoying you has kept it shut up in my breast. I felt that I had no pretensions to aspire to the character of your wife."

"Ah, Manon!" said I, "you should very soon be a sovereign's consort, if I had been born to the inheritance of a crown. Let us not hesitate; we have no obstacle to impede us: I will this day speak to the governor on the subject, and acknowledge that we have in this particular hitherto deceived him. Let us leave," added I, "to vulgar lovers the dread of the indissoluble bonds of marriage; they would not fear them if they were assured, as we are, of the continuance of those of love." I left Manon enchanted by this resolution.

I am persuaded that no honest man could disapprove of this intention in my present situation, — that is to say, fatally enslaved as I was by a passion which I could not subdue, and visited by compunction and remorse which I ought not to stifle. But will any man charge me with injustice or impiety if I complain of the rigor of Heaven in defeating a design that I could only have formed with the view of conciliating its favor and complying with its decrees? Alas! do I say defeated? nay, punished as a new crime. I was patiently permitted to go

blindly along the highroad of vice ; and the cruelest chastisements were reserved for the period when I was returning to the paths of virtue. I now fear that I shall have hardly fortitude enough left to recount the most disastrous circumstances that ever occurred to any man.

I waited upon the governor, as I had settled with Manon, to procure his consent to the ceremony of our marriage. I should have avoided speaking to him or to any other person upon the subject if I had imagined that his chaplain, who was the only minister in the town, would have performed the office for me without his knowledge ; but not daring to hope that he would do so privately, I determined to act ingenuously in the matter.

The governor had a nephew named Synnelet, of whom he was particularly fond. He was about thirty ; brave, but of a headstrong and violent disposition. He was not married. Manon's beauty had struck him on the first day of our arrival ; and the numberless opportunities he had of seeing her during the last nine or ten months had so inflamed his passion that he was absolutely pining for her in secret. However, as he was convinced in common with his uncle and the whole colony that I was married, he put such restraint upon his feelings that they remained generally unnoticed ; and he lost no opportunity of showing the most disinterested friendship for me.

He happened to be with his uncle when I arrived at the government house. I had no reason for keeping my intention a secret from him, so that I explained myself without hesitation in his presence. The governor heard me with his usual kindness. I related to him a part of my history, to which he listened with evident interest ; and when I requested his presence at the intended ceremony, he was so generous as to say that he must be permitted to defray the expenses of the succeeding entertainment. I retired perfectly satisfied.

In an hour after, the chaplain paid me a visit. I thought he was come to prepare me by religious instruction for the sacred ceremony ; but after a cold salutation, he announced to me in two words that the governor desired I would relinquish all thoughts of such a thing, for that he had other views for Manon.

"Other views for Manon !" said I, as I felt my heart sink within me ; "what views then can they be, Chaplain ?"

He replied that I must be of course aware that the governor

was absolute master here ; that Manon, having been transported from France to the colony, was entirely at his disposal ; that hitherto he had not exercised his right, believing that she was a married woman ; but that now, having learned from my own lips that it was not so, he had resolved to assign her to M. Synnelet, who was passionately in love with her.

My indignation overcame my prudence. Irritated as I was, I desired the chaplain instantly to quit my house, swearing at the same time that neither governor, Synnelet, nor the whole colony together should lay hands upon my wife, or mistress, if they chose so to call her.

I immediately told Manon of the distressing message I had just received. We conjectured that Synnelet had warped his uncle's mind after my departure, and that it was all the effect of a premeditated design. They were questionless the stronger party. We found ourselves in New Orleans as in the midst of the ocean, separated from the rest of the world by an immense interval of space. In a country perfectly unknown, a desert, or inhabited, if not by brutes, at least by savages quite as ferocious, to what corner could we fly ? I was respected in the town ; but I could not hope to excite the people in my favor to such a degree as to derive assistance from them proportioned to the impending danger. Money was requisite for that purpose, and I was poor. Besides, the success of a popular commotion was uncertain ; and if we failed in the attempt, our doom would be inevitably sealed.

I revolved these thoughts in my mind ; I mentioned them in part to Manon ; I found new ones without waiting for her replies ; I determined upon one course, and then abandoned that to adopt another ; I talked to myself, and answered my own thoughts aloud ; at length I sunk into a kind of hysterical stupor that I can compare to nothing, because nothing ever equalled it. Manon observed my emotion, and from its violence judged how imminent was our danger ; and apprehensive more on my account than on her own, the dear girl could not even venture to give expression to her fears.

After a multitude of reflections, I resolved to call upon the governor, and appeal to his feelings of honor, to the recollection of my unvarying respect for him, and the marks he had given of his own affection for us both. Manon endeavored to dissuade me from this attempt : she said, with tears in her eyes, " You are rushing into the jaws of death ; they will murder

you, — I shall never again see you, — I am determined to die before you." I had great difficulty in persuading her that it was absolutely necessary that I should go, and that she should remain at home. I promised that she should see me again in a few moments. She did not foresee, nor did I, that it was against herself the whole anger of Heaven, and the rabid fury of our enemies, was about to be concentrated.

I went to the fort: the governor was there with his chaplain. I supplicated him in a tone of humble submission that I could have ill brooked under other circumstances. I invoked his clemency by every argument calculated to soften any heart less ferocious and cruel than a tiger's.

The barbarian made to all my prayers but two short answers, which he repeated over and over again. "Manon," he said, "was at his disposal; and he had given a promise to his nephew." I was resolved to command my feelings to the last: I merely replied that I had imagined he was too sincerely my friend to desire my death, to which I would infinitely rather consent than to the loss of my mistress.

I felt persuaded, on quitting him, that it was folly to expect anything from the obstinate tyrant, who would have damned himself a hundred times over to please his nephew. However, I persevered in restraining my temper to the end, deeply resolved, if they persisted in such flagrant injustice, to make America the scene of one of the most horrible and bloody murders that even love had ever led to.

I was, on my return home, meditating upon this design, when Fate, as if impatient to expedite my ruin, threw Synnelet in my way. He read in my countenance a portion of my thoughts. I before said, he was brave. He approached me.

"Are you not seeking me?" he inquired. "I know that my intentions have given you mortal offense, and that the death of one of us is indispensable; let us see who is to be the happy man."

I replied that such was unquestionably the fact, and that nothing but death could end the difference between us.

We retired about one hundred paces out of the town. We drew: I wounded and disarmed him at the first onset. He was so enraged that he peremptorily refused either to ask his life or renounce his claims to Manon. I might have been perhaps justified in ending both by a single blow; but noble

blood ever vindicates its origin. I threw him back his sword. "Let us renew the struggle," said I to him, "and remember that there shall be now no quarter." He attacked me with redoubled fury. I must confess that I was not an accomplished swordsman, having had but three months' tuition at Paris. Love, however, guided my weapon. Synnelet pierced me through and through the left arm; but I caught him whilst thus engaged, and made so vigorous a thrust that I stretched him senseless at my feet.

In spite of the triumphant feeling that victory, after a mortal conflict, inspires, I was immediately horrified by the certain consequences of this death. There could not be the slightest hope of either pardon or respite from the vengeance I had thus incurred. Aware as I was of the affection of the governor for his nephew, I felt perfectly sure that my death would not be delayed a single hour after his should become known. Urgent as this apprehension was, it still was by no means the principal source of my uneasiness. Manon, the welfare of Manon, the peril that impended over her, and the certainty of my being now at length separated from her, afflicted me to such a degree that I was incapable of recognizing the place in which I stood. I regretted Synnelet's death: instant suicide seemed the only remedy for my woes.

However, it was this very thought that quickly restored me to my reason, and enabled me to form a resolution. "What," said I to myself, "die, in order to end my pain! Then there is something I dread more than the loss of all I love! No, let me suffer the cruelest extremities in order to aid her; and when these prove of no avail, fly to death as a last resource!"

I returned towards the town. On my arrival at home, I found Manon half dead with fright and anxiety; my presence restored her. I could not conceal from her the terrible accident that had happened. On my mentioning the death of Synnelet and my own wound, she fell in a state of insensibility into my arms. It was a quarter of an hour before I could bring her again to her senses.

I was myself in a most deplorable state of mind. I could not discern the slightest prospect of safety for either of us. "Manon," said I to her, when she had recovered a little, "what shall we do? Alas, what hope remains to us? I must necessarily fly. Will you remain in the town? Yes, dearest Manon, do remain; you may possibly still be happy here;

while I, far away from you, may seek death and find it amongst the savages or the wild beasts."

She raised herself in spite of her weakness, and taking hold of my hand to lead me towards the door, "Let us," said she, "fly together. We have not a moment to lose; Synnelet's body may be found by chance, and we shall then have no time to escape." "But, dear Manon," replied I, "to what place can we fly? Do you perceive any resource? Would it not be better that you should endeavor to live on without me, and that I should go and voluntarily place my life in the governor's hands?"

This proposal had only the effect of making her more impatient for our departure. I had presence of mind enough on going out to take with me some strong liquors which I had in my chamber, and as much food as I could carry in my pockets. We told our servants, who were in the adjoining room, that we were going to take our evening walk, as was our invariable habit; and we left the town behind us more rapidly than I had thought possible from Manon's delicate state of health.

Although I had not formed any resolve as to our future destination, I still cherished a hope without which I should have infinitely preferred death to my suspense about Manon's safety. I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the country, during nearly ten months which I had now passed in America, to know in what manner the natives should be approached. Death was not the necessary consequence of falling into their hands. I had learned a few words of their language and some of their customs, having had many opportunities of seeing them.

Besides this sad resource, I derived some hopes from the fact that the English had, like ourselves, established colonies in this part of the New World. But the distance was terrific. In order to reach them, we should have to traverse deserts of many days' journey, and more than one range of mountains so steep and vast as to seem almost impassable to the strongest man. I nevertheless flattered myself that we might derive partial relief from one or other of these sources: the savages might serve us as guides, and the English receive us in their settlements.

We journeyed on as long as Manon's strength would permit, that is to say, about six miles; for this incomparable creature, with her usual absence of selfishness, refused my repeated entreaties to stop. Overpowered at length by fatigue, she ac-

knowledge the utter impossibility of proceeding farther. It was already night: we sat down in the midst of an extensive plain, where we could not even find a tree to shelter us. Her first care was to dress my wound, which she had bandaged before our departure. I in vain entreated her to desist from exertion: it would have only added to her distress if I had refused her the satisfaction of seeing me at ease and out of danger, before her own wants were attended to. I allowed her therefore to gratify herself, and in shame and silence submitted to her delicate attentions.

But when she had completed her tender task, with what ardor did I not enter upon mine! I took off my clothes and stretched them under her, to render more endurable the hard and rugged ground on which she lay. I protected her delicate hands from the cold by my burning kisses and the warmth of my sighs. I passed the livelong night in watching over her as she slept, and praying Heaven to refresh her with soft and undisturbed repose. You can bear witness, just and all-seeing God! to the fervor and sincerity of those prayers, and thou alone knowest with what awful rigor they were rejected.

You will excuse me if I now cut short a story which it distresses me beyond endurance to relate. It is, I believe, a calamity without parallel. I can never cease to deplore it. But although it continues, of course, deeply and indelibly impressed on my memory, yet my heart seems to shrink within me each time that I attempt the recital.

We had thus tranquilly passed the night. I had fondly imagined that my beloved mistress was in a profound sleep, and I hardly dared to breathe lest I should disturb her. As day broke, I observed that her hands were cold and trembling; I pressed them to my bosom in the hope of restoring animation. This movement roused her attention, and making an effort to grasp my hand, she said, in a feeble voice, that she thought her last moments had arrived.

I at first took this for a passing weakness, or the ordinary language of distress; and I answered with the usual consolations that love prompted. But her incessant sighs, her silence and inattention to my inquiries, the convulsed grasp of her hands, in which she retained mine, soon convinced me that the crowning end of all my miseries was approaching.

Do not now expect me to attempt a description of my feelings or to repeat her dying expressions. I lost her, — I re-

ceived the purest assurances of her love even at the very instant that her spirit fled. I have not nerve to say more upon this fatal and disastrous event.

My spirit was not destined to accompany Manon's. Doubtless, Heaven did not as yet consider me sufficiently punished, and therefore ordained that I should continue to drag on a languid and joyless existence. I willingly renounced every hope of leading a happy one.

I remained for twenty-four hours without taking my lips from the still beauteous countenance and hands of my adored Manon. My intention was to await my own death in that position; but at the beginning of the second day, I reflected that after I was gone, she must of necessity become the prey of wild beasts. I then determined to bury her, and wait my own doom upon her grave. I was already, indeed, so near my end, from the combined effect of long fasting and grief, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could support myself standing. I was obliged to have recourse to the liquors which I had brought with me, and these restored sufficient strength to enable me to set about my last sad office. From the sandy nature of the soil, there was little trouble in opening the ground. I broke my sword, and used it for the purpose; but my bare hands were of greater service. I dug a deep grave, and there deposited the idol of my heart, after having wrapped around her my clothes to prevent the sand from touching her. I kissed her ten thousand times with all the ardor of the most glowing love, before I laid her in this melancholy bed. I sat for some time upon the bank intently gazing on her, and could not command fortitude enough to close the grave over her. At length, feeling that my strength was giving way, and apprehensive of its being entirely exhausted before the completion of my task, I committed to the earth all that it had ever contained most perfect and peerless. I then lay myself with my face down upon the grave, and closing my eyes with the determination never again to open them, I invoked the mercy of Heaven and ardently prayed for death.

You will find it difficult to believe that during the whole time of this protracted and distressing ceremony not a tear or a sigh escaped to relieve my agony. The state of profound affliction in which I was, and the deep-settled resolution I had taken to die, had silenced the sighs of despair, and effectually dried up the ordinary channels of grief. It was thus impos-

sible for me, in this posture upon the grave, to continue for any time in the possession of my faculties.

Synnelet having been carried into the town and skillfully examined, it was found that, so far from being dead, he was not even dangerously wounded. He informed his uncle of the manner in which the affray had occurred between us, and he generously did justice to my conduct on the occasion. I was sent for; and as neither of us could be found, our flight was immediately suspected. It was then too late to attempt to trace me, but the next day and the following one were employed in the pursuit.

I was found, without any appearance of life, upon the grave of Manon; and the persons who discovered me in this situation, seeing that I was almost naked and bleeding from my wounds, naturally supposed that I had been robbed and assassinated. They carried me into the town. The motion restored me to my senses. The sighs I heaved on opening my eyes and finding myself still amongst the living, showed that I was not beyond the reach of art: they were but too successful in its application.

I was immediately confined as a close prisoner. My trial was ordered; and as Manon was not forthcoming, I was accused of having murdered her from rage and jealousy. I naturally related all that had occurred. Synnelet, though bitterly grieved and disappointed by what he heard, had the generosity to solicit my pardon: he obtained it.

I was so reduced that they were obliged to carry me from the prison to my bed, and there I suffered for three long months under severe illness. My aversion from life knew no diminution. I continually prayed for death, and obstinately for some time refused every remedy. But Providence, after having punished me with expiatory rigor, saw fit to turn to my own use its chastisements and the memory of my multiplied sorrows. It at length deigned to shed upon me its redeeming light, and revived in my mind ideas worthy of my birth and my early education.

My tranquillity of mind being again restored, my cure speedily followed. I began only to feel the highest aspirations of honor, and diligently performed the duties of my appointment, whilst expecting the arrival of vessels from France. I resolved to return to my native country, there to expiate the scandal of my former life by my future good conduct.

THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION TO THE COURSE OF NATURE.

By JOSEPH BUTLER.

[JOSEPH BUTLER, English theologian, was born at Mantage, in Berkshire, May 18, 1692. At first a Dissenter, he joined the English Church when a youth, and graduated at Oriel College. As preacher at the Rolls Chapel, he delivered the famous Sermons important in theological writing. After holding several rectorates he retired and wrote the "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature" (1731). He was made bishop of Bristol in 1738, of Durham in 1750. He died at Bath, June 16, 1752.]

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD BY REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS, AND PARTICULARLY OF THE LATTER.

THAT which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us is the supposition of our happiness and misery hereafter depending upon our actions here. Without this, indeed, curiosity could not but sometimes bring a subject, in which we may be so highly interested, to our thoughts; especially upon the mortality of others, or the near prospect of our own. But reasonable men would not take any further thought about hereafter than what should happen thus occasionally to rise in their minds, if it were certain that our future interest no way depended upon our present behavior. Whereas, on the contrary, if there be ground, either from analogy or anything else to think it does, then there is reason also for the most active thought and solicitude to secure that interest; to behave so as that we may escape that misery and obtain that happiness in another life which we not only suppose ourselves capable of, but which we apprehend also is put in our own power. And whether there be ground for this last apprehension certainly would deserve to be most seriously considered, were there no other proof of a future life and interest than the presumptive one which the foregoing observations amount to.

Now, in the present state, all which we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, *is put in our own power*. For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions; and we are endowed by the Author of our Nature with capacities of foreseeing these consequences. We find by experience He does not so

much as preserve our lives, exclusively of our own care and attention, to provide ourselves with and to make use of that sustenance by which He has appointed our lives shall be preserved, and without which He has appointed they shall not be preserved at all. And in general we foresee that the external things, which are the objects of our various passions, can neither be obtained nor enjoyed without exerting ourselves in such and such manners; but by thus exerting ourselves we obtain and enjoy these objects in which our natural good consists, or by this means God gives us the possession and enjoyment of them. I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment, but by the means of our own actions. And by prudence and care we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, willfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable—*i.e.* to do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace and poverty and sickness and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though it is to be allowed we cannot find by experience that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies.

Why the Author of Nature does not give His creatures promiscuously such and such perceptions, without regard to their behavior, why He does not make them happy without the instrumentality of their own actions, and prevent their bringing any sufferings upon themselves, is another matter. Perhaps there may be some impossibilities in the nature of things which we are unacquainted with. Or less happiness, it may be, would upon the whole be produced by such a method of conduct than is by the present. Or perhaps divine goodness, with which, if I mistake not, we make very free in our speculations, may not be a bare single disposition to produce happiness, but a disposition to make the good, the faithful, the honest man happy. Perhaps an infinitely perfect mind may be pleased with seeing his creatures behave suitably to the nature which he has given them, to the relations which he has placed them in to each other, and to that which they stand in to himself, that relation to himself which, during their existence, is even necessary, and which is the most important one of all. Perhaps, I say, an infinitely perfect mind may be pleased with

this moral piety of moral agents, in and for itself, as well as upon account of its being essentially conducive to the happiness of his creation. Or the whole end for which God made and thus governs the world may be utterly beyond the reach of our faculties. There may be somewhat in it as impossible for us to have any conception of as for a blind man to have a conception of colors. But however this be, it is certain matter of universal experience that the general method of divine administration is forewarning us, or giving us capacities to foresee, with more or less clearness, that if we act so and so we shall have such enjoyments, if so and so such sufferings, and giving us those enjoyments and making us feel those sufferings in consequence of our actions.

“But all this is to be ascribed to the general course of nature.” True. This is the very thing which I am observing. It is to be ascribed to the general course of nature—*i.e.* not surely to the words or ideas, “course of nature,” but to him who appointed it, and put things into it; or to a course of operation, from its uniformity or constancy, called natural, and which necessarily implies an operating agent. For when men find themselves necessitated to confess an Author of Nature, or that God is the natural governor of the world, they must not deny this again, because His government is uniform; they must not deny that He does all things at all, because He does them constantly; because the effects of His acting are permanent, whether His acting be so or not, though there is no reason to think it is not. In short, every man, in everything he does, naturally acts upon the forethought and apprehension of avoiding evil or obtaining good; and if the natural course of things be the appointment of God, and our natural faculties of knowledge and experience are given us by Him, then the good and bad consequences which follow our actions are His appointment, and our foresight of those consequences is a warning given us by Him how we are to act.

“Is the pleasure, then, naturally accompanying every particular gratification of passion intended to put us upon gratifying ourselves in every such particular instance, and as a reward to us for so doing?” No, certainly. Nor is it to be said that our eyes were naturally intended to give us the sight of each particular object to which they do or can extend; objects which are destructive of them, or which, for any other reason, it may become us to turn our eyes from. Yet there is no doubt but

that our eyes were intended for us to see with. So neither is there any doubt but that the foreseen pleasures and pains belonging to the passions were intended, in general, to induce mankind to act in such and such manners.

Now from this general observation, obvious to every one, that God has given us to understand, He has appointed satisfaction and delight to be the consequence of our acting in one manner, and pain and uneasiness of our acting in another, and of our not acting at all, and that we find the consequences, which we were beforehand informed of, uniformly to follow, we may learn that we are at present actually under His government in the strictest and most proper sense, in such a sense as that He rewards and punishes us for our actions. An Author of Nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience that we are thus under His government; under His government in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Because the annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behavior be owing to the Author of Nature's acting upon us every moment which we feel it, or to His having at once contrived and executed His own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For, if civil magistrates could make the sanctions of their laws take place without interposing at all, after they had passed them, without a trial and the formalities of an execution; if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then as we are now, but in a much higher degree and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended without denying all final causes. For final causes being admitted, the pleasures and pains now mentioned must be admitted too as instances of them. And if they are, if God annexes delight to some actions, and uneasiness to others, with an apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then He not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If, for example, the pain which

we feel upon doing what tends to the destruction of our bodies — suppose upon too near approaches to fire, or upon wounding ourselves — be appointed by the Author of Nature to prevent our doing what thus tends to our destruction, this is altogether as much an instance of His punishing our actions, and consequently of our being under His government, as declaring by a voice from heaven, that if we acted so He would inflict such pain upon us, and inflicting it, whether it be greater or less.

Thus we find that the true notion or conception of the Author of Nature is that of a master or governor, prior to the consideration of His moral attributes. The fact of our case, which we find by experience, is, that He actually exercises dominion or government over us at present, by rewarding and punishing us for our actions, in as strict and proper a sense of these words, and even in the same sense, as children, servants, subjects, are rewarded and punished by those who govern them.

And thus the whole analogy of Nature, the whole present course of things, most fully shows that there is nothing incredible in the general doctrine of religion; that God will reward and punish men for their actions hereafter — nothing incredible, I mean, arising out of the notion of rewarding and punishing. For the whole course of Nature is a present instance of His exercising that government over us which implies in it rewarding and punishing.



PEN CARICATURES AND SELF-PORTRAITURE.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 373.]

'Tis education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
 Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
 A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:
 A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
 Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well;

Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay freethinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce ?
Some god, or spirit he has lately found ;
Or chanced to meet a minister that frowned.

Judge we by nature ? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place :
By actions ? those uncertainty divides :
By passions ? these dissimulation hides :
Opinions ? they still take a wider range :
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion : there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clew once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confessed.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies ;
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too ;
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores :
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
And most contemptible to shun contempt ;
His passion still to covet general praise,
His life to forfeit it a thousand ways :
A constant bounty which no friend has made ;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined ;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
A rebel to the very king he loves :

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule ?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool. . . .

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
 The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year ;
 He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these, my modest satire bade translate,
 And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep if Atticus were he ? . . .

Proud as Apelle on his forkèd hill,
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill;
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His library (where busts of poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)
 Received of wits an undistinguished race,
 Who first his judgment asked, and then a place:
 Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat,
 And flattered ev'ry day, and some days eat:
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
 To some a dry rehearsal was assigned,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
 Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!
 So when a statesman wants a day's defense,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Blessed be the great, for those they take away,
 And those they left me, for they left me Gay;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn! . .

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
 Let Sporus tremble —

A. What, that thing of silk?
 Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's temper thus the rabbins have exprest,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshiper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:
 That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
 That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
 But stooped to truth, and moralized his song:
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;
 The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
 The libeled person, and the pictured shape;
 Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead:
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:
 For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

ESSAY ON MAN.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

[ALEXANDER POPE: An English poet; born May 22, 1688. His whole career was one of purely poetic work and the personal relations it brought him into. He published the "Essay on Criticism" in 1710, the "Rape of the Lock" in 1711, the "Messiah" in 1712, his translation of the *Iliad* in 1718-1720, and of the *Odyssey* in 1725. His "Essay on Man," whose thoughts were mainly suggested by Bolingbroke, appeared in 1733. His "Satires," modeled on Horace's manner, but not at all in his spirit, are among his best-known works. He died May 30, 1744.]

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;
 Still by himself abused, or disabused;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurled:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw

A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And showed a NEWTON as we show an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
 Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
 Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?
 Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
 Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
 Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress,
 Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
 Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our Vices have created Arts;
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which served the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign:
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move or govern all:
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And but for this, were active to no end:
 Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
 Or, meteorlike, flame lawless thro' the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroyed.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Formed but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
 That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower;
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife

Gives all the strength and color of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
 Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
 And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
 Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
 Wit; Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
 As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
 Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools?
 Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
 The choice we make, or justify it made;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong:
 So, when small humors gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferred;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
 A mightier Power the strong direction sends,
 And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
 Thro' life 'tis followed, even at life's expense;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
 Grafts on this Passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixed,
 Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mixed;
 The dross cements what else were too refined,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
 The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Even av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refined,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learned or brave ;
 Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice allied :
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
 What shall divide ? The God within the mind :

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
 In Man they join to some mysterious use ;
 Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,

That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
 'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbor further gone than he;
 Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every Man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And even the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But HEAVEN'S great view is One, and that the Whole.
 That counterworks each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
 That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;

Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
 The learned is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,
 The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
 And Pride bestowed on all, a common friend;
 See some fit Passion every age supply,
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer books are the toys of age:
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
 'Till tired he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain;
 And not a vanity is given in vain;
 Even mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

A DIALOGUE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ALEXANDER POPE.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

[HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON : English poet and biographer ; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith ; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc. Died September, 1921.]

Poet —

I sing of POPE — —

Friend —

What, POPE, the *Twitnam* Bard,
Whom *Dennis*, *Cibber*, *Tibbald* pushed so hard !
POPE of the *Dunciad* ! POPE who dared to woo,
And then to libel, *Wortley-Montagu* !
POPE of the *Ham-walks* story —

Poet —

Scandals all !

Scandals that now I care not to recall.
Surely a little, in two hundred Years,
One may neglect Contemporary Sneers : —
Surely Allowance for the Man may make
That had all *Grub-street* yelping in his Wake !
And who (I ask you) has been never Mean,
When urged by Envy, Anger, or the Spleen ?
No : I prefer to look on POPE as one
Not rightly happy till his Life was done ;
Whose whole Career, romance it as you please,
Was (what he called it) but a "long Disease" :
Think of his Lot, — his Pilgrimage of Pain,
His "crazy Carcass" and his restless Brain ;
Think of his Night Hours with their Feet of Lead,
His dreary Vigil and his aching Head ;
Think of all this, and marvel then to find
The "crooked Body with a crooked Mind !"
Nay, rather marvel that, in Fate's Despite,
You find so much to solace and delight, —
So much of Courage and of Purpose high
In that unequal Struggle *not* to die.

I grant you freely that POPE played his Part
 Sometimes ignobly — but he loved his Art;
 I grant you freely that he sought his Ends
 Not always wisely — but he loved his Friends;
 And who of Friends a nobler Roll could show —
Swift, St. John, Bathurst, Marckmont, Peterb'ro',
Arbuthnot —

Friend — ATTICUS?

Poet — Well (*entre nous*),
 Most that he said of *Addison* was true.
 Plain truth, you know —

Friend — Is often not polite
 (So *Hamlet* thought) —

Poet — And *Hamlet* (Sir) was right.
 But leave POPE's Life. To-day, methinks, we touch
 The Work too little and the Man too much.
 Take up the *Lock*, the *Satires*, *Eloise* —
 What Art supreme, what Elegance, what Ease!
 How keen the Irony, the Wit how bright,
 The Style how rapid, and the Verse how light!
 Then read once more, and you shall wonder yet
 At Skill, at Turn, at Point, at Epithet.
 "True Wit is Nature to Advantage dressed" —
 Was ever Thought so pithily expressed?
 "And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line" —
 Ah, what a Homily on Yours . . . and Mine!
 Or take — to choose at Random — take but This —
 "Ten censure wrong for one that writes amiss."

Friend —
 Packed and precise, no doubt. Yet surely those
 Are but the Qualities we ask of Prose.
 Was he a POET?

Poet — Yes: if that be what
Byron was certainly and *Bowles* was not;
 Or say you grant him, to come nearer Date,
 What *Dryden* had, that was denied to *Tate* —

Friend —
 Which means, you claim from him the Spark divine,
 Yet scarce would place him on the highest Line —

Poet —
 True, there are Classes. POPE was most of all
 Akin to *Horace*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*;
 POPE was, like them, the Censor of his Age,
 An Age more suited to Repose than Rage;
 When Rhyming turned from Freedom to the Schools,

And shocked with License, shuddered into Rules;
 When *Phæbus* touched the Poet's trembling Ear
 With one supreme Commandment *Be thou Clear*;
 When Thought meant less to reason than compile,
 And the *Muse* labored . . . chiefly with the File.
 Beneath full Wigs no Lyric drew its Breath
 As in the Days of great ELIZABETH;
 And to the Bards of ANNA was denied
 The Note that *Wordsworth* heard on *Duddon* side.
 But POPE took up his Parable, and knit
 The Woof of Wisdom with the Warp of Wit;
 He trimmed the Measure on its equal Feet,
 And smoothed and fitted till the Line was neat;
 He taught the Pause with due Effect to fall;
 He taught the Epigram to come at Call;
 He wrote ——

Friend ——

His *Iliad*!

Poet ——

Well, suppose you own

You like your *Iliad* in the Prose of *Bohn*, —
 Tho' if you'd learn in Prose how *Homer* sang,
 'Twere best to learn of *Butcher* and of *Lang*, —
 Suppose you say your Worst of POPE, declare
 His Jewels Paste, his Nature a Parterre,
 His Art but Artifice — I ask once more
 Where have you seen such Artifice before?
 Where have you seen a Parterre better graced,
 Or gems that glitter like his Gems of Paste?
 Where can you show, among your Names of Note,
 So much to copy and so much to quote?
 And where, in Fine, in all our English Verse,
 A Style more trenchant and a Sense more terse?

So I, that love the old *Augustan* Days
 Of formal Courtesies and formal Phrase;
 That like along the finished Line to feel
 The Ruffle's Flutter and the Flash of Steel;
 That like my Couplet as Compact as Clear;
 That like my Satire sparkling tho' severe,
 Unmixed with Bathos and unmarred by Trope
 I fling my Cap for Polish — and for POPE!

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

When I was a child, I used to dream
Of a house that was not made of stone
But of a material that was new and bright
And that was built for the future's light.
I used to dream of a house that was
Not made of wood or brick or stone
But of a material that was new and bright
And that was built for the future's light.
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Peg Woffington

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PEG WOFFINGTON'S PORTRAIT; AND MABEL VANE.

By CHARLES READE.

[CHARLES READE : A distinguished English novelist, born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814 ; died at London, April 11, 1884. He graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford (1835) ; was elected to a Vinerian fellowship (1842) ; and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn (1847). He made his début as a novelist with "Peg Woffington" (1852), which had an immediate success. His subsequent works include : "Christie Johnstone" ; "It is Never Too Late to Mend" ; "Love me Little, Love me Long" ; "The Cloister and the Hearth," a powerful historical novel ; "Hard Cash" ; "Griffith Gaunt" ; "Foul Play" ; "Put Yourself in his Place." Among his plays are : "Masks and Faces" (with Tom Taylor) ; "Drink," an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir" ; and dramatizations of some of his own novels.]

Mrs. WOFFINGTON sat in Triplet's apartment ; and Triplet, palette in hand, painted away upon her portrait.

Mrs. Woffington was in that languid state which comes to women after their hearts have received a blow. She felt as if life was ended, and but the dregs of existence remained ; but at times a flood of bitterness rolled over her, and she resigned all hope of perfect happiness in this world, — all hope of loving and respecting the same creature ; and at these moments she had but one idea, — to use her own power, and bind her lover to her by chains never to be broken ; and to close her eyes, and glide down the precipice of the future.

"I think you are master of this art," said she, very languidly, to Triplet, "you paint so rapidly."

"Yes, madam," said Triplet, gloomily ; and painted on. "Confound this shadow !" added he ; and painted on.

His soul, too, was clouded. Mrs. Woffington, yawning in his face, had told him she had invited all Mr. Vane's company to come and praise his work ; and ever since that he had been *morne et silencieux*.

"You are fortunate," continued Mrs. Woffington, not caring what she said ; "it is so difficult to make execution keep pace with conception."

"Yes, ma'am ;" and he painted on.

"You are satisfied with it ?"

"Anything but, ma'am ;" and he painted on.

"Cheerful soul ! — then I presume it is like ?"

"Not a bit, ma'am ;" and he painted on.

Mrs. Woffington stretched.

"You can't yawn, ma'am, — you can't yawn."

"O yes, I can. You are such good company;" and she stretched again.

"I was just about to catch the turn of the lip," remonstrated Triplet.

"Well, catch it, — it won't run away."

"I'll try, ma'am. A pleasant half-hour it will be for me, when they all come here like cits at a shilling ordinary, — each for his cut."

"At a sensitive goose!"

"That is as may be, madam. Those critics flay us alive!"

"You should not hold so many doors open to censure."

"No, ma'am. Head a little more that way. I suppose you *can't* sit quiet, ma'am? — then never mind!" (This resignation was intended as a stinging reproach.) "Mr. Cibber, with his sneering snuff box! Mr. Quin, with his humorous bludgeon! Mrs. Clive, with her tongue! Mr. Snark, with his abuse! And Mr. Soaper, with his praise! — arsenic in treacle I call it! But there, I deserve it all! For look on this picture, and on this!"

"Meaning, I am painted as well as my picture!"

"O no, no, no! But to turn from your face, madam, — on which the lightning of expression plays continually, — to this stony, detestable, dead daub! — I could — And I will, too! Imposture! dead caricature of life and beauty, take that!" and he dashed his palette knife through the canvas. "Libellous lie against nature and Mrs. Woffington, take that!" and he stabbed the canvas again; then, with sudden humility: "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "for this apparent outrage, which I trust you will set down to the excitement attendant upon failure. The fact is, I am an incap'ble ass, and no painter! Others have often hinted as much; but I never observed it myself till now!"

"Right through my pet dimple!" said Mrs. Woffington, with perfect *nonchalance*. . . .

They sat opposite each other, in mournful silence. At length the actress suddenly rose. She struggled fiercely against her depression, and vowed that melancholy should not benumb her spirits and her power. . . .

She sat gently down again, and leaned her head on her hand, and thought. She was beautiful as she thought! Her body seemed bristling with mind! At last her thoughtful gravity was illumined by a smile. She had thought out something.

"Triplet, the picture is quite ruined!"

"Yes, madam. And a coach load of criticism coming!"

"Triplet, we actors and actresses have often bright ideas."

"Yes, ma'am."

"When we take other people's!"

"He, he!" went Triplet. "Those are our best, madam!"

"Well, sir, I have got a bright idea."

"You don't say so, ma'am!"

"Don't be a brute, dear!" said the lady, gravely.

Triplet stared.

"When I was in France, taking lessons of Dumesnil, one of the actors of the Théâtre Français had his portrait painted by a rising artist. The others were to come and see it. They determined, beforehand, to mortify the painter and the sitter, by abusing the work in good set terms. But somehow this got wind, and the patients resolved to be the physicians. They put their heads together, and contrived that the living face should be in the canvas, surrounded by the accessories: these, of course, were painted. Enter the actors, who played their little prearranged farce; and, when they had each given the picture a slap, the picture rose and laughed in their faces, and discomfited them! By the bye, the painter did not stop there: he was not content with a short laugh, he laughed at them five hundred years!"

"Good gracious, Mrs. Woffington!"

"He painted a picture of the whole thing; and as his work is immortal, ours an April snowflake, he has got tremendously the better of those rash little satirists. Well, Trip, what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose; so give me the sharpest knife in the house."

Triplet gave her a knife, and looked confused, while she cut away the face of the picture, and by dint of scraping, cutting, and measuring, got her face two parts through the canvas. She then made him take his brush and paint all round her face, so that the transition might not be too abrupt. Several yards of green baize were also produced. This was to be disposed behind the easel, so as to conceal her.

Triplet painted here, and touched and retouched there. Whilst thus occupied, he said, in his calm, resigned way: "It won't do, madam. I suppose you know that?"

"I know nothing," was the reply. "Life is a guess. I don't think we could deceive Roxalana and Lucy this way, because their eyes are without colored spectacles; but, when peo-

ple have once begun to see by prejudices and judge by jargon, what can't be done with them? Who knows? do you? I don't; so let us try."

"I beg your pardon, madam; my brush touched your face."

"No offense, sir; I am used to that. And I beg, if you can't tone the rest of the picture up to me, that you will instantly tone me down to the rest. Let us be in tune, whatever it costs, sir."

"I will avail myself of the privilege, madam, but sparingly. Failure, which is certain, madam, will cover us with disgrace."

"Nothing is certain in this life, sir, except that you are a goose. It succeeded in France; and England can match all Europe for fools. Besides, it will be well done. They say Davy Garrick can turn his eyes into bottled gooseberries. Well, Peg Woffington will turn hers into black currants. Haven't you done? I wonder they have not come. Make haste!"

"They will know by its beauty I never did it."

"That is a sensible remark, Trip. But I think they will rather argue backwards; that, as you did it, it cannot be beautiful, and so cannot be me. Your reputation will be our shield."

"Well, madam, now you mention it, they are like enough to take that ground. They despise all I do; if they did not——"

"You would despise them."

At this moment the pair were startled by the sound of a coach. Triplet turned as pale as ashes. Mrs. Woffington had her misgivings; but, not choosing to increase the difficulty, she would not let Triplet, whose self-possession she doubted, see any sign of emotion in her.

"Lock the door," said she, firmly, "and don't be silly. Now hold up my green-baize petticoat, and let me be in a half-light. Now put that table and those chairs before me, so that they can't come right up to me; and, Triplet, don't let them come within six yards, if you can help it. Say it is unfinished, and so must be seen from a focus."

"A focus! I don't know what you mean."

"No more do I; no more will they, perhaps; and, if they don't, they will swallow it directly. Unlock the door: are they coming?"

"They are only at the first stair."

"Mr. Triplet, your face is a book, where one may read strange matters. For Heaven's sake, compose yourself: let all the risk lie in one countenance. Look at me, sir. Make your

face like the Book of Daniel in a Jew's back parlor. Volto Sciolto is your cue."

"Madam, madam, how your tongue goes! I hear them on the stairs: pray don't speak!"

"Do you know what we are going to do?" continued the tormenting Peggy. "We are going to weigh goose's feathers! to criticise criticism, Trip——"

"Hush! hush!"

A grampus was heard outside the door, and Triplet opened it. There was Quin leading the band.

"Have a care, sir," cried Triplet; "there is a hiatus the third step from the door."

"A *gradus ad Parnassum* a wanting," said Mr. Cibber.

Triplet's heart sank. The hole had been there six months, and he had found nothing witty to say about it, and at first sight Mr. Cibber had done its business. And on such men he and his portrait were to attempt a preposterous delusion. Then there was Snarl, who wrote critiques on painting, and guided the national taste. The unlucky exhibitor was in a cold sweat. He led the way like a thief going to the gallows.

"The picture being unfinished, gentlemen," said he, "must, if you would do me justice, be seen from a—a focus: must be judged from here, I mean."

"Where, sir?" said Mr. Cibber.

"About here, sir, if you please," said poor Triplet, faintly.

"It looks like a finished picture from here," said Mrs. Clive.

"Yes, madam," groaned Triplet.

They all took up a position, and Triplet timidly raised his eyes along with the rest: he was a little surprised. The actress had flattened her face! She had done all that could be done, and more than he had conceived possible, in the way of extracting life and the atmosphere of expression from her countenance. She was "dead still"!

There was a pause.

Triplet fluttered. At last some of them spoke as follows:—

Soaper — "Ah!"

Quin — "Ho!"

Clive — "Eh!"

Cibber — "Humph!"

These interjections are small on paper, but as the good creatures uttered them they were eloquent; there was a cheerful variety of dispraise skillfully thrown into each of them.

"Well," continued Soaper, with his everlasting smile.

Then the fun began.

"May I be permitted to ask whose portrait this is?" said Mr. Cibber, slyly.

"I distinctly told you, it was to be Peg Woffington's," said Mrs. Clive. "I think you might take my word."

"Do you act as truly as you paint?" said Quin.

"Your fame runs no risk from me, sir!" replied Triplet.

"It is not like Peggy's beauty! Eh?" rejoined Quin.

"I can't agree with you," cried Kitty Clive. "I think it a very pretty face; and not at all like Peg Woffington's."

"Compare paint with paint," said Quin. "Are you sure you ever saw down to Peggy's real face?"

Triplet had seen with alarm that Mr. Snarl spoke not; many satirical expressions crossed his face, but he said nothing. Triplet gathered from this that he had at once detected the trick. "Ah!" thought Triplet, "he means to quiz them, as well as expose me. He is hanging back; and, in point of fact, a mighty satirist like Snarl would naturally choose to quiz six people rather than two."

"Now I call it beautiful!" said the traitor Soaper. "So calm and reposeful; no particular expression."

"None whatever," said Snarl.

"Gentlemen," said Triplet, "does it never occur to you that the fine arts are tender violets, and cannot blow when the north winds ——"

"Blow!" inserted Quin.

"Are so cursed cutting?" continued Triplet.

"My good sir, I am never cutting!" smirked Soaper. "My dear Snarl," whined he, "give us the benefit of your practiced judgment. Do justice to this admirable work of art," drawled the traitor.

"I will!" said Mr. Snarl; and placed himself before the picture.

"What on earth will he say?" thought Triplet. "I can see by his face, he has found us out."

Mr. Snarl delivered a short critique. Mr. Snarl's intelligence was not confined to his phrases; all critics use intelligent phrases and philosophical truths. But this gentleman's manner was very intelligent; it was pleasant, quiet, assured, and very convincing. Had the reader or I been there, he

would have carried us with him, as he did his hearers; and as his successors carry the public with them now.

"Your brush is by no means destitute of talent, Mr. Triplet," said Mr. Snarl. "But you are somewhat deficient, at present, in the great principles of your art; the first of which is a loyal adherence to truth. Beauty itself is but one of the forms of truth, and nature is our finite exponent of infinite truth."

His auditors gave him a marked attention. They could not but acknowledge, that men who go to the bottom of things like this should be the best instructors.

"Now, in nature, a woman's face at this distance — aye, even at this short distance — melts into the air. There is none of that sharpness; but, on the contrary, a softness of outline." He made a lorgnette of his two hands, the others did so too, and found they saw much better — oh, ever so much better! "Whereas yours," resumed Snarl, "is hard; and, forgive me, rather tea-board-like. Then your *chiaroscuro*, my good sir, is very defective; for instance, in nature, the nose, intercepting the light on one side the face, throws, of necessity, a shadow under the eye. Caravaggio, Venetians generally, and the Bolognese masters do particular justice to this. No such shade appears in this portrait."

"'Tis so, stop my vitals!" observed Colley Cibber. And they all looked, and, having looked, wagged their heads in assent, — as the fat, white lords at Christie's waggle fifty pounds more out for a copy of Rembrandt, a brown levitical Dutchman, visible in the pitch dark by some sleight of sun Newton had not wit to discover.

Soaper dissented from the mass.

"But, my dear Snarl, if there are no shades, there are lights, loads of lights."

"There are," replied Snarl; "only they are impossible, that is all. You have, however," concluded he, with a manner slightly supercilious, "succeeded in the mechanical parts; the hair and the dress are well, Mr. Triplet; but *your* Woffington is not a woman, nor nature."

They all nodded and wagged assent; but this sagacious motion was arrested as by an earthquake.

The picture rang out, in the voice of a clarion, an answer that outlived the speaker: "She's a woman! for she has taken four men in! She's nature! for a fluent dunce doesn't know her when he sees her!"

Imagine the tableau ! It was charming ! Such opening of eyes and mouths ! Cibber fell by second nature into an attitude of the old comedy. And all were rooted where they stood, with surprise and incipient mortification, except Quin, who slapped his knee, and took the trick at its value.

Peg Woffington slipped out of the green baize, and, coming round from the back of the late picture, stood in person before them ; while they looked alternately at her and at the hole in the canvas. She then came at each of them in turn, *more dramatico*.

"A pretty face, and not like Woffington. I owe you two, Kate Clive."

"Who ever saw Peggy's real face? Look at it now if you can without blushing, Mr. Quin."

Quin, a good-humored fellow, took the wisest view of his predicament, and burst into a hearty laugh.

"For all this," said Mr. Snarl, peevishly, "I maintain, upon the unalterable principles of art—" At this they all burst into a roar, not sorry to shift the ridicule. "Goths!" cried Snarl, fiercely. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," cried Mr. Snarl, *avec intention*. "I have a criticism to write of last night's performance." The laugh died away to a quaver. "I shall sit on your pictures one day, Mr. Brush."

"Don't sit on them with your head downwards, or you'll addle them," said Mr. Brush, fiercely. This was the first time Triplet had ever answered a foe. Mrs. Woffington gave him an eloquent glance of encouragement. He nodded his head in infantine exultation at what he had done.

"Come, Soaper," said Mr. Snarl.

Mr. Soaper lingered one moment to say : "You shall always have my good word, Mr. Triplet."

"I will try—and not deserve it, Mr. Soaper," was the prompt reply.

"Serve 'em right," said Mr. Cibber, as soon as the door had closed upon them ; "for a couple of serpents, or rather one boa-constrictor. Soaper slavers, for Snarl to crush. But we were all a little too hard on Triplet here ; and, if he will accept my apology——"

"Why, sir," said Triplet, half trembling, but driven on by looks from Mrs. Woffington, "'Cibber's Apology' is found to be a trifle wearisome."

"Confound his impertinence !" cried the astounded laureate. "Come along, Jemmy."

"O sir," said Quin, good-humoredly, "we must give a joke and take a joke. And when he paints my portrait, — which he shall do —"

"The bear from Hockley Hole shall sit for the head!"

"Curse his impudence!" roared Quin. "I'm at your service, Mr. Cibber," added he, in huge dudgeon.

Away went the two old boys.

"Mighty well!" said waspish Mrs. Clive. "I did intend you should have painted Mrs. Clive. But after this impertinence —"

"You will continue to do it yourself, ma'am!"

This was Triplet's hour of triumph. His exultation was undignified, and such as is said to precede a fall. He inquired gravely of Mrs. Woffington, whether he had or had not shown a spirit. Whether he had or had not fired into each a parting shot, as they sheered off. To repair which, it might be advisable for them to put into friendly ports.

"Tremendous!" was the reply. "And when Snarl and Soaper sit on your next play, they won't forget the lesson you have given them."

"I'll be sworn they won't!" chuckled Triplet. But, reconsidering her words, he looked blank, and muttered: "Then perhaps it would have been more prudent to let them alone!"

"Incalculably more prudent!" was the reply.

"Then why did you set me on, madam?" said Triplet, reproachfully.

"Because I wanted amusement, and my head ached," was the cool answer, somewhat languidly given.

"I defy the coxcombs!" cried Triplet, with reviving spirit. "But real criticism I respect, honor, and bow to. Such as yours, madam; or such as that sweet lady's at Mr. Vane's would have been; or, in fact, anybody's who appreciates me. O madam, I wanted to ask you, was it not strange your not being at Mr. Vane's, after all, to-day?"

"I was at Mr. Vane's, Triplet."

"You were? Why, I came with my verses, and she said you were not there! I will go fetch the verses."

"No, no! Who said I was not there?"

"Did I not tell you? The charming young lady who helped me with her own hand to everything on the table. What wine that gentleman possesses!"

"Was it a young lady, Triplet?"

"Not more than two and twenty, I should say."

"In a traveling dress?"

"I could not see her dress, madam, for her beauty, — brown hair, blue eyes, charming in conversation ——"

"Ah! What did she tell you?"

"She told me, madam — Ahem!"

"Well, what did you tell her? And what did she answer?"

"I told her that I came with verses for you, ordered by Mr. Vane. That he admired you. I descanted, madam, on your virtues, which had made him your slave."

"Go on," said Mrs. Woffington, encouraging him with a deceitful smile. "Tell me all you told her."

"That you were sitting to me for your portrait, the destination of which was not doubtful. That I lived at 10 Hercules Buildings."

"You told that lady all this?"

"I give my honor. She was so kind, I opened my heart to her. But tell me now, madam," said Triplet, joyously dancing round the Woffington volcano, "do you know this charming lady?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you, madam. An acquaintance worthy even of you; and there are not many such. Who is she, madam?" continued Triplet, lively with curiosity.

"Mrs. Vane," was the quiet, grim answer.

"Mrs. Vane? His mother? No — am I mad? His sister! O, I see, his ——"

"His wife!"

"His wife! Why, then Mr. Vane's married?"

"Yes."

"O, look there! — O, look here, now! Well, but, good Heavens! she wasn't to know you were there, perhaps?"

"No."

"But then I let the cat out of the bag?"

"Yes."

"But, good gracious! there will be some serious mischief!"

"No doubt of it."

"And it is all my fault?"

"Yes."

"I've played the deuce with their married happiness?"

"Probably."

"And ten to one if you are not incensed against me too?"

Mrs. Woffington replied by looking him in the face, and turning her back upon him. She walked hastily to the window, threw it open, and looked out of it, leaving poor Triplet to very unpleasant reflections. She was so angry with him she dared not trust herself to speak.

"Just my luck," thought he. "I had a patron and a benefactress; I have betrayed them both." Suddenly an idea struck him. "Madam," said he, timorously, "see what these fine gentlemen are! What business had he, with a wife at home, to come and fall in love with you? I do it forever in my plays — I am obliged — they would be so dull else; but in *real* life to do it is abominable."

"You forget, sir," replied Mrs. Woffington, without moving, "that I am an actress, — a plaything for the impertinence of puppies and the treachery of hypocrites. Fool! to think there was an honest man in the world, and that he had shone on me!"

With these words she turned, and Triplet was shocked to see the change in her face. She was pale, and her black, lowering brows were gloomy and terrible. She walked like a tigress to and fro, and Triplet dared not speak to her: indeed she seemed but half conscious of his presence. He went for nobody with her. How little we know the people we eat and go to church and flirt with! Triplet had imagined this creature an incarnation of gayety, a sportive being, the daughter of smiles, the bride of mirth; needed but a look at her now to see that her heart was a volcano, her bosom a boiling gulf of fiery lava. She walked like some wild creature; she flung her hands up to heaven with a passionate despair, before which the feeble spirit of her companion shrank and cowered; and, with quivering lips and blazing eyes, she burst into a torrent of passionate bitterness.

"But who is Margaret Woffington," she cried, "that she should pretend to honest love, or feel insulted by the proffer of a stolen regard? And what have we to do with homes, or hearts, or firesides? Have we not the playhouse, its paste diamonds, its paste feelings, and the loud applause of tops and sots — hearts? — beneath loads of tinsel and paint? Nonsense! The love that can go with souls to heaven, — such love for us? Nonsense! These men applaud us, cajole us, swear to us, flatter us; and yet, forsooth, we would have them respect us too."

"My dear benefactress," said Triplet, "they are not worthy of you."

"I thought this man was not all dross; from the first I never felt his passion an insult. O Triplet! I could have loved this man, — really loved him! and I longed so to be good. O God! O God!"

"Thank Heaven, you don't love him!" cried Triplet, hastily. "Thank Heaven for that!"

"Love him? Love a man who comes to me with a silly second-hand affection from his insipid baby face, and offers me half, or two thirds, or a third of his worthless heart? I hate him! — and her! — and all the world!"

"That is what I call a very proper feeling," said poor Triplet, with a weak attempt to soothe her. "Then break with him at once, and all will be well."

"Break with him? Are you mad? No! Since he plays with the tools of my trade I shall fool him worse than he has me. I will feed his passion full, tempt him, torture him, play with him, as the angler plays a fish upon his hook. And, when his very life depends on me, then by degrees he shall see me cool, and cool, and freeze into bitter aversion. Then he shall rue the hour he fought with the Devil against my soul, and played false with a brain and heart like mine!"

"But his poor wife? You will have pity on her?"

"His wife! Are wives' hearts the only hearts that throb, and burn, and break? His wife must defend herself. It is not from me that mercy can come to her, nor from her to me. I loathe her, and I shall not forget that you took her part. Only, if you are her friend, take my advice, don't you assist her. I shall defeat her without that. Let her fight *her* battle, and *I* mine."

"Ah, madam! she cannot fight; she is a dove."

"You are a fool! What do you know about women? You were with her five minutes, and she turned you inside out. My life on it, whilst I have been fooling my time here, she is in the field, with all the arts of our sex, simplicity at the head of them."

Triplet was making a futile endeavor to convert her to his view of her rival, when a knock suddenly came to his door. A slovenly girl, one of his own neighbors, brought him a bit of paper, with a line written in pencil.

"'Tis from a lady, who waits below," said the girl.

Mrs. Woffington went again to the window, and there she saw getting out of a coach, and attended by James Burdock, Mabel Vane, who had sent up her name on the back of an old letter.

"What shall I do?" said Triplet, as soon as he recovered the first stunning effects of this *contretemps*. To his astonishment, Mrs. Woffington bade the girl show the lady upstairs. The girl went down on this errand.

"But *you* are here," remonstrated Triplet. "O, to be sure, you can go into the other room. There is plenty of time to avoid her," said Triplet, in a very natural tremor. "This way, madam!"

Mrs. Woffington stood in the middle of the room like a statue.

"What does she come here for?" said she, sternly. "You have not told me all."

"I don't know," cried poor Triplet, in dismay; "and I think the Devil brings her here to confound me. For Heaven's sake, retire! What will become of us all? There will be murder, I know there will!"

To his horror, Mrs. Woffington would not move. "You are on her side," said she, slowly, with a concentration of spite and suspicion. She looked frightful at this moment. "All the better for me," added she, with a world of female malignity.

Triplet could not make head against this blow; he gasped, and pointed piteously to the inner door. "No; I will know two things: the course she means to take, and the terms you two are upon."

By this time Mrs. Vane's light foot was heard on the stair, and Triplet sank into a chair. "They will tear one another to pieces," said he.

A tap came to the door.

He looked fearfully round for the woman whom jealousy had so speedily turned from an angel to a fiend; and saw with dismay that she had actually had the hardihood to slip round and enter the picture again. She had not quite arranged herself when her rival knocked.

Triplet dragged himself to the door. Before he opened it, he looked fearfully over his shoulder, and received a glance of cool, bitter, deadly hostility, that boded ill both for him and his visitor. Triplet's apprehensions were not unreasonable. His benefactress and this sweet lady were rivals!

Jealousy is a dreadful passion, it makes us tigers. The jealous always thirst for blood. At any moment when reason is a little weaker than usual, they are ready to kill the thing they hate or the thing they love.

Any open collision between these ladies would scatter ill consequences all round. Under such circumstances, we are pretty sure to say or do something wicked, silly, or unreasonable. But what tortured Triplet more than anything was his own particular notion that fate doomed him to witness a formal encounter between these two women, and of course an encounter of such a nature as we in our day illustrate by "Kilkenny cats."

To be sure, Mrs. Vane had appeared a dove, but doves can peck on certain occasions, and no doubt she had a spirit at bottom. Her coming to him proved it. And had not the other been a dove all the morning and afternoon? Yet jealousy had turned her to a fiend before his eyes. Then if (which was not probable) no collision took place, what a situation was his! Mrs. Woffington (his buckler from starvation) suspected him, and would distort every word that came from Mrs. Vane's lips.

Triplet's situation was, in fact, that of *Æneas* in the storm.

Olim et hæc meminisse juvabit—

But, while present, such things don't please any one a bit.

It was the sort of situation we can laugh at, and see the fun of it six months after, if not shipwrecked on it at the time.

With a ghastly smile the poor quaking hypocrite welcomed Mrs. Vane, and professed a world of innocent delight that she had so honored his humble roof.

She interrupted his compliments, and begged him to see whether she was followed by a gentleman in a cloak.

Triplet looked out of the window.

"Sir Charles Pomander!" gasped he.

Sir Charles was at the very door. If, however, he had intended to mount the stairs he changed his mind, for he suddenly went off round the corner with a businesslike air, real or fictitious.

"He is gone, madam," said Triplet.

Mrs. Vane, the better to escape detection or observation, wore a thick mantle and a hood that concealed her features. Of these Triplet debarrased her.

"Sit down, madam;" and he hastily drew a chair so that her back was to the picture,

She was pale, and trembled a little. She hid her face in her hands a moment, then, recovering her courage, "she begged Mr. Triplet to pardon her for coming to him. He had inspired her with confidence," she said; "he had offered her his services, and so she had come to him, for she had no other friend to aid her in her sore distress." She might have added, that with the tact of her sex she had read Triplet to the bottom, and came to him as she would to a benevolent, muscular old woman.

Triplet's natural impulse was to repeat most warmly his offers of service. He did so; and then, conscious of the picture, had a misgiving.

"Dear Mr. Triplet," began Mrs. Vane, "you know this person, Mrs. Woffington?"

"Yes, madam," replied Triplet, lowering his eyes, "I am honored by her acquaintance."

"You will take me to the theater where she acts?"

"Yes, madam: to the boxes, I presume?"

"No! O no! How could I bear that? To the place where the actors and actresses are."

Triplet demurred. This would be courting that very collision, the dread of which even now oppressed him.

At the first faint sign of resistance she began to supplicate him, as if he was some great, stern tyrant.

"O, you must not, you cannot refuse me. You do not know what I risk to obtain this. I have risen from my bed to come to you. I have a fire here!" She pressed her hand to her brow. "O, take me to her!"

"Madam, I will do anything for you. But be advised; trust to my knowledge of human nature. What you require is madness. Gracious Heavens! you two are rivals, and when rivals meet there's murder or deadly mischief."

"Ah! if you knew my sorrow, you would not thwart me. O Mr. Triplet! little did I think you were as cruel as the rest." So then this cruel monster whimpered out that he should do any folly she insisted upon. "Good, kind Mr. Triplet!" said Mrs. Vane. "Let me look in your face? Yes, I see you are honest and true. I will tell you all." Then she poured in his ear her simple tale, unadorned and touching as Judah's speech to Joseph. She told him how she loved her husband; how he had loved her; how happy they were for the first six months; how her heart sank when he left her; how he had promised she should join him, and on that hope she lived.

"But for two months he had ceased to speak of this, and I grew heartsick waiting for the summons that never came. At last I felt I should die if I did not see him; so I plucked up courage and wrote that I must come to him. He did not forbid me, so I left our country home. O sir! I cannot make you know how my heart burned to be by his side. I counted the hours of the journey; I counted the miles. At last I reached his house; I found a gay company there. I was a little sorry, but I said: 'His friends shall be welcome, right welcome. He has asked them to welcome his wife.'"

"Poor thing!" muttered Triplet.

"O Mr. Triplet! they were there to do honor to —, and the wife was neither expected nor desired. There lay my letters with their seals unbroken. I know all *his* letters by heart, Mr. Triplet. The seals unbroken — unbroken! Mr. Triplet."

"It is abominable!" cried Triplet, fiercely.

"And she who sat in my seat — in his house, and in his heart — was this lady, the actress you so praised to me."

"That lady, ma'am," said Triplet, "has been deceived as well as you."

"I am convinced of it," said Mabel.

"And it is my painful duty to tell you, madam, that, with all her talents and sweetness, she has a fiery temper; yes, a very fiery temper," continued Triplet, stoutly, though with an uneasy glance in a certain direction; "and I have reason to believe she is angry, and thinks more of her own ill usage than yours. Don't you go near her. Trust to my knowledge of the sex, madam; I am a dramatic writer. Did you ever read the 'Rival Queens'?"

"No."

"I thought not. Well, madam, one stabs the other, and the one that is stabbed says things to the other that are more biting than steel. The prudent course for you is to keep apart, and be always cheerful, and welcome him with a smile — and — have you read 'The Way to keep him'?"

"No, Mr. Triplet," said Mabel, firmly, "I cannot feign. Were I to attempt talent and deceit, I should be weaker than I am now. Honesty and right are all my strength. I will cry to her for justice and mercy. And if I cry in vain, I shall die, Mr. Triplet, that is all."

"Don't cry, dear lady," said Triplet, in a broken voice.

"It is impossible!" cried she, suddenly. "I am not learned,

but I can read faces. I always could, and so could my Aunt Deborah before me. I read you right, Mr. Triplet, and I have read her too. Did not my heart warm to her amongst them all? There is a heart at the bottom of all her acting, and that heart is good and noble."

"She is, madam! she is! and charitable too. I know a family she saved from starvation and despair. O yes! she has a heart—to feel for the *poor* at all events."

"And am I not the poorest of the poor?" cried Mrs. Vane. "I have no father nor mother, Mr. Triplet; my husband is all I have in the world,—all I *had*, I mean."

Triplet, deeply affected himself, stole a look at Mrs. Woffington. She was pale; but her face was composed into a sort of dogged obstinacy. He was disgusted with her. "Madam," said he, sternly, "there is a wild beast more cruel and savage than wolves and bears; it is called 'a rival,' and don't you get in its way."

At this moment, in spite of Triplet's precaution, Mrs. Vane, casting her eye accidentally round, caught sight of the picture, and instantly started up, crying, "She is there!" Triplet was thunderstruck. "What a likeness!" cried she, and moved towards the supposed picture.

"Don't go to it!" cried Triplet, aghast; "the color is wet."

She stopped; but her eye and her very soul dwelt upon the supposed picture; and Triplet stood quaking. "How like! It seems to breathe. You are a great painter, sir. A glass is not truer."

Triplet, hardly knowing what he said, muttered something about "critics and lights and shades."

"Then they are blind!" cried Mabel, never for a moment removing her eye from the object. "Tell me not of lights and shades. The pictures I see have a look of paint; but yours looks like life. O that she were here, as this *wonderful* image of hers is. I would speak to her. I am not wise or learned; but orators never pleaded as I would plead to her for my Ernest's heart." Still her eye glanced upon the picture; and I suppose her heart realized an actual presence, though her judgment did not; for by some irresistible impulse she sank slowly down and stretched her clasped hands towards it, while sobs and words seemed to break direct from her bursting heart. "O yes! you are beautiful, you are gifted, and the eyes of thousands wait upon your very word and look. What wonder

that he, ardent, refined, and genial, should lay his heart at your feet? And I have nothing but my love to make him love me. I cannot take him from you. O, be generous to the weak! O, give him back to me! What is one heart more to you? You are so rich, and I am so poor, that without his love I have nothing, and can do nothing but sit me down and cry till my heart breaks. Give him back to me, beautiful, terrible woman! for, with all your gifts, you cannot love him as his poor Mabel does; and I will love you longer perhaps than men can love. I will kiss your feet, and Heaven above will bless you; and I will bless you and pray for you to my dying day. Ah! it is alive! I am frightened! I am frightened!" She ran to Triplet and seized his arm. "No!" cried she, quivering close to him; "I'm not frightened, for it was for me she — O Mrs. Woffington!" and, hiding her face on Mr. Triplet's shoulder, she blushed, and wept, and trembled.

What was it had betrayed Mrs. Woffington? *A tear!*

During the whole of this interview (which had taken a turn so unlooked for by the listener) she might have said with Beatrice, "What fire is in mine ears?" and what self-reproach and chill misgiving in her heart too. She had passed through a hundred emotions, as the young innocent wife told her sad and simple story. But anxious now above all things to escape without being recognized,—for she had long repented having listened at all, or placed herself in her present position,—she fiercely mastered her countenance; but, though she ruled her features, she could not rule her heart. And when the young wife, instead of inveighing against her, came to her as a suppliant, with faith in her goodness, and sobbed to her for pity, a big tear rolled down her cheek, and proved her something more than a picture or an actress.

Mrs. Vane, as we have related, screamed and ran to Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington came instantly from her frame, and stood before them in a despairing attitude, with one hand upon her brow. For a single moment her impulse was to fly from the apartment, so ashamed was she of having listened, and of meeting her rival in this way; but she conquered this feeling, and, as soon as she saw Mrs. Vane too had recovered some composure, she said to Triplet, in a low but firm voice:—

"Leave us, sir. No living creature must hear what I say to this lady!"

Triplet remonstrated, but Mrs. Vane said faintly:—

"O yes, good Mr. Triplet, I would rather you left me."

Triplet, full of misgivings, was obliged to retire.

"Be composed, ladies," said he, piteously. "Neither of you could help it;" and so he entered his inner room, where he sat and listened nervously, for he could not shake off all apprehension of a personal encounter.

In the room he had left there was a long, uneasy silence. Both ladies were greatly embarrassed. It was the actress who spoke first. All trace of emotion, except a certain pallor, was driven from her face. She spoke with very marked courtesy, but in tones that seemed to freeze as they dropped one by one from her mouth.

"I trust, madam, you will do me the justice to believe I did not know Mr. Vane was married?"

"I am sure of it!" said Mabel, warmly. "I feel you are as good as you are gifted."

"Mrs. Vane, I am not!" said the other, almost sternly. "You are deceived!"

"Then Heaven have mercy on me! No! I am not deceived, you pitied me. You speak coldly now; but I know your face and your heart, — you pity me!"

"I do respect, admire, and pity you," said Mrs. Woffington, sadly; "and I could consent nevermore to communicate with you — with Mr. Vane."

"Ah!" cried Mabel; "Heaven will bless you! But will you give me back his heart?"

"How can I do that?" said Mrs. Woffington, uneasily; she had not bargained for this.

"The magnet can repel as well as attract. Can you not break your own spell? What will his presence be to me, if his heart remain behind?"

"You ask much of me."

"Alas! I do."

"But I could do even this." She paused for breath. "And perhaps if you, who have not only touched my heart, but won my respect, were to say to me, 'Do so,' I should do it." Again she paused, and spoke with difficulty; for the bitter struggle took away her breath. "Mr. Vane thinks better of me than I deserve. I have — only — to make him believe me — worthless — worse than I am — and he will drop me like an adder — and love you better, far better — for having known — admired — and despised Margaret Woffington."

"Oh!" cried Mabel, "I shall bless you every hour of my life." Her countenance brightened into rapture at the picture, and Mrs. Woffington's darkened with bitterness as she watched her.

But Mabel reflected. "Rob you of your good name?" said this pure creature. "Ah, Mabel Vane! you think but of yourself!"

"I thank you, madam," said Mrs. Woffington, a little touched by this unexpected trait; "but some one must suffer here, and——"

Mabel Vane interrupted her. "This would be cruel and base," said she, firmly. "No woman's forehead shall be soiled by me. O madam! beauty is admired, talent is adored; but virtue is a woman's crown. With it, the poor are rich; without it, the rich are poor. It walks through life upright, and never hides its head for high or low."

Her face was as the face of an angel now; and the actress, conquered by her beauty and her goodness, actually bowed her head and gently kissed the hand of the country wife whom she had quizzed a few hours ago.

Frailty paid this homage to virtue!

Mabel Vane hardly noticed it; her eye was lifted to heaven, and her heart was gone there for help in a sore struggle.

"This would be to assassinate you; no less. And so, madam," she sighed, "with God's help, I do refuse your offer; choosing rather, if needs be, to live desolate, but innocent,—many a better than I hath lived so,—aye! if God wills it, to die, with my hopes and my heart crushed, but my hands unstained; for so my humble life has passed."

How beautiful, great, and pure goodness is! It paints heaven on the face that has it; it wakens the sleeping souls that meet it.

At the bottom of Margaret Woffington's heart lay a soul, unknown to the world, scarce known to herself,—a heavenly harp, on which ill airs of passion had been played,—but still it was there, in tune with all that is true, pure, really great and good. And now the flush that a great heart sends to the brow, to herald great actions, came to her cheek and brow.

"Humble!" she cried. "Such as you are the diamonds of our race. You angel of truth and goodness, you have conquered!"

"O yes! yes! Thank God, yes!"

"What a fiend I must be could I injure you! The poor

heart we have both overrated shall be yours again, and yours forever. In my hands it is painted glass; in the luster of a love like yours it may become a priceless jewel." She turned her head away and pondered a moment, then suddenly offered to Mrs. Vane her hand with nobleness and majesty: "Can you trust me?" The actress too was divinely beautiful now, for her good angel shone through her.

"I could trust you with my life!" was the reply.

"Ah! if I might call you friend, dear lady, what would I not do — suffer — resign — to be worthy that title!"

"No, not friend!" cried the warm, innocent Mabel; "sister! I will call you sister. I have no sister."

"Sister!" said Mrs. Woffington. "O, do not mock me! Alas! you do not know what you say. That sacred name to me, from lips so pure as yours; Mrs. Vane," said she, timidly, "would you think me presumptuous if I begged you to — to let me kiss you?"

The words were scarce spoken before Mrs. Vane's arms were wreathed round her neck, and that innocent cheek laid sweetly to hers.

Mrs. Woffington strained her to her bosom, and two great hearts, whose grandeur the world, worshiper of charlatans, never discovered, had found each other out and beat against each other. A great heart is as quick to find another out as the world is slow.

Mrs. Woffington burst into a passion of tears and clasped Mabel tighter and tighter, in a half-despairing way. Mabel mistook the cause, but she kissed her tears away.

"Dear sister," said she, "be comforted. I love you. My heart warmed to you the first moment I saw you. A woman's love and gratitude are something. Ah! you will never find me change. This is for life, look you."

"God grant it!" cried the other poor woman. "O, it is not that, it is not that; it is because I am so little worthy of this. It is a sin to deceive you. I am not good like you. You do not know me!"

"You do not know yourself if you say so!" cried Mabel; and to her hearer the words seemed to come from heaven. "I read faces," said Mabel. "I read yours at sight, and you are what I set you down; and nobody must breathe a word against you, not even yourself. Do you think I am blind? You are beautiful, you are good, you are my sister, and I love you!"

“Heaven forgive me!” thought the other. “How can I resign this angel’s good opinion? Surely Heaven sends this blessed dew to my parched heart!” And now she burned to make good her promise, and earn this virtuous wife’s love. She folded her once more in her arms, and then, taking her by the hand, led her tenderly into Triplet’s inner room. She made her lie down on the bed, and placed pillows high for her like a mother, and leaned over her as she lay, and pressed her lips gently to her forehead. Her fertile brain had already digested a plan, but she had resolved that this pure and candid soul should take no lessons of deceit. “Lie there,” said she, “till I open the door, and then join us. Do you know what I am going to do? I am not going to restore you your husband’s heart, but to show you it never really left you.”

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